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THE FIGHTING WITH METHUEN'S DIVISION

BELMONT, GRAS PAN, AND MODDER RIVER

By H. J. Whigham

ILLUSTRATED WITH THE AUTHOR'S PHOTOGRAPHS

Our Camp the Day After the Modder River Battle.

AT two in the morning on November 21st, by the light of the just waning moon, Lord Methuen started on his march from Orange River for the relief of Kimberley. We had known the time of starting for at least three days, for all cables to newspapers were strictly censored and the commander-in-chief had no reason for being niggardly about news which he knew could never go beyond the telegraph-station at Orange River. It is worth noting, however, that news does in some way filter to the base in these campaigns, in spite of the strictest secrecy on the part of officials. Exactly a week before Lord Methuen left Orange River it was the common report in the lobby of the Mount Nelson Hotel, at Capetown, that Methuen's division would be the first to see hard fighting. No one knew exactly where the rumor came from; possibly it had its origin in the general regard for Lord Methuen as a fighting man; perhaps it was taken for granted that the Guards who had been pushed hurriedly on to Orange River would be given the first opportunity; anyhow, whatever may have been the reason, rumor suddenly grew loud one evening, and in a few minutes Orange River Station drew the attention of the civilized world.

But if the advance on Kimberley had been faithfully foreshadowed in the gossip of the colonial capital, the actual course of Methuen's march was by no means so accurately foreseen. Here as elsewhere we had sadly underestimated the strength of the enemy. Kimberley, as the crow flies, is about seventy-five miles from Orange River. By rail the distance is perhaps eight or ten miles greater. The main incident of the journey is the crossing of Modder River, where the Boers had destroyed a fine bridge and played havoc with the permanent way of the railroad. Roughly speaking, therefore, the march was to be divided into two unequal parts. The first consisted of the march from Orange River to Modder River, a distance of fifty miles, and was expected to prove comparatively easy. The Boers were not reported in great force on the near side of the Modder.

At Modder there would be a halt in order to repair the bridge or build a temporary one, and the second half of the march, much shorter than the first, would take the flying column into Kimberley after one grand engagement at Spytfontein, where a long range of hills, cutting the line at right angles, gave the enemy a splendid defensive position. Such was the paper-plan, simple and satisfactory, and only deficient in this one respect, that it made no

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allowance for the large Boer commandoes in front of us, which were quite independent of the force besieging Kimberley.

The column moved out in the lightest marching order, the men carrying their coats and water-proof sheets, and the officers a new equipment of rifle and bandolier. Belts, buttons, gun-barrels, and even bayonets were painted khaki. If the Boers expected rooineks in red coats, they were to be bitterly disappointed; nothing was left to chance; even the sword, the distinctive mark of the officer, was laid aside, and the division looked like an army led by sergeants and corporals.

Belmont Farm.

It must be understood, however, that this light marching order meant no real privation to either officer or private soldier. An enormous caravan of mule-wagons followed close in the rear with army rations in abundance, while the commandant at Orange River only awaited the news of the arrival of the column at the first halting-place before sending forward a series of trains, one at least of which was loaded with the real sinews of war—food for man and beast. Tommy Atkins has had plenty of roughing it in his time, but as long as he has a railway behind him he never has to fear the terrors of starvation.

The force at Lord Methuen's command was mostly composed of infantry. He had with him the Guards Brigade, consisting of the Second Coldstreams, the Scots Guards, and the Third Grenadiers. The First Coldstreams followed by train about thirty-six hours later, and the Ninth Brigade, in which were the Northumberland Fusiliers, better known as "the Fighting Fifth," half the Royal North Lancashires, the Northamptonshire Regiment, the Yorkshire Light Infantry, and a few of the Munster Fusiliers. His covering troops consisted of the Ninth Lancers, about five hundred mounted infantry—mostly irregulars—and one hundred and fifty of the Remington Scouts, a force raised in the country about a month before war began. Two batteries of field artillery (15-pounders) accompanied the force, and four guns of the Naval Brigade (12-pounders) went up by train with about two hundred and fifty marines and blue-jackets.

Why Lord Methuen started from Orange River with so small a force of cavalry over a country which is peculiarly adapted to cavalry tactics, it is difficult to say. The Ninth Lancers were fairly worn out with scouting duty before they left the camp at Orange River, and were not fit

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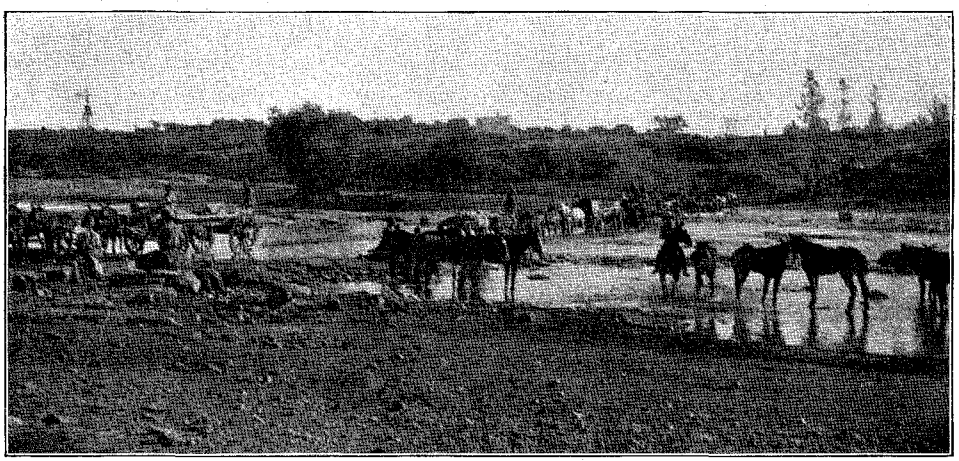
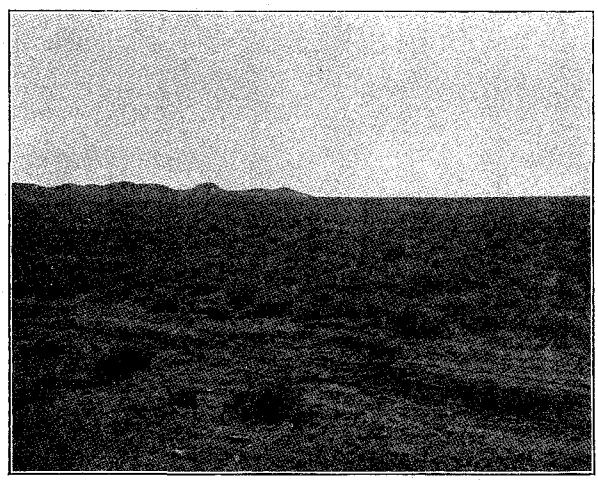


Commissariat Wagons, etc., Crossing the Ford Close to Modder River Bridge.

to do more than the ordinary routine work of divisional cavalry. There was a fairly large force of mounted infantry, but to say that they were irregular is putting it mildly, and many of them had to be left to do patrol work *en route*.

Possibly the meagre accounts of the enemy's force between the Orange River and the Modder strengthened the general in his determination to move immediately without waiting for the luxuries of cavalry and horse artillery. More probably still the composition of the flying column was due to the personal character of Lord Methuen, who is a hard fighting man of what is called in America the "get-there" type, a leader who is not apt to spare his men if the end can be seen to justify the means. It may be, too, that he started with a little of the British inclination to underestimate the enemy; at least it is certain that he had not calculated upon their extraordinary mobility. He had been told that the Boer could not stand cold steel, which is doubtless true; he argued, therefore, that the bayonet was the best weapon for attack. Only one engagement was needed to show him that to order a bayonet charge is one thing, to carry it out against the Boer is another and totally different matter. It may sound like prophesying after the event to say here and now, after the march to Modder River that Methuen's division should never have started with so small a force of cavalry. But as a matter of fact the deficiency was much commented upon before the column ever left Orange River, and doubtless the general himself was most conscious of it.



General View of the Position at Gras Pan or Rooi Laagte.

The column reached Witte Put, the first station along the line, early on Tuesday, November 21st. In the afternoon the Boers were discovered in force about seven miles farther on, near Belmont, practically at the very spot where a week before the Ninth Lancers and mounted infantry had come upon them when making a reconnaissance a very long way from home, and had suffered something in the nature of a defeat

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at their hands. They were now in considerable numbers along the irregular line of hills between Kaffir's Kop on the extreme east where the first fight took place and Belmont Station on the extreme west. On Wednesday therefore the column moved north from Witte Put and camped about six miles farther on just short of Belmont Farm on the west of the railway and two miles at least from Belmont Station. The question of water is the most important one on the veldt, and halts are decided according to the location of wells or rivers. At Witte Put Mr. Fincham, a loyal farmer, had a large supply of excellent water ready for the British force. Here again at Belmont Farm there was a sufficient, if not a plenteous, supply.

Here, then, the British army and the Boers were face to face for the first time on the western line of march. The enemy had a strong position on the kopjes two miles ahead of Methuen's column, a position which in every way favored their usual method of defence, for it could only be reached by traversing about two miles of level ground. Our camp was equally well defended by a low ridge in front, but that was a matter of less moment, because the Boers were not likely to come down to attack us, while our army was only waiting for the early hours of morning to march out to battle. Officers and men alike were of course without tents or covering of any sort beyond the regulation blanket and greatcoat and a rubber sheet between two. But bivouacking is no hardship on the dry soil of the veldt, where the nights even in this midsummer time are always cool and often chilly, and rainstorms are of rare occurrence. It is safe to suppose that the men slept sound beneath the clear skies of the great South African plateau where fever, the scourge of armies, is practically unknown, and woke with the moon to meet the enemy in the perfect condition of a race-horse trained to the minute for the big event. At two o'clock the start was made, the men leaving their coats and all other impedimenta behind them and going into battle in the lightest fighting trim. It may appear unnecessary to emphasize this point; but I have seen an army in Cuba going into action with blanket-rolls round their backs and shoulders and three days' rations in their haversacks, all of which was thrown away and wasted before the first shot was fired, so that it may not be out of place to call attention to the fact that men can fight better when they do not carry food and clothing for many days into battle with them.

Starting at two, with sunrise at four, it might have been expected that the enemy's position could have been carried before daylight at the point of the bayonet, as Lord Methuen intended. Unfortunately, the mornings are light in the waning of the moon, and the level ground was hardly crossed when the first burst of dawn discovered our attack to the enemy, and there was nothing for it but to go right at the kopjes in the broad light of day.

The order of battle was fairly simple. The first Boer position lay along the line of kopjes which echelon back from the railway from Belmont Station nearly to Kaffir's Kop on the southeast extremity of the enemy's line. Methuen's division crossing the railway, from the camping ground, advanced straight against this position with the Guards Brigade on the right and the Ninth Brigade on the left, the left flank of the Northumberland Fusiliers resting on the railway. The artillery had not yet come into action and the cavalry were told off to get round the enemy's position and cut them off in the rear.

No attempt having been made to shell the enemy's position the Boers were free to pour a murderous fire upon our advancing line with little chance of a hot response. No one who has not been under fire in front of an enemy armed with a modern magazine rifle can have any conception of the perfect hail of lead which poured over the devoted heads of the storming-party. If such an attack had been planned an hour later in the day our force must have been easily decimated. There was little or no cover for our advance and practically no target for our fire. Along the line of kopjes every rock seemed to have a Mauser behind it, but hardly a Boer was visible. Very fortunately for us the worst part of the plain was covered before the enemy opened fire. It was about five minutes to four when the firing began. In less time than it takes to tell, our men were at the foot of the kopjes, and once there they were comparatively speaking under cover. With-

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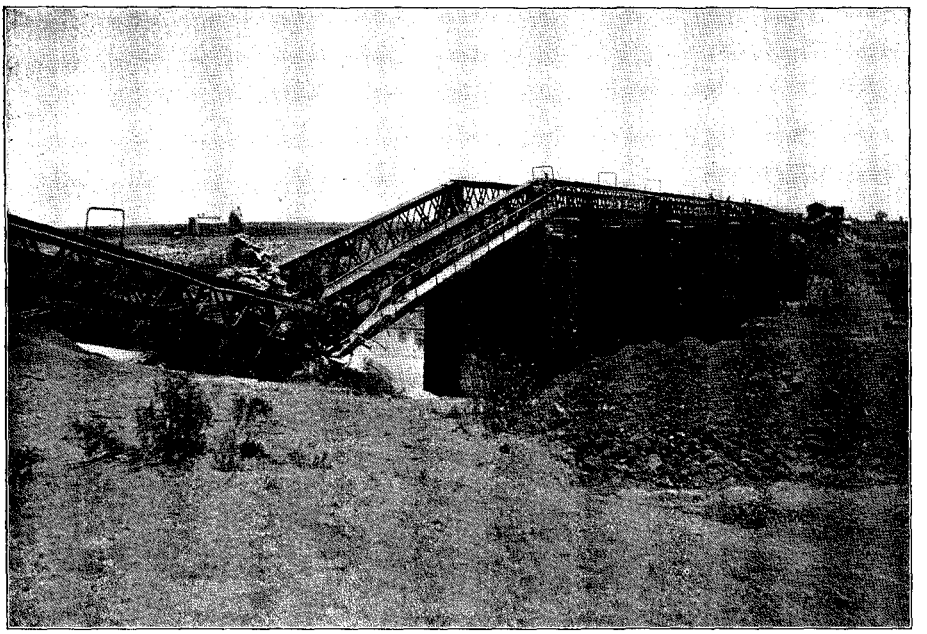

Modder River Bridge Broken by Boers.

out a moment's hesitation they scrambled over the bowlders, wasting little time in firing at an enemy who never showed himself, eager to get at him with the bayonet. So determined an onslaught quickly decided the action of the Boer. Long before our men could scale the steep sides of the ridges, he had chosen the better part of valor and was making for the kopjes in the rear with all possible haste. We had been fighting less than half an hour and an apparently impregnable position was ours. But such positions cannot be taken in front with no assistance from artillery without heavy loss. That we got off so easily was due to the fact that the Boers let us creep up to them under cover of semi-darkness before a shot was fired. As it was the whole force at Lord Methuen's command lost heavily enough and the Third Grenadiers on the extreme right were decimated. In return for this loss we had the satisfaction of having driven the enemy back to a second position, stronger if anything than his first, with very little loss on his part. Even at this early stage of the campaign the Boers began to impress upon us the extreme difficulty of getting to close quarters with so mobile an enemy.

This time, however, the field artillery which had come up on our right was called in to prepare the attack. The opposing hills terminated eastward in a precipitous kopje called Mont Blanc, which appeared a regular Gibraltar. Yet owing to the good work of the gunners the second phase of the battle was easier if slower than the first. At six o'clock the guns opened from the right, and under cover of their fire our men gradually worked their way up in the teeth of a strong opposition which the not too rapid fire of our field pieces could only partially crush. For the second time our men were asked to climb up straight against an enemy they could never see, but the courage of the private soldier was proof against any test, and by seven o'clock the second position was won. The third line of kopjes still remaining in the rear of the enemy's position had yet to be dealt with, but the Boers were apparently in no mood to wait for our men to advance a third time. The artillery again prepared the way with exceedingly accurate shell fire; the Boers by this time were on the run; the lower hills in the rear of Mont Blanc were not likely to check the victorious advance of the troops which had twice already scaled more difficult heights, and by nine o'clock the last ridge was taken, the enemy was in

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full retreat, his camp was in our hands and the day's fight was practically over.

After the fight various stories were current as to the breaches of etiquette perpetrated by the Boers—one or two officers are said to have been shot after the white flag was raised by the Boers, and one, at least, poor Blundell, of the Grenadiers, was shot by a wounded Boer who had been offered assistance. In fairness to the Boers it is necessary to point out first of all, that mistakes must happen where a white flag is raised during an engagement. One of the officers of the Northamptonshire Regiment assured me that it was impossible to stop our own men firing after the Boers raised the white flag, and as only forty Boer prisoners were taken, the whole white-flag incident is rather a dubious affair. As for wounded Boers continuing to fight and shoot down their enemies, one can only say that a wounded man has a perfect right to go on fighting if he wants to risk being shot himself. I cannot discover that any of our men were killed, or even fired at, by wounded Boers to whom assistance was actually being offered. It is quite certain, however, that several British officers and men were shot through exposing themselves too soon on the crest of the kopjes when the fight was practically over; among them was Mr. Knight, the correspondent of the *Morning Post*, who was severely wounded in the arm at the very end of the engagement.

Such sorrows were ours and many more on the night of the Belmont fight, but it would be obviously unfair to charge the Boers with intentional breaches of the laws of so-called humane warfare, on account of mistakes which might happen in the most civilized army in the world and are surely excusable in a force of undisciplined farmers whose education is as small as their courage is certainly great.

After the engagement the division returned to camp, and the rest of the day was spent in collecting and tending the wounded. At the outset of this Western Campaign the Army Medical Corps showed themselves worthy of the highest praise. The bearer-parties were under fire during the greater part of the engagement, yet carried on their work with the utmost coolness and despatch. In spite of the large number of wounded men they were all in field hospital that afternoon, and on the following day a beautifully equipped hospital train passed through Orange River with one hundred and fifty patients on their way to Wynberg.

In camp at Belmont Farm all manner of stories about the engagement were rife. The Lancers had cut their way twice through the enemy in his flight; our whole mounted force was pursuing the Boer commandoes for miles into the Free State; our way was clear to the Modder River; in fact one might almost imagine the war was over. In reality the Boers were still

General View of Houses near the Railway where the Boers had the Strongest Position.

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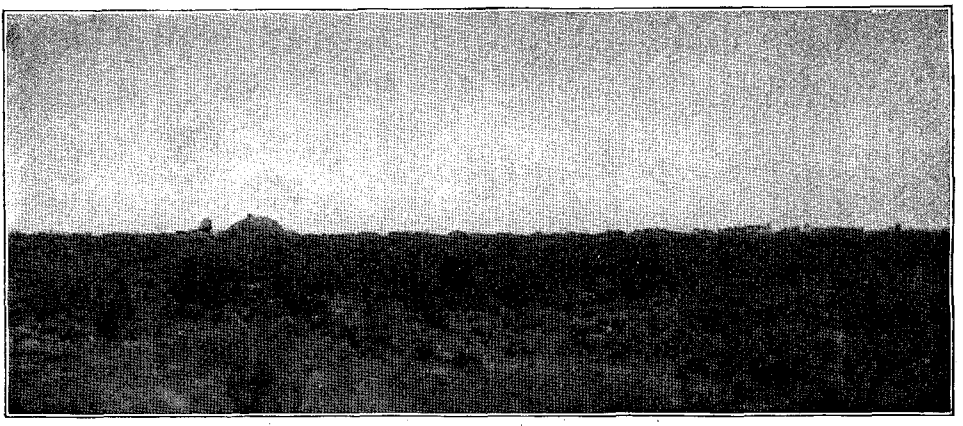

Taking Shelter Behind an Ant-hill.

in front of us, only seven miles away. The very afternoon of the Belmont fight they had taken up a strong position on rising ground, through which the railway runs in a cutting on its way north, just beyond the station at Gras Pan, the next siding to Belmont. Next day, therefore, the column moved on a few miles and camped this time east of the railway and southeast of Gras Pan Station.

In spite of the large force of Boers encountered at Belmont, our tendency was still to underrate the numbers of the enemy in front; so that when the column started on Saturday morning to march toward Enselin, there was no expectation of strong resistance. The ground after leaving camp sloped gradually upward with only a few gentle undulations, to the ridge of kopjes which intersects the railway at right angles a mile or so beyond Gras Pan Station. The ridge, by the way, has generally been called Rooi Laagte, which is obviously a misnomer, since laagte means a valley, but as Rooi Laagte the position will go down to history. As at Belmont, the general plan of the battle-field was extremely simple. The Boers crowned the ridge right across our path, the only difference, on this occasion, being that their line extended across the railway to the west, where they had a big gun. Their main force was, however, on the east of the line, and early in the day they all withdrew in that direction. The kopjes were not so high as at Belmont, nor had the Boers any second line just behind to which they could retire and seek shelter.

At six o'clock the 18th field battery opened a well-directed fire on the enemy, about our right centre. The practice of our guns was beautiful, and it certainly allowed the Ninth Brigade and the gallant tars, who were in the lead, to creep up without suffering heavy loss. It also became apparent that the open field over which we had to advance with its hardly perceptible undulations, afforded more protection than one would readily imagine. But the final charge had to come, and when the Northamptons and sailors who were in the advance of the Ninth Brigade came to within two hundred yards of the kopjes they had to cross a zone of terrific fire without a vestige of cover.

It was now apparent that in spite of the arduous work of our field batteries the Boers behind their rocks had not suffered greatly from the hail of shrapnel which had been showered upon them for nearly two hours. Every bowlder was alive with flame as our men broke into the open, and in a few minutes the sailors had to fall back with nearly half their number hit. Then the guns of the Naval Brigade and the 75th field battery, which had been mainly occupied on our left about the railway line in keeping the Boer artillery fire from our troops, came to the aid of the storming-party and directed their attack upon the kopjes. For a few seconds the Mauser fire from the bowlders was quieted and the men of the Ninth Brigade jumped again to their feet and swarmed up the ridge before the enemy could recover his aim. As at Belmont, the Boers did not wait for the bayonet, but streamed away to the rear in hasty retreat, carrying their

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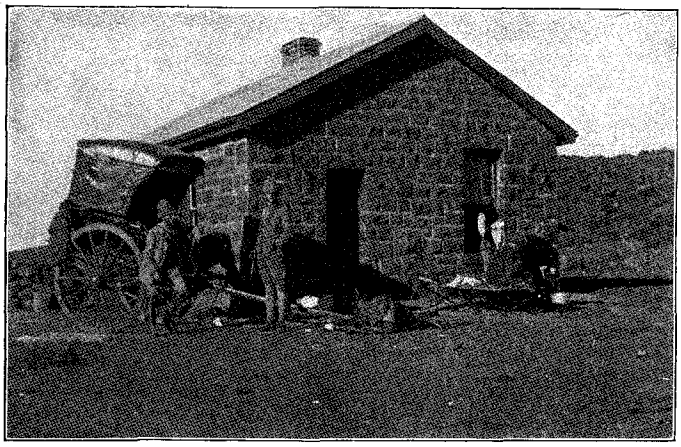


Camping the Morning After Gras Pan Battle.

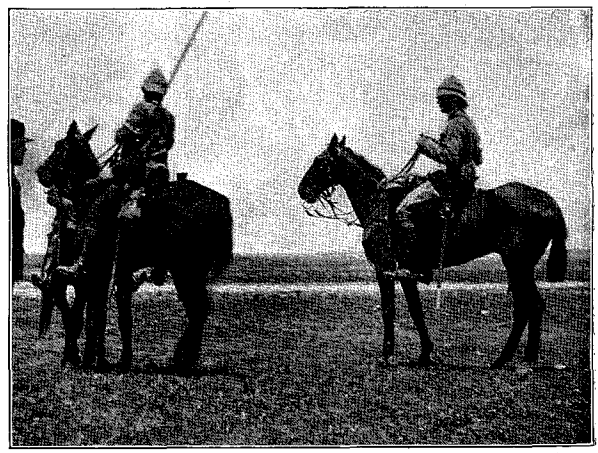
dead and wounded with them. A few isolated men surrendered, but the mass of the enemy got off scot free.

In its actual effect upon the enemy the fight at Rooi Laagte was exactly like the encounter two days before at Belmont. We drove them helter-skelter from their position, but we had no means of cutting them off in their flight. Our cavalry and mounted infantry had succeeded this time in getting round on their right, and was in perfect position to pounce as soon as they left the kopjes for the level ground in their rear; but unfortunately the Boers were some 3,000 strong, and outnumbered our mounted force by at least five to one. To have attempted a charge would have been to court almost certain disaster.

It only remains to be said that while our infantry proved itself as invincible as at Belmont, our field artillery and naval gunners had an opportunity this time of showing their faces. The 18th battery, and afterward the 75th, worked with almost superhuman energy and splendid accuracy in preparing our attack; while on the railway line the quick-firing guns of the Naval Brigade drew all the fire of the enemy's artillery, thereby greatly assisting our attack.

The poor sailors were hit terribly hard both at their guns and in the firing-line. The heavy loss sustained by the marines who led the way across the open with the Northamptons, was due partly to the fact that they were not accustomed to the work, and they had not learned, as the Ninth Brigade had at Belmont, to take sufficiently open order. It is worth while noting in this connection that the British army has very quickly found reason to change its ordinary method of attack in dealing with the Boers. The formation given in the books is good enough for savage warfare, but it is suicidal against modern weapons, and the commanding officers have now no difficulty in getting their men to advance with intervals of five or six paces, which accounts for the enormous width of our line at Belmont and Modder River.

We took about a dozen prisoners, including Mr. Julius Jeppe and Mr. Rissik, both rich men of Johannesburg, of German extraction, who were out of the Transvaal when war became imminent, and went back voluntarily to fight for their country. Their capture was interesting for many reasons. Here were two men who were on excellent terms with the Englishmen in Johannesburg; they were well educated



Ninth Lancers Scouting.

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as well as being wealthy; in their ideas and habits they were more English than anything else; when they went abroad from South Africa, they went to London and not to Germany; finally they were both out of the Transvaal when the trouble was brewing and could easily have remained away. The obvious inference is that these men who had the advantage of knowing both sides of the Transvaal question and the resources of both parties, yet voluntarily threw in their lot with the Boers, not, be it remembered, from purely patriotic motives, because neither of them is a Boer, but apparently because they had hopes of ultimate success for the Boer cause.

It was now Saturday afternoon, November 25th. In four days two hard engagements had been fought and Modder River was not yet in sight. Twice the Boers had been driven from their position, but we had never really got into them, and in spite of many sensational stories about their flight into the Free State they were, as our scouts soon discovered, anywhere between our advance guard and the river. Our situation was therefore by no means too pleasant. On the day of the fight at Rooi Laagte we had marched right on to Enselin, about three miles past the scene of battle, and there we rested all Sunday. But water was terribly scarce, the supply being limited to one well from which the whole column had to drink, which meant that many of the soldiers who had fought so hard on Saturday morning went waterless and almost dinnerless for nearly twenty-four hours. That Sunday was a hard test for the men who had to be thirsty beneath the burning sun of a South African summer with the recollection of many a comrade lost behind them and the certain prospect of hard fighting in front. It need hardly be said, however, that the temper of the troops never grew sullen, nor could Lord Methuen have been more fortunate in the material with which he found himself placed against the stoutest enemy British troops have faced in the last forty years.

There was only one course to pursue. Water must be reached at all costs, although it was moderately apparent even now that Modder River once gained it would be madness to advance on Kimberley without an increase in our cavalry and artillery. On Monday, therefore, a short march was made to a group of large ponds containing excellent water, about two miles east of the line and, roughly speaking, six miles short of the river. Then the great incident of the march to Modder River occurred.

Naval Gun Firing—Recoil Sends the Gun-barrel into the Air.

For some unknown reason it was not expected that the Boers would oppose our crossing of the river. Where this idea arose it is difficult to imagine. Certainly the farmers round about were not of that mind, nor had it been the general belief when the troops left Orange River. Afterward it was commonly taken for granted that the Boers would not fight except on kopjes where bowlders protected their position and the hills covered their retreat. Perhaps, too, we thought we had hit the enemy harder than we really had. We still underrated his numbers just as much as we underrated his general fighting ability. Whatever may have been the cause, the fact remains that we did not expect much opposition at the river.

The river itself had never been reconnoitred properly, partly owing to our lack of cavalry and partly owing to the extreme difficulty of so doing. After passing Klokfontein, a station which was level with our camp, the kopjes which

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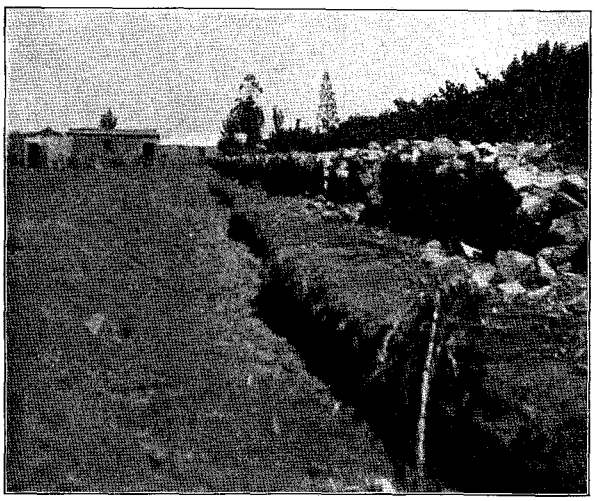

Boer Entrenchments Along Wall at Modder River.

so far had formed a common feature of the landscape, were entirely left behind. For about six miles the veldt slopes gradually down to the Modder, with as many undulations as the Atlantic Ocean on a fine summer day. It was quite impossible, therefore, for our scouts to get near the river without drawing fire long before they reached it, unless indeed they made an enormous detour to the west and crept up on the enemy's flank. This they could hardly do, owing to their small number and the terrible condition of their beasts—and men—who were all, in camp parlance, worked to death and "stone cold." I happened to see more than half the Ninth Lancers returning from their reconnaissance on Monday afternoon, and they all told much the same story. The Boers were trekking across the river as hard as they could go in the direction of Spytfontein and probably not more than three or four hundred would give fight at the river—or rather rivers—for it must be noted that the Modder and Riet Rivers join each other at the railway bridge, the Riet being the southernmost of the two. One of the Ninth—Ellison by name—had got nearer the river than the rest and had been fired upon and forced to withdraw in haste. Not one of the Lancers had any clear idea of the Boer position, or any knowledge of Boer trenches, for the very simple reason that anyone riding or walking down toward the river appears on the horizon to the Boer in his trench long before he can see any sign of a Boer and could not possibly get closer than a mile and a half without drawing fire, although looking across the level veldt to the line of trees by the water's edge he might fancy himself a great deal nearer.

Thus it came about that some 6,000 Boers—to put their numbers at the lowest estimate—awaited our arrival at the river while we camped for half a day six miles off and had no suspicion that the river-banks held even five hundred of the enemy. The order on Monday night was that the column should march at 4.30 next morning, and it was understood that we should breakfast on the Modder at seven o'clock.

As the column advanced over the veldt with its enormous mule-train behind sending up clouds of dust, there was little thought of the impending battle. Even when the Lancers were fired upon about an hour after leaving camp little excitement was caused in the column, for our

Remington Scouts.

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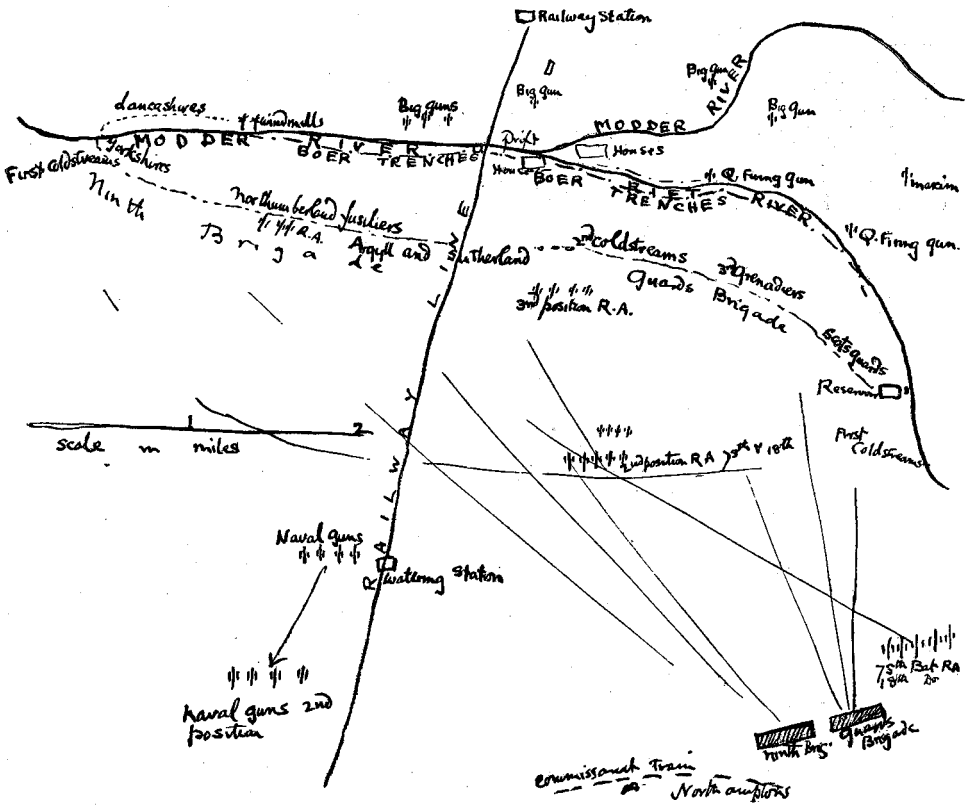
patrols had become accustomed by this time to morning brushes with the enemy. So we marched on until the crest of the veldt-wave was reached and the line of the Modder and Riet Rivers was discovered apparently within easy rifle shot with trees marking the river-bed and a few cor-



Rough Plan of the Engagement at Modder River.
(Mr. Whigham's memorandum drawing at the time.)

rugated iron buildings representing the summer-resort of Kimberley.

Here the column took open order with the artillery on the right flank, while away two miles to the west the guns of the Naval Brigade were taken from the railway and put down about two miles or a little more from Modder River bridge. Meanwhile, one of the enemy's guns had been located across the Riet River, and at 6.45 our artillery opened fire upon this gun while the infantry were ordered to march straight upon the river.

Although we could not see a Boer, the position we had to take was apparent from the moment the river's course came in view. What we could see was a line of trees with a few houses dotted here and there, extending right across our front, the bridge being a long way to the left of the column when we first deployed. West of the bridge the line of trees denoted the Modder River; on the east, the trees marked the Riet, the Modder lying behind it; but as far as we were concerned there was only one river, for on the level plain the trees of the Riet and Modder coincided in our view and the peninsula between them was obliterated.

Supposing then that our march had been straight down the railway line, we should have found the Boer position at right angles to our advance, and about equally divided by the railway bridge, their trenches extending about a mile and a half on each side. As it happened, however, our column entered the battle-field at least

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a mile and a half east of the railway at the right-hand corner, so to speak. Thus our right brigade, the Guards, marched straight on, while the Ninth had to extend diagonally to the left, gradually crossing the railway line and finally getting round the extreme right of the enemy's position.

One or two points must now be made clear. It was evident that the enemy had an intrenched position extending for about three miles along the steep banks of the river, having, therefore, not only plenty of material shelter, but a background of trees which made them absolutely invisible to our advancing troops. They had in front of them a field of fire extending for two miles to the horizon of their vision on which there was hardly a vestige of cover, save for a few ant-heaps, and a mile or so away a very slight undulation. To the Boer in his trench the British soldier advancing was, therefore, not only thoroughly exposed, but constantly upon the skyline until he got within a thousand yards, and after that, the ground, without exaggeration, was as flat as a cricket-field. There never was a position so admirably adapted for defence. Even the trenches, carefully thrown up along the south bank of the river, were almost unnecessary, since the formation of the bank was shelter enough in itself. Why the Boers should have been expected to abandon such a position without a struggle it is quite impossible to conceive; as they were ably assisted by German officers, the supposition becomes almost an absurdity.

There we were, however, at seven in the morning, marching right into the enemy's lines, and we had to make the best of it. The next point to observe is that having got into such a plight, the usual methods of attack had to be modified. Under ordinary circumstances the way for the infantry should have been prepared by a heavy cannonade. But the infantry were well within the range of the enemy's rifle fire before the strength of his force was grasped. Indeed, the situation only became thoroughly apparent when our advance was met with a terrific fusillade when our men were well within a mile of the trenches. After that there was nothing to be done but to go ahead. Retreat would have been worse in every way than anything else; besides, retreat is not the sort of movement which would ever suggest itself to a general like Lord Methuen or the troops at his command. The order was given to go on, and on the men went, climbing over a wire fence which crossed the plain about twelve hundred yards from the enemy's rifles. In the meantime the Boers opened upon us with their big guns all along the line and the action became general. Of course the immediate suggestion is that the enemy's flank should be turned; and Lord Methuen is sure to be criticised for an apparent fondness for frontal attacks. The criticism at this stage of the day would be wholly unjust. One point of the topography has not yet been dwelt upon, which, although seemingly unimportant, determined our method of advance.

The Boer trenches extended, as before said, about three miles across our front, but on their extreme left the river bends south almost at right angles and it is too deep and muddy to be forded by men carrying rifles and ammunition. The enemy's left or eastern flank was therefore fairly well protected; for when our column entered the battle-field at the eastern corner, they could only advance to the front and to the west because our right was contained by the bend of the Riet River.

So Lord Methuen, in order to outflank the enemy, must do so on the west where there was a shallow crossing of the river, on the extreme right of the enemy's position. And this he actually succeeded in doing, but as we came into action from the southeast it took six or seven hours for the Ninth Brigade to work their way across the field of fire and finally cross the Modder by a weir where the men of the West Yorkshire and North Lancashire Regiments scrambled across from post to post of the dam.

All this was done, of course, under fire, and it may be argued that the flanking movement should have been begun sooner. The answer is that the whole column was under fire before the general knew that there was a position to be outflanked. The plan of battle seems easy enough writing after the event, but on the morning of battle most of us knew nothing beyond the fact that we were lying as flat as possible on the ground under as

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hot a fire as British troops have often endured. From eight until ten they kept up a terrific fusillade from the trenches and a well-directed artillery fire. With one's head buried in the ground ostrich-like, the fire seemed to come from every side and many thought that the Boers were all round us. Not only was their fire unquenchable but once or twice our own artillery had to remain silent as the gunners changed their position, and gradually, about nine or half-past, the suspicion first crept over us that we were making no headway, and the feeling was most unpleasant. All morning we lay in front of the enemy's trenches, the men scraping little holes in the ground for their heads, and firing at nothing more tangible than a line of trees.

Many people have had ideas of photographing a battle. A photograph of this battle would reveal nothing but a bare stretch of veldt with a line of willows and poplars in the background. Not a Boer could be seen, and even our own men were almost invisible as they lay there in sand-colored khaki, keeping a liberal five paces apart—only here and there where a slight undulation gave a precarious cover could one see the khaki backs clustered together like a swarm of locusts on the plain.

Personally, having been fortunate enough to find a small ant-hill for my head protection, I endeavored to take a few snapshots with a kodak, not because there was anything to take, but in order to give some idea of the bare aspect of a modern battlefield, but I am free to confess that to let go the shutter and still keep one's head behind an ant-heap proved so difficult an operation, that it was a pure matter of chance whether I photographed the veldt or the sky. The incessant whistle of bullets is not good for photography, though, curiously enough, it encourages sleep. Many men dozed off that morning under the rays of a particularly insistent sun, only to be awakened by the bursting of a big shell or the repeated reports of a most disagreeable quick-firing gun employed by the enemy with equal impartiality against our firing-line and our hospital wagons. All the morning the one cheering note was the incessant reports of our own field pieces and naval guns. Early in the day the two field batteries had moved round from our extreme right and came up in the centre just a little to the east of the railway and did most magnificent work. No praise nor superlatives can be too great for the fearless way in which our gunners, though twice beaten back, forced their way to the front, horses and men suffering equally, until they were within 1,300 yards of the enemy's trenches, and by 10.45 actually succeeded in silencing his big guns; which were served behind excellent sandbag epaulments. Just to the west of the line the long-range naval guns did yeoman service, having been moved back from their first too advanced position to a slight hollow more than 4,000 yards from the river, where the Boers never really found them out. Altogether our artillery was splendidly served and kept up an amazingly rapid fire. Some idea of the speed may be gained from the fact that the 18th and 75th batteries fired away two hundred rounds per gun, and most of that was spent before midday. About eleven o'clock, as it were by mutual consent, the fighting slackened and became almost desultory; but at 12.30 pandemonium broke loose again, and a most terrific fire was poured from the trenches upon our force lying prone about nine hundred yards from the river. Then the order—possibly the only one given that day after fighting began—came that we were to maintain our position until dark, after which anything might happen. How the men lying there in the sun without cover from heat or from bullets longed for the evening only those who have been in a similar position can imagine. Since eight in the morning we had scarcely moved in front, and long before night the ammunition in the firing-line was spent. We did, however, gradually creep round on the west, so that by two in the afternoon nearly a thousand men of the Ninth Brigade had crossed the river and come up on the enemy's right as far as the windmills marked on the plan. There, however, they were not very well off, for they had no artillery support, and they were twice actually under the fire of our own guns.

The prospect was not very brilliant at any time of the afternoon. Lord Methuen was wounded, having spent the morning

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in the very hottest zone of fire, a few hundred yards behind our firing-line. No orders could be given or at least very few —perhaps, because there were no orders to give. Anyone who walked upright within two miles of the river, was a target for the Boer marksmen, whose Mauser rifles seemed to have an enormous range. Some idea, perhaps, of this range may be gathered from the fact that in walking directly back from our rear line, one had to traverse a mile and a half of veldt before the bullets ceased to throw up the dust in his neighborhood. It was obviously impossible to get stretchers up to the wounded in the firing-line during the hours of daylight, though the men of the Army Medical Corps did everything in their power for the wounded who could be recovered. It was simply suicide to walk about for long behind our lines, for the Boers during the whole day never lost an opportunity of aiming at anyone who even got up and took a sitting position. From two to three the fire again slackened, and during the rest of the day the Boers behind their trenches only shot at definite marks, as if they, too, were afraid of their ammunition going short. About 3.45 one of their big guns opened again, just to the west of the railway, trying to reach our naval guns. The shots were quite harmless, for the Boers were using black powder and the white puff of smoke could be seen long before the shell came, giving anyone who was in the line of fire plenty of time to escape. Moreover, the smoke made a splendid target, so that our field pieces got the range at once and very soon put the Boer gun out of action. Then they started on the east of the railway with a gun posted between the river and the station, but that, too, was very soon quieted by our shrapnel.

All day long the Boers had used very little shrapnel, having but small quantities of that commodity, so that their shell fire was not nearly so destructive as it might otherwise have been. I doubt if they had more than six or at the outside eight big guns, but they were managed by the German Albrecht, who kept his men splendidly in hand. Using common shell they only fired when they had a definite target and their marksmanship was admirable. In the morning I watched the Lancers galloping across our rear and the Boers dropped shell after shell right into them, fortunately without much effect, and throughout the earlier part of the day they kept our artillery constantly on the move. So the long day dragged out its weary length until night-fall found our men still lying across the front of the Boer position, most of them without ammunition and little food except the emergency rations in small tins which are only opened as a last resource.

General Colville—the brigadier of the guards—had taken command of the army since Lord Methuen's wound, and he had some idea of charging with the bayonet at eight o'clock, but the plan was given up, because the men were badly in need of a little rest and food before such an undertaking. So darkness fell with the issue still undecided. The Boers were still where they were in the morning, and our gain had been to turn their right flank. On our own right, Colonel Codrington had attempted to cross the Riet with the First Coldstreams, but found it impossible and so took his regiment right across to assist the Ninth Brigade on the west. Our right leaned upon the Riet, where the Scots Guards had found shelter in a large empty reservoir, and there was great danger of the Boers coming up from Jacobsdal on the east and turning our right flank. So that if we had got round them on the west, they had an excellent opportunity of enfilading us on the east. Most people would say, a drawn game. Yet in the night the Boers took away their guns and evacuated the position; and our men, who had expected a bayonet charge at 3 A.M. and a stubborn fight for life, marched quietly over the drift without a shot being fired.

We were sorry not to get at them, but the general feeling on Wednesday morning was distinctly one of relief. By a mysterious move in the night on the part of the enemy, a doubtful battle had been suddenly changed into a brilliant victory. The Boers had left a position which seemed impregnable, and the march to Modder River was over.

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TOMMY AND GRIZEL

BY J. M. BARRIE

Author of "Sentimental Tommy," "The Little Minister," etc.

CHAPTER VII

THE BEGINNING OF THE DUEL

IT was among old Dr. McQueen's sayings that when he met a man who was certified to be in no way remarkable he wanted to give three cheers. There are few of them, even in a little place like Thrums, but David Gemmell was one.

So McQueen had always said, but Grizel was not so sure. "He is very good-looking and he does not know it," she would point out, "oh, what a remarkable man!"

She had known him intimately for nearly six years now, ever since he became the old doctor's assistant, on the day when, in the tail of some others, he came to Thrums aged twenty-one to apply for the post. Grizel had even helped to choose him, she had a quaint recollection of his being submitted to her by McQueen, who told her to look him over and say whether he would do—an odd position in which to place a fourteen-year-old girl, but Grizel had taken it most seriously, and indeed of the two men only Gemmell dared to laugh.

"You should not laugh when it is so important," she said, gravely; and he stood abashed, although I believe he chuckled again when he retired to his room for the night. She was in that room next morning as soon as he had left it, to smell the curtains (he smoked) and see whether he folded his things up neatly and used both the brush and the comb, but did not use pomade, and slept with his window open, and really took a bath instead of merely pouring the water into it and laying the sponge on top—(oh, she knew them!)—and her decision after some days was that though far from perfect, he would do, if he loved her dear darling doctor sufficiently. By this time David was openly afraid of her, which Grizel noticed, and took to be in the circumstances a satisfactory sign.

She watched him narrowly for the next year, and after that she ceased to watch him at all. She was like a congregation become so sure of its minister's soundness that it can risk going to sleep. To begin with, he was quite incapable of pretending to be anything he was not. Oh, how unlike a boy she had once known! His manner, like his voice, was quiet; being himself the son of a doctor, he did not dodder through life amazed at the splendid eminence he had climbed to, which is the weakness of Scottish students when they graduate, and often for fifty years afterwards. How sweet he was to Dr. McQueen, never forgetting the respect due to gray hairs, never hinting that the new school of medicine knew many things that were hidden from the old, and always having the sense to support McQueen when she was scolding him for his numerous naughty ways. When the old doctor came home now on cold nights it was not with his cravat in his pocket, and Grizel knew very well who had put it round his neck. McQueen never had the humiliation, so distressing to an old doctor, of being asked by patients to send his assistant instead of coming himself. He thought they preferred him and twitted David about it, but Grizel knew that David had sometimes to order them to prefer the old man. She knew that when he said good-night and was supposed to have gone to his lodgings, he was probably off to some poor house where, if not he, a tired woman must sit the long night through by a sufferer's bedside, and she realized with joy that his chief reason for not speaking of such things was that he took them as part of his natural work and never even knew that he was kind. He was not specially skilful, he had taken no

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honors either at school or college, and he considered himself to be a very ordinary young man. If you had said that on this point you disagreed with him, his manner probably would have implied that he thought you a bit of an ass.

When a new man arrives in Thrums, the women come to their doors to see whether he is good-looking. They said No of Tommy when he came back, but it had been an emphatic Yes for Dr. Gemmell. He was tall and very slight, and at twenty-seven as at twenty-one, despite the growth of a heavy mustache, there was a boyishness about his appearance, which is, I think, what women love in a man more than anything else. They are drawn to him by it, and they love him out of pity when it goes. I suppose it brings back to them some early, beautiful stage in the world's history when men and women played together without fear. Perhaps it lay in his smile, which was so winning that wrinkled old dames spoke of it, who had never met the word before, smiles being little known in Thrums, where in a workaday world we find it sufficient either to laugh or to look thrawn. His dark curly hair was what Grizel was most suspicious of; he must be vain of that, she thought, until she discovered that he was quite sensitive to its being mentioned, having ever detested his curls as an eyesore and in his boyhood clipped savagely to the roots. He had such a firm chin, if there had been another such chin going a-begging, I should have liked to clap it on to Tommy Sandys.

Tommy Sandys! All this time we have been neglecting that brave sufferer, and while we talk his ankle is swelling and swelling. Well, Grizel was not so inconsiderate, for she walked very fast and with an exceedingly determined mouth to Dr. Gemmell's lodgings. He was still in lodgings, having refused to turn Grizel out of her house, though she had offered to let it to him. She left word, the doctor not being in, that he was wanted at once by Mr. Sandys, who had sprained his ankle.

Now, then, Tommy!

For an hour, perhaps until she went to bed, she remained merciless. She saw the quiet doctor with the penetrating eyes examining that ankle, asking a few questions, and looking curiously at his patient. Then she saw him lift his hat and walk out of the house.

It gave her pleasure, no, it did not. While she thought of this Tommy she despised, there came in front of him a boy who had played with her long ago when no other child would play with her, and now he said, "You have grown cold to me, Grizel," and she nodded assent, and little wells of water rose to her eyes and lay there because she had nodded assent.

She had never liked Dr. Gemmell so little as when she saw him approaching her house next morning. The surgery was still attached to it, and very often he came from there, his visiting-book in his hand, to tell her of his patients, even to consult her; indeed to talk to Grizel about his work without consulting her would have been difficult, for it was natural to her to decide what was best for everybody. These consultations were very unprofessional, but from her first coming to the old doctor's house she had taken it as a matter of course that in his practice, as in affairs relating to his boots and buttons, she should tell him what to do and he should do it. McQueen had introduced his assistant to this partnership half-shamefacedly and with a cautious wink over the little girl's head, and Gemmell fell into line at once, showing her his new stethoscope as gravely as if he must abandon it at once, should not she approve; which fine behavior, however, was quite thrown away on Grizel, who, had he conducted himself otherwise, would merely have wondered what was the matter with the man; and as she was eighteen or more before she saw that she had exceeded her duties, it was then, of course, too late to cease doing it.

She knew now how good, how forbearing he had been to the little girl, and that it was partly because he was acquainted with her touching history. The grave courtesy with which he had always treated her, and which had sometimes given her as a girl a secret thrill of delight, it was so sweet to Grizel to be respected, she knew now to be less his natural manner to women than something that came to him in her presence because he who knew her so well, thought her worthy of deference, and it helped her more, far more,

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than if she had seen it turn to love. Yet as she received him in her parlor now, her too spotless parlor, for not even the ashes in the grate were visible, which is a mistake, she was not very friendly. He had discovered what Tommy was, and as she had been the medium she could not blame him for that, but how could he look as calm as ever when such a deplorable thing had happened?

"What you say is true, I knew it before I asked you to go to him, and I knew you would find it out, but please to remember that he is a man of genius, whom it is not for such as you to judge."

That was the sort of haughty remark she held ready for him while they talked of other cases, but it was never uttered, for by and by he said:

"And then there is Mr. Sandys's ankle. A nasty accident, I am afraid."

Was he jesting? She looked at him sharply. "Have you not been to see him yet?" she asked.

He thought she had misunderstood him. He had been to see Mr. Sandys twice, both last night and this morning.

And he was sure it was a sprain?

Unfortunately it was something worse, dislocation. Further mischief might show itself presently.

"Hemorrhage into the neighboring joint on inflammation?" she asked, scornfully.

"Yes."

Grizel turned away from him. "I think not," she said.

Well, possibly not, if Mr. Sandys was careful and kept his foot from the ground for the next week. The doctor did not know that she was despising him, and he proceeded to pay Tommy a compliment. "I had to reduce the dislocation, of course," he told her, "and he bore the wrench splendidly, though there is almost no pain more acute."

"Did he ask you to tell me that?" Grizel was thirsting to inquire, but she forbore. Unwittingly, however, the doctor answered the question. "I could see," he said, "that Mr. Sandys made light of his sufferings to save his sister pain. I cannot remember ever having seen a brother and sister so attached."

That was quite true, Grizel admitted to herself. In all her recollections of Tommy she could not remember one critical moment in which Elspeth had not been foremost in his thoughts. It passed through her head, "Even now he must make sure that Elspeth is in peace of mind before he can care to triumph over me," and she would perhaps have felt less bitter had he put his triumph first.

His triumph! Oh, she would show him whether it was a triumph. He had destroyed forever her faith in David Gemmell; the quiet, observant doctor, who had such an eye for the false, had been deceived as easily as all the others, and it made her feel very lonely; but, never mind, Tommy should find out, and that within the hour, that there was one whom he could not cheat. Her first impulse, always her first impulse, was to go straight to his side and tell him what she thought of him; her second, which was neater, was to send by messenger her compliments to Mr. and Miss Sandys, and would they, if not otherwise engaged, come and have tea with her that afternoon? Not a word in the note about the ankle, but a careful sentence to the effect that she had seen Dr. Gemmell to-day and proposed asking him to meet them.

Maggy Ann, who had conveyed the message, came back with the reply. Elspeth regretted that they could not accept Grizel's invitation, owing to the accident to her brother being *very much more* serious than Grizel seemed to think. "I can't understand," Elspeth added, "why Dr. Gemmell did not tell you this when he saw you."

"Is it a polite letter?" asked inquisitive Maggy Ann, and Grizel assured her that it was most polite. "I hardly expected it," said the plain-spoken dame, "for I'm thinking by their manner it's more than can be said of yours."

"I merely invited them to come to tea."

"And him wi' his leg broke! Did you no ken he was lying on chairs?"

"I did not know it was so bad as that, Maggy Ann. So my letter seemed to annoy him, did it?" said Grizel, eagerly and I fear well pleased.

"It angered her most terrible," said Maggy Ann, "but no him. He gave a sort of a laugh when he read it."

"A laugh!"

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"Ay, and syne she says, 'It is most heartless of Grizel; she does not even ask how you are to-day; one would think she did not know of the accident,' and she says, 'I have a good mind to write her a very stiff letter,' and says he in a noble, melancholic voice, 'We must not hurt Grizel's feelings,' he says, and she says, 'Grizel thinks it was nothing because you bore it so cheerfully; oh, how little she knows you,' she says, and 'You are too forgiving,' she says; and says he, 'If I have anything to forgive Grizel for I forgive her willingly,' and syne she quieted down and wrote the letter."

Forgive her! Oh, how it enraged Grizel. How like the Tommy of old to put it in that way. There never had been a boy so good at forgiving people for his own crimes, and he always looked so modest when he did it. He was reclining on his chairs at this moment, she was sure he was, forgiving her in every sentence. She could have endured it more easily had she felt sure that he was seeing himself as he was, but she remembered him too well to have any hope of that.

She put on her bonnet and took it off again; a terrible thing, remember, for Grizel to be in a state of indecision. For the remainder of that day she was not wholly inactive. Meeting Dr. Gemmell in the street she impressed upon him the advisability of not allowing Mr. Sandys to move for at least a week.

"He might take a drive in a day or two," the doctor thought, "with his sister."

"He would be sure to use his foot," Grizel maintained, "if you once let him rise from his chair; you know they all do," and Gemmell agreed that she was right. So she managed to give Tommy as irksome a time as possible.

But next day she called. To go through another day without letting him see how despicable she thought him was beyond her endurance. Elspeth was a little stiff at first, but Tommy received her heartily, and with nothing in his manner to show that she had hurt his finer feelings. His leg (the wrong leg, as Grizel remembered at once) was extended on a chair in front of him, but instead of nursing it ostentatiously as so many would have done, he made humorous remarks at its expense. "The fact is," he said, cheerily, "that so long as I don't move I never felt better in my life. And I dare say I could walk almost as well as either of you, only my tyrant of a doctor won't let me try."

"He told me you had behaved splendidly," said Grizel, "while he was reducing the dislocation. How brave you are! You could not have endured more stoically though there had been nothing the matter with it."

"It was soon over," Tommy replied, lightly. "I think Elspeth suffered more than I."

Elspeth told the story of his heroism. "I could not stay in the room," she said, "it was too terrible," and Grizel despised too tender-hearted Elspeth for that, she was so courageous at facing pain herself. But Tommy had guessed that Elspeth was trembling behind the door, and he had called out, "Don't cry, Elspeth I am all right, it is nothing at all."

"How noble!" was Grizel's comment when she heard of this, and then Elspeth was her friend again, insisted on her staying to tea, and went into the kitchen to prepare it. Aaron was out.

The two were alone now, and in the circumstances some men would have given the lady the opportunity to apologize, if such was her desire. But Tommy's was a more generous nature, his manner was that of one less sorry to be misjudged than anxious that Grizel should not suffer too much from remorse, if she had asked his pardon then and there I am sure he would have replied, "Right willingly, Grizel," and begged her not to give another thought to the matter. What is of more importance Grizel was sure of this also, and it was the magnanimity of him that especially annoyed her. There seemed to be no disturbing it. Even when she said, "Which foot is it?" he answered, "The one on the chair," quite graciously as if she had asked a natural question.

Grizel pointed out that the other foot must be tired of being a foot in waiting. It had got a little exercise, Tommy replied lightly, last night and again this morning when it had helped to convey him to and from his bed.

Had he hopped? she asked, brutally.

No, he said, he had shuffled along. Half rising, he attempted to show her humorously how he walked nowadays, tried

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not to wince, but had to. Ugh, that was a twinge! Grizel sarcastically offered her assistance and he took her shoulder gratefully; they crossed the room, a tedious journey. "Now let me see if you can manage alone," she says, and suddenly deserts him.

He looked rather helplessly across the room; few sights are so pathetic as the strong man of yesterday feeling that the chair by the fire is a distant object to-day. Tommy knew how pathetic it was, but Grizel did not seem to know.

"Try it," she said, encouragingly, "it will do you good."

He got as far as the table and clung to it, his teeth set. Grizel clapped her hands. "Excellently done!" she said, with fell meaning, and recommended him to move up and down the room for a little, he would feel ever so much the better for it afterwards.

The pain—was—considerable, he said. Oh, she saw that, but he had already proved himself so good at bearing pain, and the new school of surgeons held that it was wise to exercise an injured limb.

Even then it was not a reproachful glance that Tommy gave her, though there was some sadness in it. He moved across the room several times, a groan occasionally escaping him. "Admirable!" said his critic, "bravo! would you like to stop now?"

"Not until you tell me to," he said, determinedly, but with a gasp.

"It must be dreadfully painful," she replied, coldly, "but I should like you to go on," and he went on until suddenly he seemed to have lost the power to lift his feet. His body swayed, there was an appealing look on his face. "Don't be afraid, you won't fall," said Grizel, but she had scarcely said it when he fainted dead away, and went down at her feet.

"Oh, how dare you!" she cried in sudden flame, and she drew back from him. But after a moment she knew that he was shamming no longer. Or she knew it and yet could not quite believe it, for hurrying out of the room for water she had no sooner passed the door than she swiftly put back her head as if to catch him unawares. But he lay motionless.

The sight of her dear brother on the floor paralyzed Elspeth, who could weep only for him and call to him to look at her and speak to her, but in such an emergency Grizel was as useful as any doctor and by the time Gemmell arrived in haste the invalid was being brought to. The doctor was a practical man who did not ask questions while there was something better to do; had he asked any as he came in Grizel would certainly have said: "He wanted to faint to make me believe he really has a bad ankle, and somehow he managed to do it," and if the doctor had replied that people can't faint by wishing, she would have said that he did not know Mr. Sandys.

But with few words Gemmell got his patient back to the chairs, and proceeded to undo the bandages that were round his ankle. Grizel stood by, assisting silently; she had often assisted the doctors, but never with that scornful curl of the lip. So the bandages were removed and the ankle laid bare. It was very much swollen and discolored, and when Grizel saw this she gave a little cry and the ointment she was holding slipped from her hand; for the first time since he came to Thrums she had failed Gemmell at a patient's side.

"I had not expected it to be—like this," she said, in a quivering voice, when he looked at her in surprise.

"It will look much worse to-morrow," he assured them, grimly. "I can't understand, Miss Sandys, how this came about."

"Miss Sandys was not in the room," said Grizel, abjectly, "but I was, and I ——"

Tommy's face was begging her to stop. He was still faint and in pain, but all thought of himself left him in his desire to screen her. "I owe you an apology, doctor," he said, quickly, "for disregarding your instructions. It was entirely my own fault, I would try to walk."

"Every step must have been agony," the doctor rapped out, and Grizel shuddered.

"Not nearly so bad as that," Tommy said, for her sake.

"Agony," insisted the doctor, as if for once he enjoyed the word. "It was a mad thing to do, as surely you could guess, Grizel. Why did you not prevent him?"

"She certainly did her best to stop me," Tommy said, hastily, "but I suppose I had

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some insane fit on me, for do it I would. I am very sorry, doctor."

His face was wincing with pain and he spoke faintly, but the doctor was still angry. He felt that there was something between these two which he did not understand, and it was strange to him and unpleasant to find Grizel unable to speak for herself. I think he doubted Tommy from that hour. All he said in reply, however, was, "It is unnecessary to apologize to me; you yourself are the only sufferer."

But was Tommy the only sufferer? Gemmell left, and Elspeth followed him to listen to those precious words which doctors drop, as from a vial, on the other side of a patient's door, and then Grizel, who had been standing at the window with head averted, turned slowly round and looked at the man she had wronged. Her arms, which had been hanging rigid, the fists closed, went out to him to implore forgiveness. I don't know how she held herself up and remained dry-eyed, her whole being wanted so much to sink by the side of his poor tortured foot and bathe it in her tears.

So, you see, he had won; nothing to do now but forgive her beautifully. Go on, Tommy, you are good at it.

But only the unexpected came out of Tommy. Never was there a softer heart. In London the old lady who sold matches at the street-corner had got all his pence; had he heard her, or any other, mourning a son sentenced to the gallows, he would immediately have wondered whether he might take the condemned one's place. (What a speech Tommy could have delivered from the scaffold!) There was nothing he would not jump at doing for a woman in distress, except perhaps destroy his note-book. And Grizel was in anguish, she was his suppliant, his brave lonely little playmate of the past, the noble girl of to-day, Grizel whom he liked so much. As through a magnifying-glass he saw her top-heavy with remorse for life, unable to sleep of nights, crushed and——

He was not made of the stuff that could endure it. The truth must out. "Grizel," he said, impulsively, "you have nothing to be sorry for. You were quite right. I did not hurt my foot that night in the den, but afterwards, when I was alone, before the doctor came. I ricked it here, intentionally, in the door. It sounds incredible, but I set my teeth and did it, Grizel, because you had challenged me to a duel, and I would not give in."

As soon as it was out he was proud of himself for having the generosity to confess it. He looked at Grizel expectantly.

Yes, it sounded incredible, and yet she saw that it was true. As Elspeth returned at that moment Grizel could say nothing, she stood looking at him only over her high collar of fur. Tommy actually thought that she was admiring him.

CHAPTER VIII

WHAT GRIZEL'S EYES SAID

TO be the admired of women, how Tommy had fought for it since first he drank of them in Pym's sparkling pages! To some it seems to be easy, but to him it was a labor of Sisyphus. Everything had been against him. But he concentrated. No labor was too herculean; he was prepared if necessary to walk round the world to get to the other side of the wall across which some men can step. And he did take a roundabout way. It is my opinion, for instance, that he wrote his book in order to make a beginning with the ladies.

That as it may be, at all events he is on the right side of the wall now, and here is even Grizel looking wistfully at him. Had she admired him for something he was not (and a good many of them did that) he would have been ill-satisfied; he wanted her to think him splendid because he was splendid, and the more he reflected the more clearly he saw that he had done a big thing. How many men would have had the courage to rack their foot as he had done? (He shivered when he thought of it.) And even of these Spartans how many would have let the reward slip through their fingers rather than wound the feelings of a girl? These had not been his thoughts when he made confession, he had spoken on an impulse, but now that he could step out and have a look at himself, he saw that this made it a still bigger thing. He

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was modestly pleased that he had got not only Grizel's admiration but earned it, and he was very kind to her when next she came to see him. No one could be more kind to them than he when they admired him. He had the most grateful heart, had our Tommy.

When next she came to see him! That was while his ankle still nailed him to the chair, a fortnight or so during which Tommy was at his best, sending gracious messages by Elspeth to the many who called to inquire, and writing hard at his new work, pad on knee, so like a brave soul whom no unmerited misfortune could subdue, that it would have done you good merely to peep at him through the window. Grizel came several times, and the three talked very ordinary things, mostly reminiscences; she was as much a plain-spoken princess as ever, but often he found her eyes fixed on him wistfully, and he knew what they were saying, they spoke so eloquently that he was a little nervous lest Elspeth should notice. It was delicious to Tommy to feel that there was this little unspoken something between him and Grizel; he half regretted that the time could not be far distant when she must put it into words, as soon, say, as Elspeth left the room, an exquisite moment no doubt, but it would be the plucking of the flower.

Don't think that Tommy conceived Grizel to be in love with him. On my sacred honor, that would have horrified him.

Curiously enough she did not take the first opportunity Elspeth gave her of telling him in words how much she admired his brave confession. She was so honest that he expected her to begin the moment the door closed, and now that the artistic time had come for it he wanted it, but no. He was not hurt, but he wondered at her shyness and cast about for the reason; he cast far back into the past, and caught a little girl who had worn this same wistful face when she admired him most. He compared those two faces of the anxious girl and the serene woman, and in the wistfulness that sometimes lay on them both they looked alike. Was it possible that the fear of him which the years had driven out of the girl still lived a ghost's life to haunt the woman?

At once he overflowed with pity. As a boy he had exulted in Grizel's fear of him, as a man he could feel only the pain of it. There was no one, he thought, less to be dreaded of a woman than he—oh, so sure Tommy was of that! And he must lay this ghost, he gave his whole heart to the laying of it.

Few men, and never a woman, could do a fine thing so delicately as he, but of course it included a divergence from the truth, for to Tommy afloat on a generous scheme the truth was a buoy marking sunken rocks. She had feared him in her childhood, as he knew well; he therefore proceeded to prove to her that she had never feared him, she had thought him masterful, and all his reminiscences now went to show that it was she who had been the masterful one.

"You must often laugh now," he said, "to remember how I feared you. The memory of it makes me afraid of you still. I assure you I joukit back, as Corp would say, that day I saw you in church. It was the instinct of self-preservation. 'Here comes Grizel to lord it over me again,' I heard something inside me saying. You called me masterful, and yet I had always to give in to you. That shows what a gentle, yielding girl you were, and what a masterful character I was!"

His intention, you see, was, without letting Grizel know what he was at, to make her think he had forgotten certain unpleasant incidents in their past, so that seeing they were no longer anything to him, they might the sooner become nothing to her. And she believed that he had forgotten and she was glad. She smiled when he told her to go on being masterful, for old acquaintance had made him like it. Hers, indeed, was a masterful nature, she could not help it; and if the time ever came when she must help it, the glee of living would be gone from her.

She did continue to be masterful, to a greater extent than Tommy, thus nobly behaving, was prepared for, and his shock came to him at the very moment when he was modestly expecting to receive the prize. She had called when Elspeth happened to be out, and though now able to move about the room with the help of a staff he was still an interesting object. He saw that she thought so, and perhaps it made him hobble slightly more, not

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vainglorioously, but because he was such an artist. He ceased to be an artist suddenly, however, when Grizel made this unexpected remark :

" How vain you are ! "

Tommy sat down, quite pale. " Did you come here to say that to me, Grizel ? " he inquired, and she nodded frankly over her high collar of fur. He knew it was true as Grizel said it, but though taken aback he could bear it, for she was looking wistfully at him, and he knew well what Grizel's wistful look meant ; so long as women admired him Tommy could bear anything from them. " God knows I have little to be vain of," he said, humbly.

" Those are the people who are most vain," she replied, and he laughed a short laugh, which surprised her, she was so very serious.

" Your methods are so direct," he explained. " But of what am I vain, Grizel ? Is it my book ? "

" No," she answered, " not about your book but about meaner things ; what else could have made you dislocate your ankle rather than admit that you had been rather silly ? "

Now silly is no word to apply to a gentleman, and despite his forgiving nature, Tommy was a little disappointed in Grizel.

" I suppose it was a silly thing to do," he said, with just a touch of stiffness.

" It was an ignoble thing," said she, sadly.

" I see. And I myself am the meaner thing than the book, am I ? "

" Are you not ? " she asked, so eagerly that he laughed again.

" It is the first compliment you have paid my book," he pointed out.

" I like the book very much," she answered, gravely ; " no one can be more proud of your fame than I. You are hurting me very much by pretending to think that it is a pleasure to me to find fault with you."

There was no getting past the honesty of her, and he was touched by it. Besides, she did admire him, and that, after all, is the great thing. " Then why say such things, Grizel ? " he replied, good-naturedly.

" But if they are true ? "

" Still let us avoid them," said he, and at that she was most distressed.

" It is so like what you used to say when you were a boy ! " she cried.

" You are so anxious to have me grow up," he replied, with proper dolefulness. " If you like the book, Grizel, you must have patience with the kind of thing that produced it. That night in the den when I won your scorn, I was in the preliminary stages of composition. At such times an author should be locked up, but I had got out, you see. I was so enamoured of my little fancies that I forgot I was with you. No wonder you were angry."

" I was not angry with you for forgetting me," she said, sharply. (There was no catching Grizel, however artful you were.) " But you were sighing to yourself, you were looking as tragic as if some dreadful calamity had occurred——"

" The idea that had suddenly come to me was a touching one," he said.

" But you looked triumphant, too."

" That was because I saw I could make something of it."

" Why did you walk as if you were lame ? "

" The man I was thinking of," Tommy explained, " had broken his leg. I don't mind telling you that it was Corp."

He ought to have minded telling her, for it could add only to her indignation, but he was too conceited to give weight to that.

" Corp's leg was not broken," said practical Grizel.

" I broke it for him," replied Tommy, and, when he had explained, her eyes accused him of heartlessness.

" If it had been my own," he said, in self-defence, " it should have gone crack just the same."

" Poor Gavinia ! Had you no feeling for her ? "

" Gavinia was not there," Tommy replied, triumphantly. " She had run off with a soldier."

" You dared to conceive that ? "

" It helped."

Grizel stamped her foot. " You could take away dear Gavinia's character with a smile ! "

" On the contrary," said Tommy, " my heart bled for her. Did you not notice that I was crying ? " But he could not

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make Grizel smile, so to please her he said, with a smile that was not very sincere, "I wish I were different, but that is how ideas come to me, at least all those that are of any value."

"Surely you could fight against them, and drive them away?"

This to Tommy, who held out sugar to them to lure them to him! But still he treated her with consideration.

"That would mean my giving up writing altogether, Grizel," he said, kindly.

"Then why not give it up?"

Really! But she admired him, and still he bore with her.

"I don't like the book," she said, "if it is written at such a cost."

"People say the book has done them good, Grizel."

"What does that matter if it does you harm?" In her eagerness to persuade him her words came pell-mell. "If writing makes you live in such an unreal world it must do you harm. I see now what Mr. Cathro meant long ago when he called you Senti——"

Tommy winced. "I remember what Mr. Cathro called me," he said, with surprising hauteur for such a good-natured man. "But he does not call me that now. No one calls me that now except you, Grizel."

"What does that matter," she replied, distressfully, "if it is true? In the definition of sentimentality in the dictionary——"

He rose, indignantly. "You have been looking me up in the dictionary, have you, Grizel?"

"Yes, the night you told me you had hurt your ankle intentionally."

He laughed without mirth now. "I thought you had put that down to vanity."

"I think," she said, "it was vanity that gave you the courage to do it," and he liked one word in this remark.

"Then you do give me credit for a little courage?"

"I think you could do the most courageous things," she told him, "so long as there was no real reason why you should do them."

It was a shot that rang the bell; oh, our Tommy heard it ringing. But to do him justice he bore no malice, he was proud, rather, of Grizel's marksmanship. "At least," he said, meekly, "it was courageous of me to tell you the truth in the end?" but to his surprise she shook her head.

"No," she replied, "it was sweet of you. You did it impulsively because you were sorry for me, and I think it was sweet. But impulse is not courage."

So now Tommy knew all about it. His plain-spoken critic had been examining him with a candle and had paid particular attention to his defects, but against them she set the fact that he had done something chivalrous for her, and it held her heart though the others were in possession of the head. How like a woman! he thought with a pleased smile. He knew them.

Still he was chagrined that she made so little of his courage, and it was to stab her that he said, with subdued bitterness, "I always had a suspicion that I was that sort of person, and it is pleasant to have it pointed out by one's oldest friend. No one will ever accuse you of want of courage, Grizel."

She was looking straight at him, and her eyes did not drop, but they looked still more wistful. Tommy did not understand the courage that made her say what she had said, but he knew he was hurting her, he knew that if she was too plain-spoken it was out of loyalty, and that to wound Grizel because she had to speak her mind was a shame, yes, he always knew that.

But he could do it, he could even go on, "And it is satisfactory that you have thought me out so thoroughly, because you will not need to think me out any more. You know me now, Grizel, and can have no more fear of me."

"When was I ever afraid of you?" she demanded. She was looking at him suspiciously now.

"Never as a girl?" he asked. It jumped out of him; he was sorry as soon as he had said it.

There was a long pause. "So you remembered it all the time," she said, quietly. "You have been making pretence—again!"

He asked her to forgive him, and she nodded her head at once. "But why did you pretend to have forgotten?"

"I thought it would please you, Grizel."

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"Why should pretence please me?" She rose suddenly in a white heat, "You don't mean to say that you think I am afraid of you still?"

He said No a moment too late. He knew it was too late.

"Don't be angry with me, Grizel," he begged her, earnestly, "I am so glad I was mistaken, it made me miserable, I have been a terrible blunderer, but I mean well, I misread your eyes."

"My eyes?"

"They have always seemed to be watching me, and often there was such a wistful look in them, it reminded me of the past."

"You thought I was still afraid of you! Say it," said Grizel, stamping her foot, but he would not say it. It was not merely fear that he thought he had seen in her eyes, you remember. This was still his comfort, and I suppose it gave the touch of complacency to his face that made Grizel merciless. She did not mean to be merciless, but only to tell the truth. If some of her words were scornful, there was sadness in her voice all the time instead of triumph. "For years and years," she said, standing straight as an elvint, "I have been able to laugh at all the ignorant fears of my childhood, and if you don't know why I have watched you and been unable to help watching you since you came back, I shall tell you. But I think you might have guessed, you who write books about women. It is because I liked you when you were a boy, you were often horrid, but you were my first friend when every other person was against me; you let me play with you when no other boy or girl would let me play, and so all the time you have been away I have been hoping that you were growing into a noble man, and when you came back I watched to see whether you were the noble man I wanted you so much to be, and you are not. Do you see now why my eyes look wistful? It is because I wanted to admire you, and I can't."

She went away, and the great authority on women raged about the room. Oh, but he was galled! There had been five feet nine of him, but he was shrinking. By and by the red light came into his eyes.

CHAPTER IX

GALLANT BEHAVIOR OF T. SANDYS

THERE were now no fewer than three men engaged, each in his own way, in the siege of Grizel, nothing in common between them except insulted vanity. One was a broken fellow who took for granted that she preferred to pass him by in the street; his bow was also an apology to her for his existence; he not only knew that she thought him wholly despicable but agreed with her; in the long ago (yesterday, for instance) he had been happy, courted, esteemed, he had even esteemed himself, and so done useful work in the world, but she had flung him to earth so heavily that he had made a hole in it out of which he could never climb; there he lay damned, hers the glory of destroying him; he hoped she was proud of her handiwork. That was one Thomas Sandys, the one perhaps who put on his clothes in the morning, but it might be number two who took them off at night. He was a good-natured cynic, vastly amused by the airs this little girl put on before a man of note, and he took a malicious pleasure in letting her see that they entertained him. He goaded her intentionally into expressions of temper because she looked prettiest then, and trifled with her hair (but this was in imagination only) and called her a quaint child (but this was beneath his breath). The third—he might be the one who wore the clothes—was a haughty boy who was not only done with her forever but meant to let her see it. (His soul cried, O, O for a conservatory and some of society's darlings, and Grizel at the window to watch how I get on with them!) And now that I think of it there was also a fourth, Sandys the grave author, whose life in two vols. 8vo I ought at this moment to be writing, without a word about the other Tommies. They amused him a good deal. When they were doing something big he would suddenly appear and take a note of it.

The boy, who was stiffly polite to her (when Tommy was angry he became very

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polite), told her that he had been invited to the Spittal, the seat of the Rintoul family, and that he understood there were some charming girls there.

"I hope you will like them," Grizel said, pleasantly.

"If you could see how they will like me!" he wanted to reply, but of course he could not, and unfortunately there was no one by to say it for him. Tommy often felt this want of a secretary.

The abject one found a glove of Grizel's that she did not know she had lost and put it in his pocket. There it lay without her knowledge. He knew that he must not even ask them to bury it with him in his grave. This was a little thing to ask, but too much for him. He saw his effects being examined after all that was mortal of T. Sandys had been consigned to earth, and this pathetic little glove coming to light. Ah, then, then Grizel would know! By the way what would she have known? I am sure I cannot tell you. Nor could Tommy, forced to face the question in this vulgar way, have told you; yet whatever it was it gave him some moist moments. If Grizel saw him in this mood her reproachful look implied that he was sentimentalizing again. How little this chit understood him.

The man of the world sometimes came upon the glove in his pocket and laughed at it as such men do when they recall their callow youth. He took walks with Grizel without her knowing that she accompanied him, or rather, he let her come, she was so eager. In his imagination (for bright were the dreams of Thomas!) he saw her looking longingly after him, just as the dog looks, and then not being really a cruel man, he would call over his shoulder, "Put on your hat, little woman; you can come." Then he conceived her wandering with him through the den and Caddam wood, clinging to his arm and looking up adoringly at him. "What a loving little soul it is!" he said, and pinched her ear, whereat she glowed with pleasure. "But I forgot," he would add, bantering her, "you don't admire me; heigho, Grizel wants to admire me, but she can't!" He got some satisfaction out of these flights of fancy, but it had a scurvy way of deserting him in the hour of greatest need; where was it, for instance, when the real Grizel appeared and fixed that inquiring eye on him?

He went to the Spittal several times, Elspeth with him when she cared to go, for Lady Rintoul and all the others had to learn and remember that, unless they made much of Elspeth, there could be no T. Sandys for them. He glared at anyone, male or female, who on being introduced to Elspeth did not remain, obviously impressed, by her side. "Give pleasure to Elspeth or away I go," was written all over him, and it had to be the right kind of pleasure too, the ladies must feel that she was more innocent than they, and talk accordingly. He would walk the flower-garden with none of them until he knew for certain that the man walking it with little Elspeth was a person to be trusted. Once he was convinced of this, however, he was very much at their service, and so little to be trusted himself that perhaps they should have had careful brothers also. He told them one at a time that they were strangely unlike all the other women he had known, and held their hands a moment longer than was absolutely necessary, and then went away, leaving them and him a prey to conflicting and puzzling emotions.

Lord Rintoul, whose hair was so like his skin that in the family portraits he might have been painted in one color, could never rid himself of the feeling that it must be a great thing to a writing chap to get a good dinner, but her ladyship always explained him away with an apologetic smile which went over his remarks like a piece of india-rubber, so that in the end he had never said anything. She was a slight, pretty woman of nearly forty and liked Tommy because he remembered so vividly her coming to the Spittal as a bride. He even remembered how she had been dressed, her white bonnet, for instance.

"For long," Tommy said, musing, "I resented other women in white bonnets: it seemed profanation."

"How absurd!" she told him, laughing. "You must have been quite a small boy at the time."

"But with a lonely boy's passionate admiration for beautiful things," he answered, and his gravity was a gentle rebuke to her. "It was all a long time ago," he

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said, taking both her hands in his, "but I never forget, and, dear lady, I have often wanted to thank you." What he was thanking her for is not precisely clear, but she knew that the artistic temperament is an odd sort of thing, and from this time Lady Rintoul liked Tommy and even tried to find the right wife for him among the families of the surrounding clergy. His step was sometimes quite springy when he left the Spittal, but Grizel's shadow was always waiting for him somewhere on the way home to take the life out of him, and after that it was again, O sorrowful disillusion, O, world gone gray. Grizel did not admire him, T. Sandys was no longer a wonder to Grizel. He went home to that as surely as the laborer to his evening platter.

To have Grizel admire him again! what monstrous things he would have done for it, what a monstrous thing he did.

Corp had got a holiday, and they were off together fishing the Drumly Water, by Lord Rintoul's permission. They had fished the Drumly many a time without it, and this was to be another such day as those of old; the one who woke at four was to rouse the other. Never had either waked at four, but one of them was married now, and any woman can wake at any hour she chooses, so at four Corp was pushed out of bed and soon thereafter they took the road. Grizel's blinds were already up. "Do you mind," Corp said, "how often when we had boasted we were to start at four and didna get roaded till six, we wriggled by that window so that Grizel shouldna see us?"

"She usually did see us," Tommy replied, ruefully. "Grizel always spotted us, Corp, when we had anything to hide, and missed us when we were anxious to be seen."

"There was no jouking her," said Corp. "Do you mind how that used to bother you?" a senseless remark to a man whom it was bothering still, or shall we say to a boy, for the boy came back to Tommy when he heard the Drumly singing; it was as if he had suddenly seen his mother looking young again. There had been a thunder-shower as they drew near, followed by a rush of wind that pinned them to a dyke, swept the road bare, banged every door in the glen, and then sank suddenly as if it had never been, like a mole in the sand. But now the sun was out, every fence and farm-yard rope was a string of diamond drops, there was one to every blade of grass, they lurked among the wild roses, larks drunken with their song shook them from their wings, the whole earth shone so gloriously with them that for a time Tommy ceased to care whether he was admired. We can pay nature no higher compliment.

But when they came to the Slugs!—The Slugs of Kenny is a wild crevice through which the Drumly cuts its way, black and treacherous, into a lonely glade where it gambols for the rest of its short life; you would not believe to see it laughing that it had so lately escaped from prison. To the Slugs they made their way, not to fish, for any trout that are there are thinking forever of the way out and of nothing else, but to eat their luncheon, and they ate it sitting on the mossy stones their persons had long ago helped to smooth and looking at a rowan branch, which now, as then, was trailing in the water.

There were no fish to catch, but there was a boy trying to catch them. He was on the opposite bank, had crawled down it, only other boys can tell how, a barefooted urchin of ten or twelve with an enormous bagful of worms hanging from his jacket-button. To put a new worm on the hook without coming to destruction he first twisted his legs about a young birch and put his arms round it. He was after a big one, he informed Corp, though he might as well have been fishing in a treatise on the art of angling.

Corp exchanged pleasantries with him, told him that Tommy was Captain Ure, and that he was his faithful servant Alexander Bett, both of Edinburgh. Since the birth of his child, Corp had become something of a humorist. Tommy was not listening. As he lolled in the sun he was turning, without his knowledge, into one of the other Tommies. Let us watch the process.

He had found a half-fledged mavis lying dead among the grass. Remember also how the larks had sung after rain.

Tommy lost sight and sound of Corp and the boy. What he seemed to see was

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a baby lark that had got out of its nest sideways, a fall of half a foot only, but a dreadful drop for a baby. "You can get back this way," its mother said, and showed it the way, which was quite easy, but when the baby tried to leap, it fell on its back. Then the mother marked out lines on the ground from one to the other of which it was to practise hopping, and soon it could hop beautifully so long as its mother was there to say every moment, "How beautifully you hop." "Now teach me to hop up," the little lark said, meaning that it wanted to fly, and the mother tried to do that also, but in vain; she could soar up, up, up bravely, but could not explain how she did it. This distressed her very much, and she thought hard about how she had learned to fly long ago last year, but all she could recall for certain was that you suddenly do it. "Wait till the sun comes out after rain," she said, half remembering. "What is sun, what is rain?" the little bird asked; "if you cannot teach me to fly, teach me to sing." "When the sun comes out after rain," the mother replied, "then you will know how to sing." The rain came, and glued the little bird's wings together. "I shall never be able to fly nor to sing," it wailed. Then of a sudden it had to blink its eyes, for a glorious light had spread over the world, catching every leaf and twig and blade of grass in tears and putting a smile into every tear. The baby bird's breast swelled, it did not know why; and it fluttered from the ground, it did not know how. "The sun has come out after the rain," it trilled, "thank you, sun, thank you, thank you, O, mother, did you hear me, I can sing!" And it floated up, up, up, crying "Thank you, thank you, thank you!" to the sun, "O mother, do you see me, I am flying!" and being but a baby it soon was gasping, but still it trilled the same ecstasy, and when it fell panting to earth it still trilled, and the distracted mother called to it to take breath or it would die, but it could not stop. "Thank you, thank you, thank you!" it sang to the sun till its little heart burst.

With filmy eyes Tommy searched himself for the little pocket-book in which he took notes of such sad thoughts as these, and in place of the book he found a glove wrapped in silk paper. He sat there with it in his hand, nodding his head over it so broken-heartedly you could not have believed that he had forgotten it for several days.

Death was still his subject, but it was no longer a bird he saw, it was a very noble young man, and his white dead face stared at the sky from the bottom of a deep pool. I don't know how he got there, but a woman who would not admire him had something to do with it. No sun after rain had come into that tragic life; to the water that had ended it his white face seemed to be saying, "Thank you, thank you, thank you." It was the old story of a faithless woman. He had given her his heart and she had played with it. For her sake he had striven to be famous, for her alone had he toiled through dreary years in London, the goal her lap in which he should one day place his book, a poor trivial little work he knew (yet much admired by the best critics); never had his thoughts wandered for one instant of that time to another woman, he had been as faithful in life as in death, and now she came to the edge of the pool and peered down at his staring eyes and laughed.

He had got thus far when a shout from Corp brought him, dazed, to his feet. It had been preceded by another cry as the boy and the sapling he was twisted round toppled into the river together, uprooted stones and clods pounding after them and discoloring the pool into which the torrent rushes between rocks, to swirl frantically before it dives down a narrow channel and leaps into another cauldron.

There was no climbing down those precipitous rocks. Corp was shouting, gesticulating, impotent. "How can you stand so still?" he roared.

For Tommy was standing quite still, like one not yet thoroughly awake. The boy's head was visible now and again as he was carried round in the seething water; when he came to the outer ring down that channel he must infallibly go, and every second or two he was in a wider circle.

Tommy, who could not swim, kicked off his boots.

"You wouldna dare!" Corp cried, aghast.

I am sure Tommy had no intention of daring, he was merely putting off the decision for a moment. But the action had

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its momentary effect, turning him suddenly into one of those heroes of Pym, who had so often kicked off their boots and dived, "Very well, Grizel, you shall admire me now!"

He flung off his coat, and as there was nothing more to do but leap, this was bringing him to his senses, when he saw the glove, now clutched in his hands. "Give her that," he said, handing it to Corp, but forgetting to mention the lady's name, "and tell her it never left my heart." This was so unexpected that it did for Tommy; overcome by the splendor of the sentiment he shut his eyes and jumped. Corp saw him strike the water and disappear, he tore along the bank as he had never run before, until he got to the water's edge below the Slugs and climbed and fought his way to the scene of the disaster. Before he reached it, however, we should have had no hero had not the sapling, the cause of all this pother, made amends by barring the way down the narrow channel. Tommy was clinging to it and the boy to him, and at some risk Corp got them both ashore, where they lay gasping like fish in a creel.

The boy was the first to rise, to look for his fishing-rod, and he was surprised to find no six-pounder at the end of it. "She has broke the line again!" he said, for he was sure then and ever afterward that a big one had pulled him in.

Corp slapped him for his ingratitude, but the man who had saved this boy's life wanted no thanks. "Off to your home with you, wherever it is," he said to the boy, who obeyed silently, and then to Corp, "He is a little fool, Corp, but not such a fool as I am." He lay on his face shivering, not from cold, not from shock, but in a horror of himself. I think Tommy saw himself more clearly then than ever before; for long he had wondered, but half jocularly, to what lengths a sentimental impulse might carry him, and now he knew. It was not water that he tried to shake fiercely from him when he rose, it was the monstrous part of him that had done this deed, and I suppose he really did think before he reached home that he had left it to rot on the banks of the Drumly. It was only after many such struggles for freedom that he could laugh grimly at them, knowing even while he fought that the wrestle must turn into an embrace.

They lit a fire among the rocks at which he sought to dry his clothes, and then they set out for home, Corp doing all the talking. "What a town there will be about this in Thrums!" was his text, and he was surprised when Tommy at last broke silence by saying, passionately, "Never speak about this to me again, Corp, as long as you live. Promise me that. Promise never to mention it to anyone. I want no one to know what I did to-day, and no one ever will know unless you tell; the boy can't tell, for we are strangers to him."

"He thinks you are a Captain Ure and that I'm Alexander Bett, his servant," said Corp. "I telled him that for a divert."

"Then let him continue to think that."

Of course Corp promised. "And I'll go to the stake afore I break my promise," he swore, happily remembering one of the Jacobite oaths, but he was puzzled. They would have made so much of Tommy had they known. They would think him a wonder. Did he not want that?

"No," Tommy replied.

"You used to like it; you used to like it most michty."

"I have changed."

"Ay, you have; but since when? Since you took to making printed books?"

Tommy did not say, but it was more recently than that. What he was foregoing no one could have needed to be told less than he; the magnitude of the sacrifice was what enabled him to make it; he was always at home among the superlatives, it was the little things that bothered him. In his present fear of the ride that his old man of the sea might yet goad him to, he craved for mastery over self, he seemed to get it by declining the glory for which he had so nearly flung away his life.

His self-punishment was like refusing a crown, and Tommy knew it and was thankful. Grizel would never know how strong a man he was; well, now that he knew it himself, he could bear that also. There was even a certain piquancy in the situation. He saw himself submitting to her reproaches with a brave smile.

Thus he reached home, a rider with control of the reins at last. No more sentiment for Tommy.

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CHAPTER X

GAVINIA ON THE TRACK

CORP, you remember, had said that he would go to the stake rather than break his promise, and he meant it too, though what the stake was and why such a pother about going to it, he did not know. He was to learn now, however, for to the stake he had to go. This was because Gavinia when folding up his clothes found in one of the pockets a glove wrapped in silk paper.

Tommy had forgotten it until too late, for when he asked Corp for the glove it was already in Gavinia's possession, and she had declined to return it without an explanation. "You must tell her nothing," Tommy said, sternly; he was uneasy, but relieved to find that Corp did not know whose glove it was, nor even why gentlemen carry a lady's glove in their pocket.

At first Gavinia was mildly curious only, but her husband's refusal to answer any questions roused her dander. She tried cajolery, fried his take of trout deliciously for him, and he sat down to them sniffing. They were small, and the remainder of their brief career was in two parts. First he lifted them by the tail, then he laid down the tail. But not a word about the glove.

She tried tears. "Dinna greet, woman," he said in distress; "what would the bairn say if he kent I made you greet!"

Gavinia went on greeting, and the baby, waking up, promptly took her side.

"D—n the thing!" said Corp.

"Your ain bairn!"

"I meant the glove," he roared.

It was curiosity only that troubled Gavinia. A reader of romance, as you may remember, she had encountered in the printed page a score of ladies who on finding such parcels in their husbands' pockets left their homes at once and forever, and she had never doubted but that it was the only course to follow, such is the power of the writer of fiction. But when the case was her own she was merely curious; such are the limitations of the writer of fiction. That there was a woman in it she did not believe for a moment. This of course did not prevent her saying, with a sob, "Wha is the woman?"

With great earnestness Corp assured her that there was no woman. He even proved it. "Just listen to reason, Gavinia. If I was sich a black as to be chief wi' ony woman, and she wanted to gie me a present, weel, she might gie me a pair o' gloves, but one glove, what use would one glove be to me? I tell you if a woman had the impidence to gie me one glove, I would fling it in her face."

Nothing could have been clearer, and he had put it thus considerately because when a woman, even the shrewdest of them, is excited (any man knows this) one has to explain matters to her as simply and patiently as if she were a four-year-old, yet Gavinia affected to be unconvinced, and for several days she led Corp the life of a lodger in his own house.

"Hands off that poor innocent," she said when he approached the baby.

If he reproved her she replied, meekly, "What can you expect frae a woman that doesna wear gloves?"

To the baby she said, "He despises you, my bonny, because you hae no gloves, ay, that's what maks him turn up his nose at you, but your mother is fond o' you, gloves or no gloves."

She told the baby the story of the glove daily, with many monstrous additions.

When Corp came home from his work she said that a poor love-lorn female had called with a boot for him and a request that he should carry it in the pocket of his Sabbath breeks.

Worst of all, she listened to what he said in the night. Corp had a habit of talking in his sleep. He was usually taking the tickets at such times, and it had been her custom to stop him violently, but now she changed her tactics, she encouraged him. "I would be lying in my bed," he said to Tommy, "dreaming that a man had fallen into the Slugs, and instead o' trying to save him I cried out 'Tickets there, all tickets ready,' and first he hands me a glove and neist he hands me a boot and havers o' that kind sich as onybody dreams, but in the middle o' my dream it comes ower me that I had better waken up to see what Gavinia's doing, and I

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open my een, and there she is, sitting up, hearkening avidly to my every word and putting sly questions to me about the glove."

"What glove?" Tommy asked, coldly.

"The glove in silk paper."

"I never heard of it," said Tommy.

Corp sighed. "No," he said, loyally, "neither did I," and he went back to the station and sat gloomily in a wagon. He got no help from Tommy, not even when rumors of the incident at the Slugs became noised abroad.

"A'body kens about the laddie now," he said.

"What laddie?" Tommy inquired.

"Him that fell into the Slugs."

"Ah, yes," Tommy said, "I have just been reading about it in the paper. A plucky fellow, this Captain Ure who saved him. I wonder who he is."

"I wonder!" Corp said, with a groan.

"There was an Alexander Bett with him, according to the papers," Tommy went on. "Do you know any Bett?"

"It's no a Thrums name," Corp replied, thankfully, "I just made it up."

"What do you mean?" Tommy asked, blankly.

Corp sighed, and went back again to the wagon. He was particularly truculent that evening when the six o'clock train came in. "Tickets there, look slippy wi' your tickets." His head bobbed up at the window of another compartment, "Tick——" he began and then he ducked.

The compartment contained a boy, looking as scared as if he had just had his face washed, and an old woman who was clutching a large linen bag as if expecting some scoundrel to appear through the floor and grip it. With her other hand she held on to the boy, and being unused to travel they were both sitting very self-conscious, humble and defiant, like persons in church who have forgotten to bring their Bible. The general effect, however, was lost on Corp, for whom it was enough that in one of them he recognized the boy of the Slugs. He thought he had seen the old lady before also, but he could not give her a name. It was quite a relief to him to notice that she was not wearing gloves.

He heard her inquiring for one Alexander Bett and being told that there was no such person in Thrums. "He's married on a woman of the name of Gavinia," said the old lady, and then they directed her to the house of the only Gavinia in the place. With dark forebodings Corp skulked after her. He remembered who she was now. She was the old woman with the nut-cracker face on whom he had cried in more than a year ago to say that Gavinia was to have him. Her mud cottage had been near the Slugs. Yes, and this was the boy who had been supping porridge with her. Corp guessed rightly that the boy had remembered his unlucky visit. "I'm doomed!" Corp muttered to himself, pronouncing it in another way.

The woman, the boy, and the bag entered the house of Gavinia and presently she came out with them. She was looking very important and terrible. They went straight to Ailie's cottage, and Corp was wondering why, when he suddenly remembered that Tommy was to be there at tea to-day.

(To be continued.)

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Frans Hals's Wife.

From the painting by Frans Hals in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.

(See "Field of Art," page 381.)

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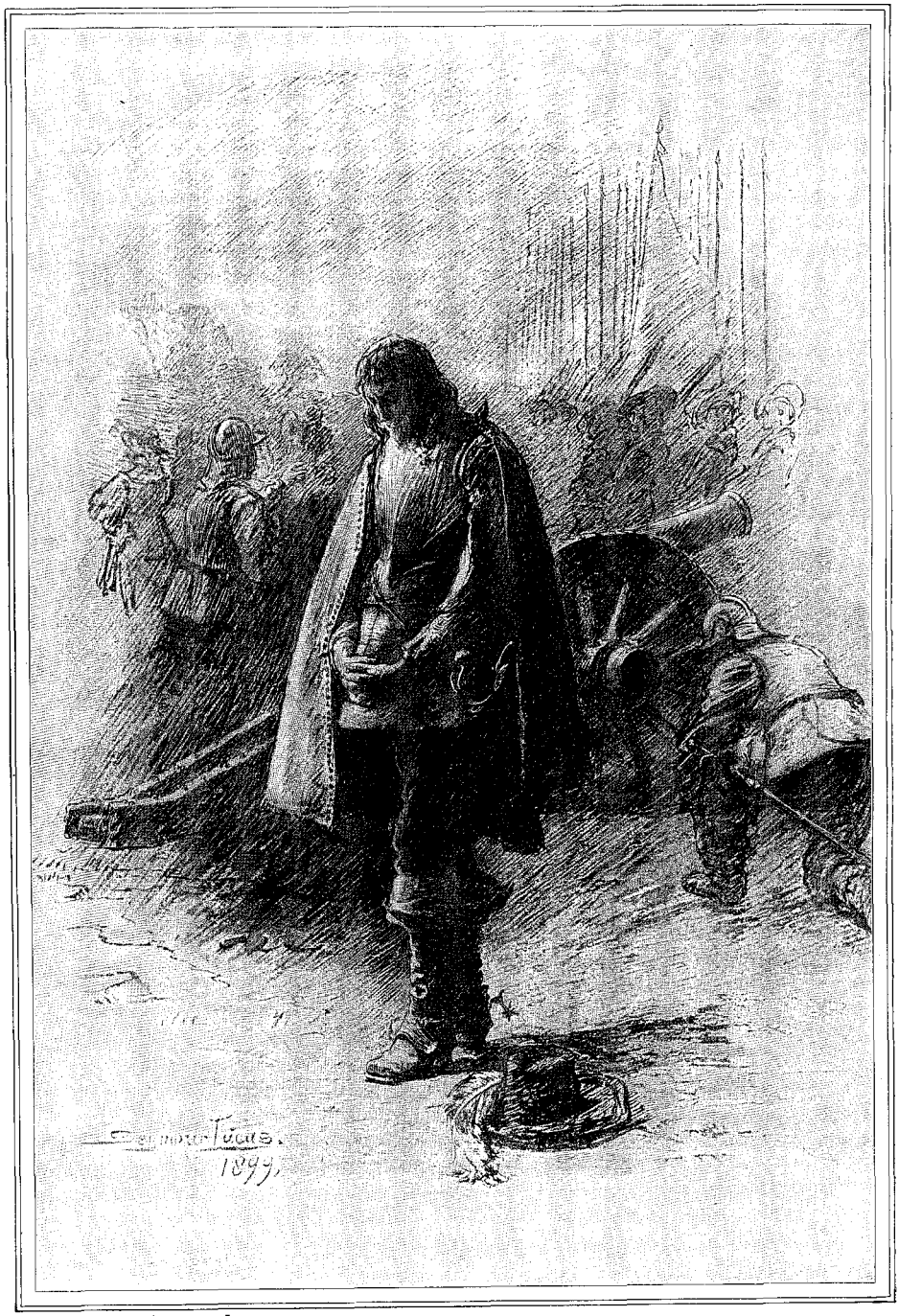

Drawn by Seymour Lucas

Before the Battle of Edgehill (First Civil War).

Among the king's men this prayer from old Sir Jacob Astley has been preserved: "O Lord, Thou knowest how busy I must be this day. If I forget Thee, do not thou forget me."

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Obverse—arms of Cromwell.

Reverse—representation of Oliver Cromwell on horseback.

Seal of the Protectorate.

From an impression in wax in the British Museum.

OLIVER CROMWELL

BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT

III

THE SECOND CIVIL WAR AND THE DEATH OF THE KING

WHEN the stout old Royalist, Sir Jacob Astley, was overcome and surrendered, he exclaimed, as he gave up his sword: "Now you have done your work and may go play, unless you fall out among yourselves!" It very soon became evident that the victors would fall out among themselves. Any revolutionary movement must be carried through by parties whose aims are so different, or whose feelings and interests are so divergent, that there is great difficulty in the victors coming to a working agreement to conserve the fruits of their victory. Not only the leaders, but more especially their followers, that is, the mass of the people, must possess great moderation and good sense for this to be possible. Otherwise, after much warfare of factions some strong man, a Cromwell or a Napoleon, is forced or forces himself to the front and saves the factions from destroying one another by laying his iron hand on all.

In the middle of the seventeenth century the English people, accustomed for many generations to look to the monarch as their real ruler, began to tumble into chaos when they wrenched themselves free from the ingrained hereditary habit which had made loyalty to the King and orderly government convertible terms. They were not yet fit to govern themselves unaided; such fitness is not a God-given, natural right, but comes to a race only through the slow growth of centuries, and then only to those races which possess an immense reserve fund of strength, common sense, and morality. The English of the middle of the seventeenth century were very much farther advanced along the road than were the French at the end of the eighteenth. They had no such dreadful wrongs to avenge as had the French people, and they indulged in no such bloodthirsty antics among themselves. But they had by no means attained to that power of compromise which they showed forty years later in the Rev-

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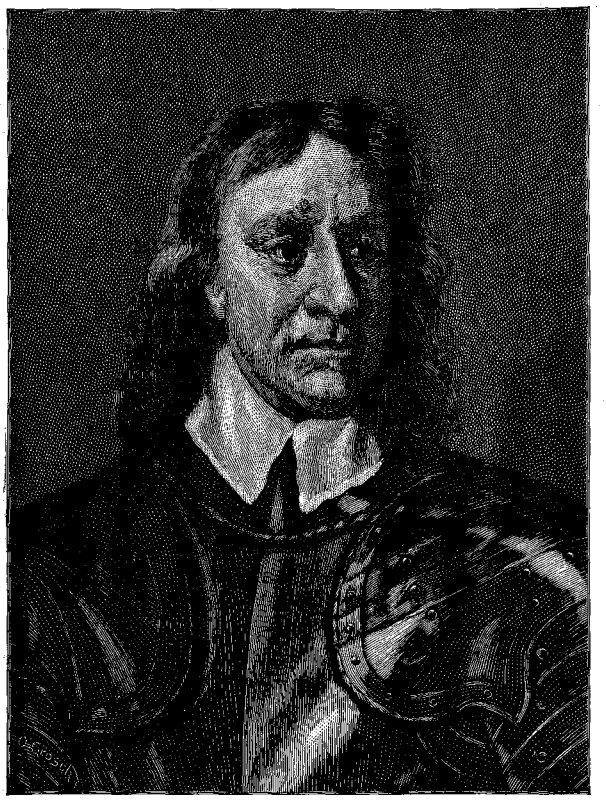

Engraved on wood by O. Grosch.

Oliver Cromwell.

From the painting at the Uffizi Gallery, Florence, generally ascribed to Sir Peter Lely.

olution of 1688, or which was displayed by their blood-kin and political heirs, the American victors in the struggles of 1776 and 1861. In the English Revolution that placed William on the throne, in the American Revolution, and in the American Civil War, the victors passed through periods of great danger when it seemed possible that the fruits of their victory might be thrown away. They did not suffer the fate of the victors of 1648, chiefly because of the growth of the spirit of tolerance, of the capacity for compromise, which enabled them in part to ignore their own differences, and in part to abide by a peaceful settlement of them.

In England, by 1688, the Cromwellian movement had itself educated even those who most sincerely believed that they abhorred it; and there was a far less servile spirit toward James II. than toward Charles I. There was less fanatical intolerance of one another among the elements that had combined to put William on the throne; and William, otherwise by no means as great a man as Cromwell, was yet far more willing to accept working compromises, and more content to let Parliament go its own way, even when that way was not the wisest. After the American Revolution Washington's great character, sound common sense, and entirely disinterested patriotism, made him a bulwark both against anarchy and against despotism coming in the name of a safeguard against anarchy; and the people were fit for self-government, adding to their fierce jealousy of tyranny a reluctant and by no means whole-hearted, but genuine, admission that it could be averted only by coming to an agreement among themselves. In consequence, Washington would not let his officers try to make him Dictator, nor allow the Continental Army to march against the weak Congress which distrusted it, was ungrateful to it, and refused to

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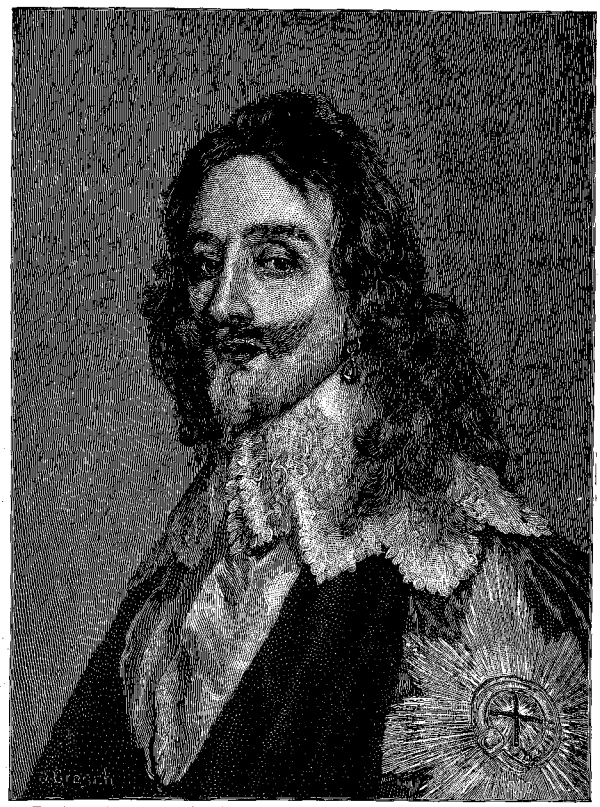

Engraved on wood by O. Grosch.

King Charles I.

From the replica at the Dresden Gallery, by Sir Peter Lely.

provide for it. Unlike Cromwell, he saw that the safety of the people lay in working out their own salvation, even though they showed much wrong-headedness and blindness, not merely to morality, but to their own interests; and, in the long run, the people justified this trust.

But Cromwell never wanted the people to decide for themselves, unless they decided in the way that he thought right; and on the other hand, the difficulty with the people was even greater; for they had neither the desire for freedom, the moderation in using freedom, nor the toleration of differences of opinion, which the American colonists had developed by the end of the following century. At the close of, and after, the American Civil War the differences of opinion and belief among the victors were such as would inevitably have produced further fighting in Cromwell's time. The Northern Democrats were anxious to combine politically with the defeated Southerners, and to reinstate, as nearly as might be, the old ante-bellum conditions—that is, to prepare for another Civil War. The Republican Party itself showed signs of a deep division between the Extremists and Moderates, while there were all sorts of violent little factions, just as there were Anabaptists and Fifth Monarchy men in Cromwell's time. The Garrison or disunion Abolitionists, for instance, had formed just such a faction, and had seen their cause triumph, not through, but in spite of, their own efforts. If the Abolitionists of the Wendell Phillips type, instead of seeking to compass Lincoln's defeat for the Presidency in 1864 by peaceful means, had threatened armed agitation; if instead of trying to elect McClellan or Seymour at the polls the Northern Democrats had taken the field with the former at their head; if the Republicans had first crushed them by force of arms, and then had fought among them-

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selves, until the extreme radical element got the upper hand, installed Grant as perpetual President, and dissolved Congress when it became evident that the Democrats and moderate Republicans combined would outnumber the radicals —we should have had a very fair analogy to what happened in the Cromwellian era.

In such a case, moreover, be it remembered that the fault would have lain less with the perpetual President than with the people whose defects called him into being. Cromwell did not stand on the lofty plane of Washington; but, morally, he was infinitely and beyond all comparison above the class of utterly selfish and unscrupulous usurpers, of whom Napoleon is the greatest representative. At the close of the first Civil War there is no reason to suppose that he had any ambition inconsistent with the highest good of his country, or any thought of making himself paramount. To all outward seeming, his efforts were conscientiously directed to securing the fruits of the victory for liberty, while at the same time securing stability in the government. Unfortunately, in coming to an agreement among men, no moderation or wisdom on the part of any one man will suffice. Something of these qualities must be possessed by all parties to the agreement. The incurable treachery of King Charles rendered it hopeless to work with him; and the utter inability of Episcopalians, Presbyterians, Roman Catholics, and indeed of all parties and all creeds to act on the live-and-let-live principle, rendered a really free government almost unworkable at the moment. How little Cromwell yet thought of striving for a kingly position is shown by his conduct in his social relations, notably by the marriages of his children, who at this time sought their mates in families of his own rank. The only one of these marriages with which we need concern ourselves is that of his daughter, Bridget, to Ireton, a good soldier and able politician, who was devoted to Cromwell, and was on very close and intimate terms with him.

The religious element entered into everything Cromwell did, mixing curiously with his hard common sense and practical appreciation of worldly benefits. It appears in all his letters and speeches. Such a letter as he wrote to the Speaker of the House after the storming of Bristol, is in thought and manner more akin to the writings of some old Hebrew prophet than to those of any conqueror before or after Cromwell's time. It is saturated, not merely with biblical phraseology, but with biblical feeling, all the glory being ascribed to God, and the army claiming as their sole honor that God had vouchsafed to use them in His service, and that by faith and prayer they had obtained the favor of the Most High. It is impossible for a fair-minded and earnest man to read Cromwell's letters and reports after action, and the prayers he made and the psalms he chose to read and to give out before action, and to doubt the intensity of the man's religious fervor. In our day such utterances would be hypocritical. Almost the only modern generals in whom they would have been the sincere expression of inward belief were Stonewall Jackson and Gordon; and the times had changed so utterly that even they could not possibly give utterance to them as Cromwell did. But, in Cromwell's time the most earnest Puritans thought as he did, and expressed their thoughts as he did. That such expression should lend itself very readily to hypocrisy was inevitable; indeed, it was perhaps inevitable that the habitual use of such expression should breed somewhat of hypocrisy in almost any user. The incessant employment by Cromwell and his comrades of the word "saints," to distinguish themselves and those who thought like them, is particularly objectionable in its offensive self-consciousness.

In this letter about the taking of Bristol Cromwell touches upon the religious differences which were the great causes of division among the victors. He writes:

"Presbyterians, Independents, all have here the same spirit of faith and prayer; the same presence and answer; they agree here; have no names of difference; pity it is it should be otherwise anywhere. . . . And for brethren in things of the mind we look for no compulsion but that of light and reason."

Cromwell strove earnestly to bring about harmony between the Independents of the New Model army and the Presbyterians, who were dominant in Parliament. Even in that day there were in private life men of

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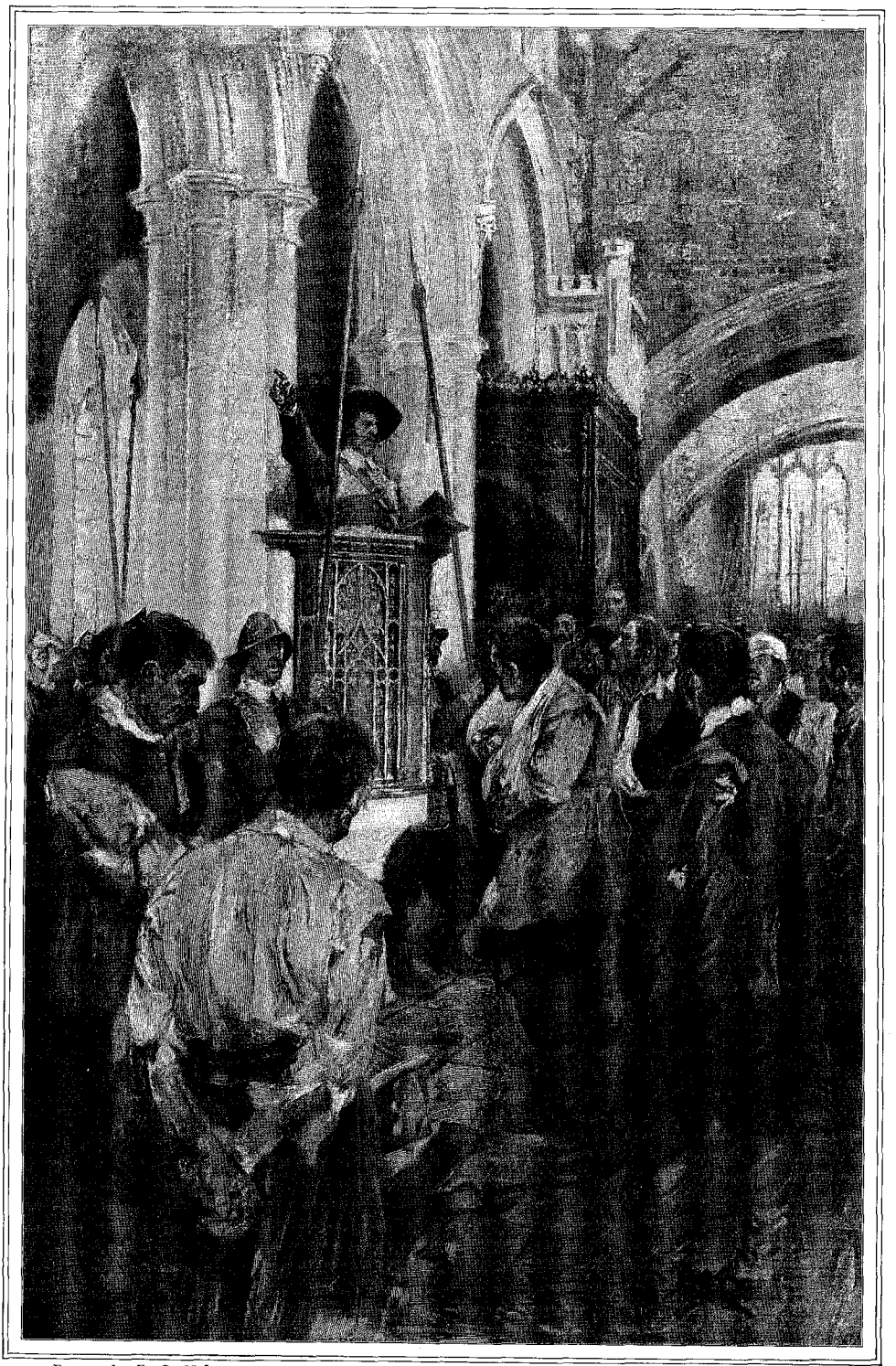

Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

The Suppression of the Mutineers.

Discontent had broken out in several of the regiments. The ringleaders of the Levellers, as the mutineers were called, were arrested and brought to the church, at Burford, where Cromwell addressed them.

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high character and great intellect who believed in true religious liberty, men who stood far ahead of Cromwell; but Cromwell was equally far ahead of all the men who then had any real control in public life; so far ahead, indeed, that he could not get any considerable body of public opinion abreast of him.

The Ironsides, the cavalry of Cromwell, stood as the extreme representatives of the spirit which actuated the army. The great bulk of them were men of intense political and religious convictions. However, many even of the cavalry, and a large majority of the rank and file of the infantry, were of the ordinary military type, men of no particular convictions, a considerable number, indeed, having been enlisted from among the captured armies and garrisons of the King himself. Under the ties of discipline and comradeship, such men were sure to follow with entire fidelity the masterful spirits among the officers and in their own ranks; and all these masterful spirits were devoted to Cromwell as the great leader who had given them victory. They were even more devoted to their conceptions of religious and political liberty, and were resolutely bent on striking down the King who embodied, in their minds, the principles of religious and political oppression. These men had broken entirely with the past, and were no longer overawed by the name of hereditary power. "What," they asked, "were the Lords of England but William the Conqueror's Colonels, or the Barons but his Majors, or the Knights but his Captains?"

They believed they were indeed the Lord's chosen people, and that upon them, as conquerors, there devolved the duty of safeguarding the interests of religion and of the Commonwealth. They wished to strike down the Bishops as well as the King; and though most of them were Congregationalists or Baptists, they had already begun to develop plenty of men whose Christianity was of the most heterodox form, or who boldly announced that they had a right to profess any creed, Christian or otherwise, if they so desired. Together with their iron discipline as an army went wide liberty of thought and discussion on all outside matters—religious and political alike—when they were not in the ranks. There were preachers who served with sombre fidelity as privates, but who were fanatical inciters of Republican enthusiasm in every leisure hour, haranguing and exhorting their fellow-soldiers about every political or religious wrong.

General Henry Ireton.

From the miniature at Woolverstone Park, Ipswich. By permission of Charles H. Berners, Esq.

Trouble was brewing between this army and Parliament. The Episcopalians—the Royalists—had left Parliament when the war broke out. The Presbyterians were in complete command. London, which held the purse-strings of the Parliamentary cause, was strongly Presbyterian. Now, the Presbyterians, as the war went on, had grown more and more afraid of their allies, and, indeed, of too decisive a victory over the King. They were just as much bent upon an intolerant uniformity in Church matters as was Laud, though they wished to substitute a different form of Church government, which should rest upon a broader and more popular basis. They wished to make Parliament supreme, but they had no idea of dispensing with the King, and they were exceedingly distrustful of a popular movement which would extend liberty beyond and beneath the classes from which they drew their strength. On the contrary, the army, which represented the Independent movement, was strongly democratic in its tendencies, and was filled with sullen wrath against the King.

Cromwell himself was no theorist; in fact, he was altogether too little of one. He wished to do away with concrete acts

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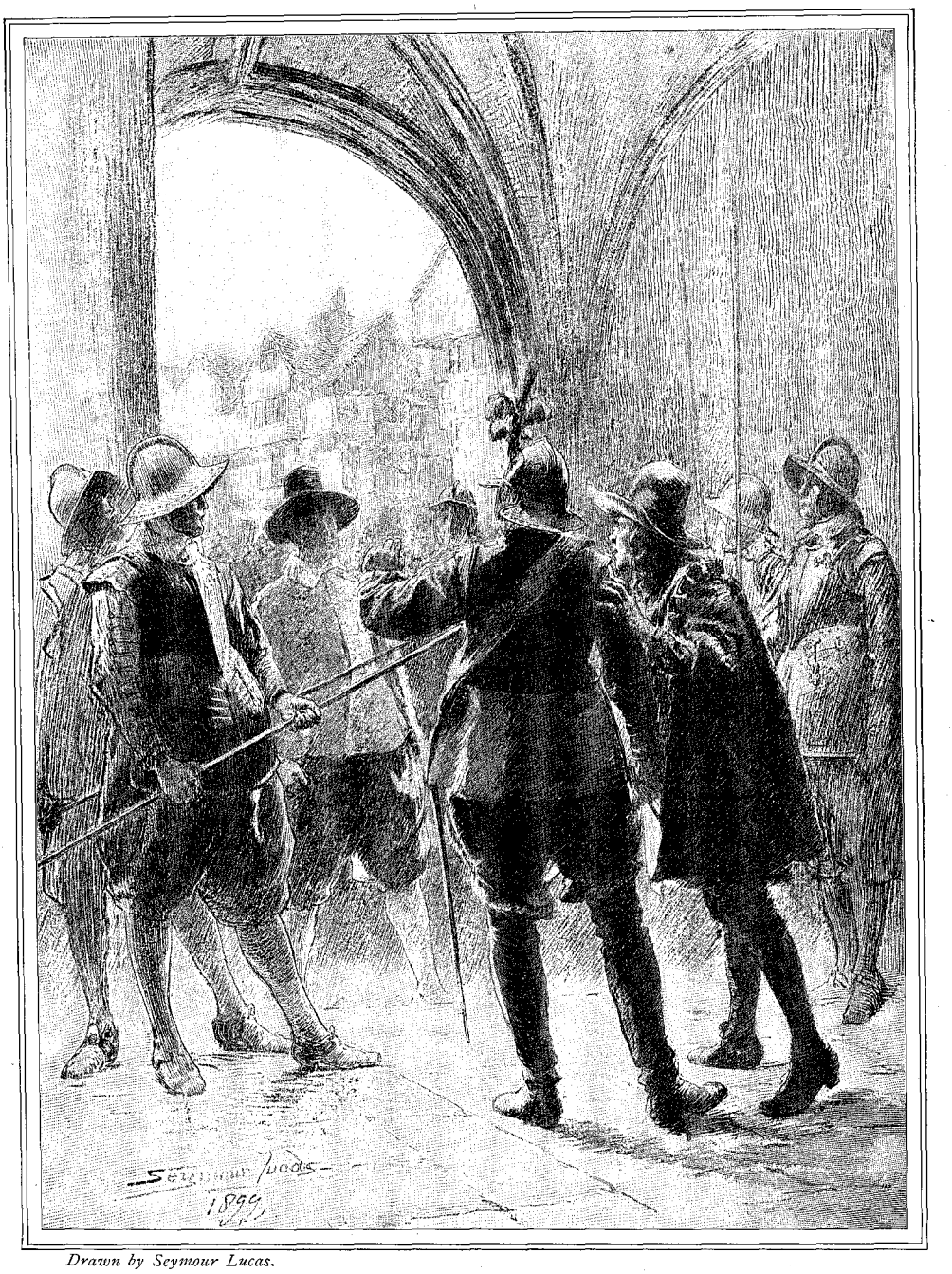

Drawn by Seymour Lucas.

Pride's Purge.

Colonel Pride, who commanded the guard stationed in the lobby of the House, had in his hand a list on which were the names of certain members, while Lord Grey, of Groby, himself a member of the House, stood at his side ready to point out to him the members in question. As each one of these approached the door of the House he was turned back.

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General Sir Thomas Fairfax.

From the portrait by Robert Walker at Althorp. By permission of Earl Spencer, K.G. Never before published.

of oppression and injustice ; he sought to make life easier for any who suffered tangible wrong. Though earnestly bent upon doing justice as he saw it, and desirous to secure the essentials of liberty for the people as a whole, he failed to see that questions of form, that is of law, in securing liberty might be themselves essential instead of, as they seemed to him, non-essential. He was reluctant to enter into general schemes of betterment, especially if they seemed in any way visionary. But when his feelings were greatly roused over specific cases of wrong-doing or oppression, he sometimes became so wrought up as to advocate reform in language so sweeping that he seemed to commit himself, not only to absolute religious toleration, but to complete political equality. Thus when he broke with Lord Manchester he told him that he hoped "to live to see never a nobleman in England." In open Parliament he denounced "monarchical government." He advocated entire religious freedom. In dealing with the army he declared his readiness to maintain the doctrine that "the foundation and the supremacy is in the people—radically in them—and to be set down by them in their representations," that is, by their representatives in Parliament.

Of course, to make his conduct square with these various utterances, Cromwell would have had to strive for precisely such a government as Washington was able to inaugurate a century and a half later ; a government in which there should be complete religious toleration, in which all differences of rank and title should be abolished, and in which the basis of rep-

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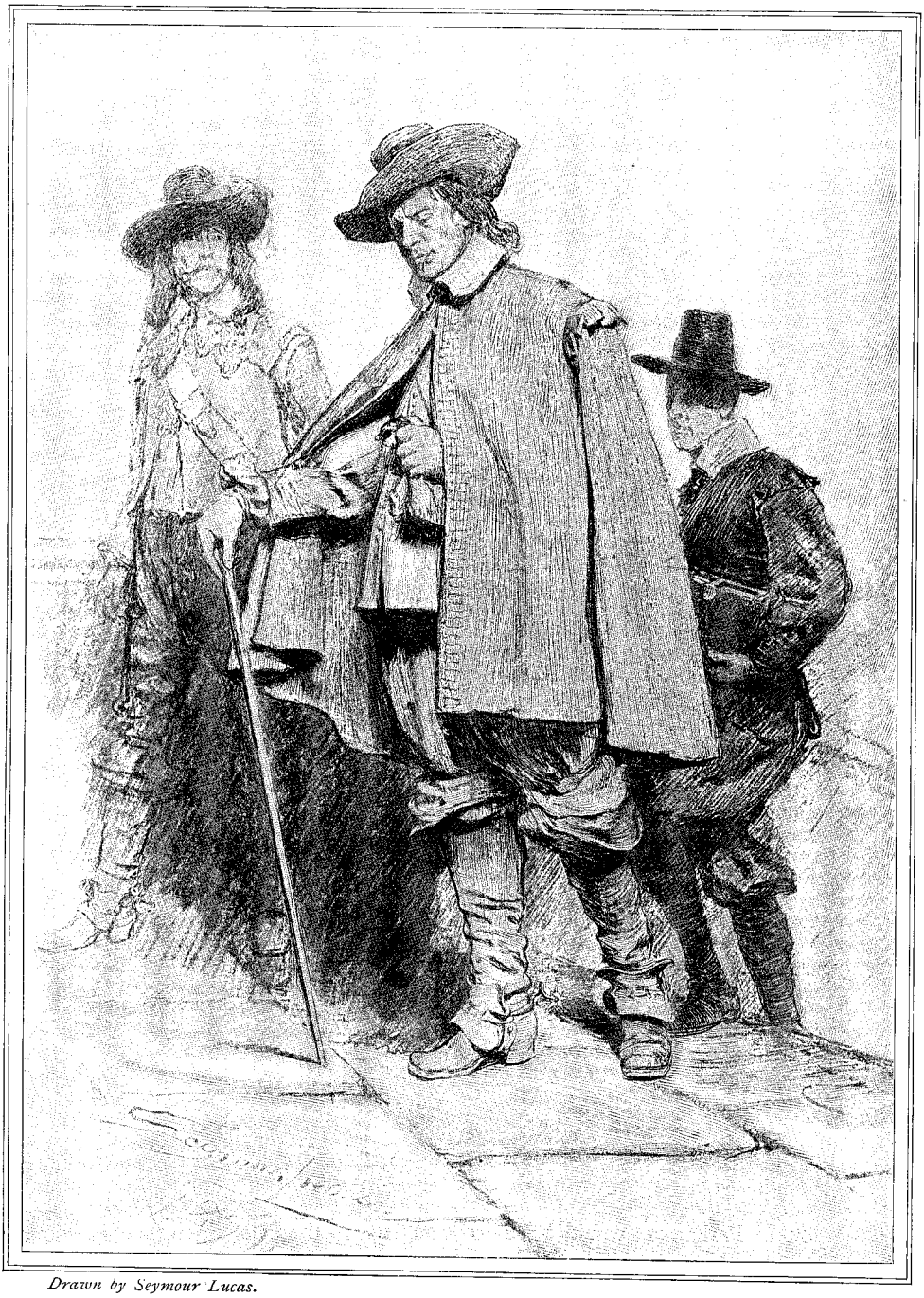

Drawn by Seymour Lucas.

Cromwell Entering Parliament.

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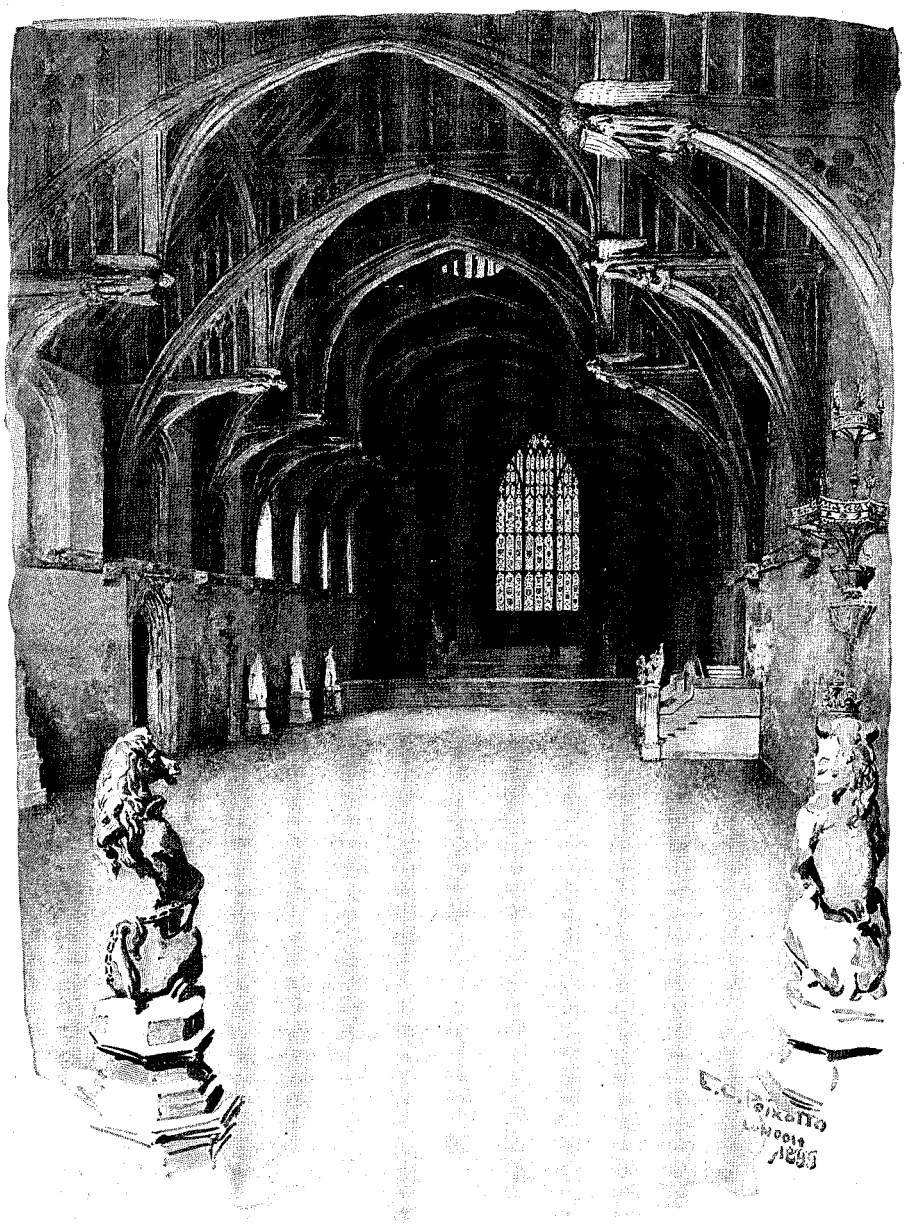

Interior of Westminster Hall.

Where Parliament sat and where King Charles I. was tried and sentenced.

resentation in Parliament would have to approach more or less closely to manhood suffrage. Doubtless, there were times when Cromwell ardently wished for such a government; but it was wholly out of the question to realize it in the middle of the seventeenth century, even in England. Generations had to pass before men could grasp the true principles of religious toleration and political equality in all their bearings; and, like every other man who actually works out great reforms, who actually does signal service in the world, Cromwell had to face facts as they were, and not as bodies of extremists—no matter how good—thought they ought to be.

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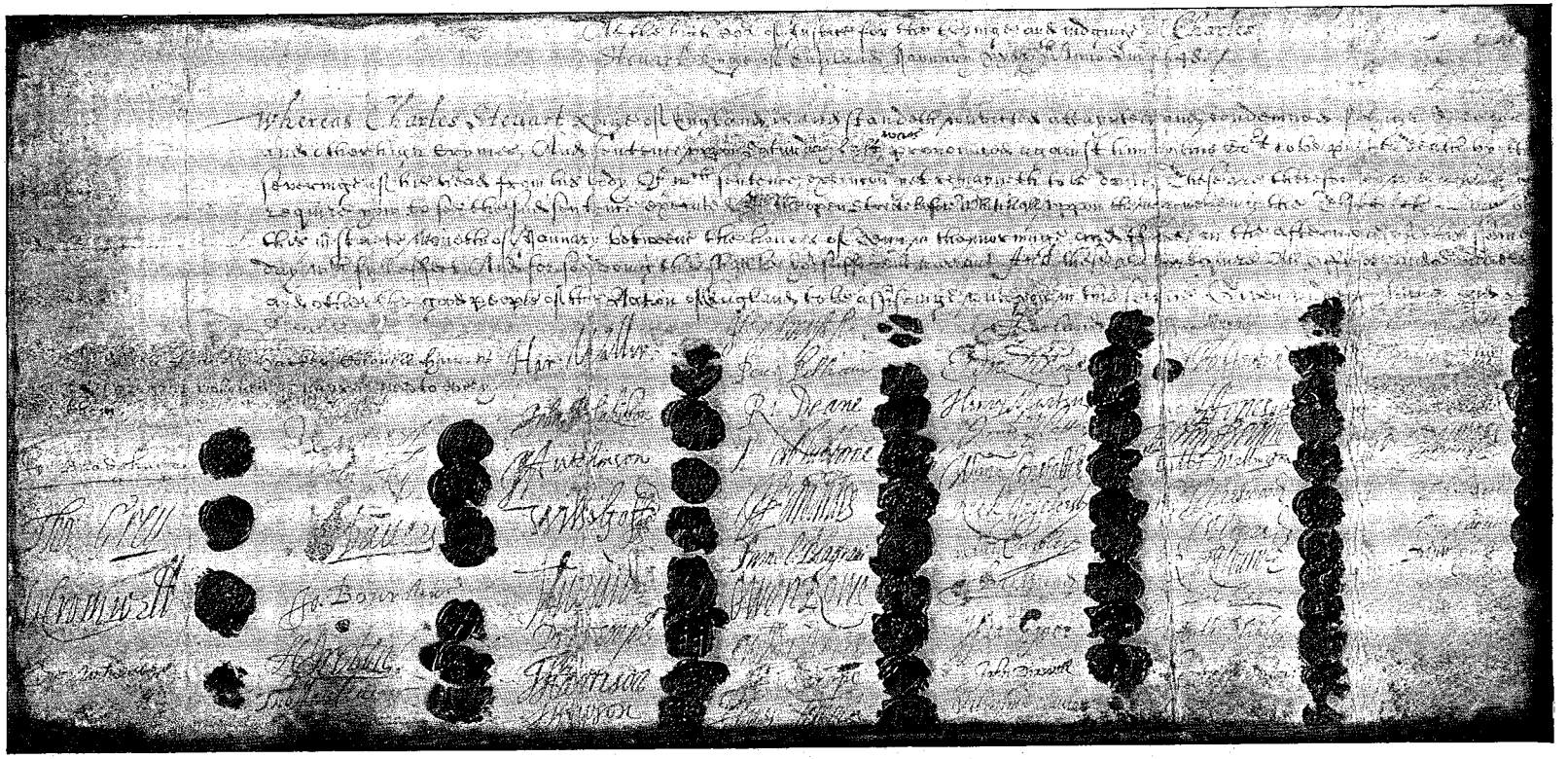

The Death Warrant of King Charles I.

Signed by Oliver Cromwell and other members of the court. From the original in the library of the House of Lords.

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The best and most high-minded of the Puritan party were now growing to fear lest the Presbyterians should try to perpetuate the old religious oppression under a new name. Milton—with but one exception the greatest poet of the English tongue, a man whose political and social ideas were at least two centuries in advance of his time, but who had the good sense to accept, no matter with what heart-burning, the best possible when he could not get the best—Milton expressed the convictions of his whole party when he said that if "Presbyter was but Priest writ large" the people were no better off than before.

Oliver Cromwell.

From the drawing on vellum at Devonshire House. By permission of the Duke of Devonshire, K.G.

The army began to show openly its spirit of fierce unrest. A very considerable portion of it avowed extreme republican theories. The Levellers, as they were called, were looked upon in that day, even by advocates of freedom like Cromwell, with great distrust, although the principles they advocated — such as manhood suffrage—are now the commonplaces of American politics. Of course, then they were not commonplaces; they were revolutionary ideas, for the reception of which the mind of the English people was not ready, and therefore it was the duty of men who sought practical reform to refuse to put these schemes into operation.

There were much more extreme and dangerous groups than the mere Republicans; groups of men in whom the desire for religious, political, and moral reform had overstepped the broad, but not always clearly marked, border line which divides sane and healthy fervor from fanaticism. In such troublous times small sects and parties of extremists swarm. Already the foundations were laid for the Fifth Monarchy men, the men who believed that the times were ripe for the installation of the last great world monarchy, the monarchy of which the Saviour himself was to be Ruler; the men who shouted for King Jesus, and were ferociously opposed to everybody who would not advocate the immediate introduction into all mundane affairs of Heaven's law, as the Fifth Monarchy men chose to interpret it. Of course, men of this type are always to be found in every free government, and aside from their peculiar notions, they may have excellent traits. In peaceful times and places like the United States at the present day, they merely join little extreme parties, and run small, separate tickets on election-day, thereby giving aid, comfort, and amusement to the totally unregenerate. In times of great political convulsion, when the appeal to arms has been made, these harmless bodies may draft into their ranks —as the Fifth Monarchy men did—fierce and dangerous spirits, ever ready to smite down with any weapons the possible good, because it is not the impossible best. When this occurs they need to be narrowly watched.

There are many good people who find it difficult to keep in mind the obvious fact that, while extremists are sometimes men who are in advance of their age, more often they are men who are not in advance at all, but simply to one side or the other of a great movement, or even lagging behind it, or trying to pilot it in the wrong direction.

The seething unrest of the army found

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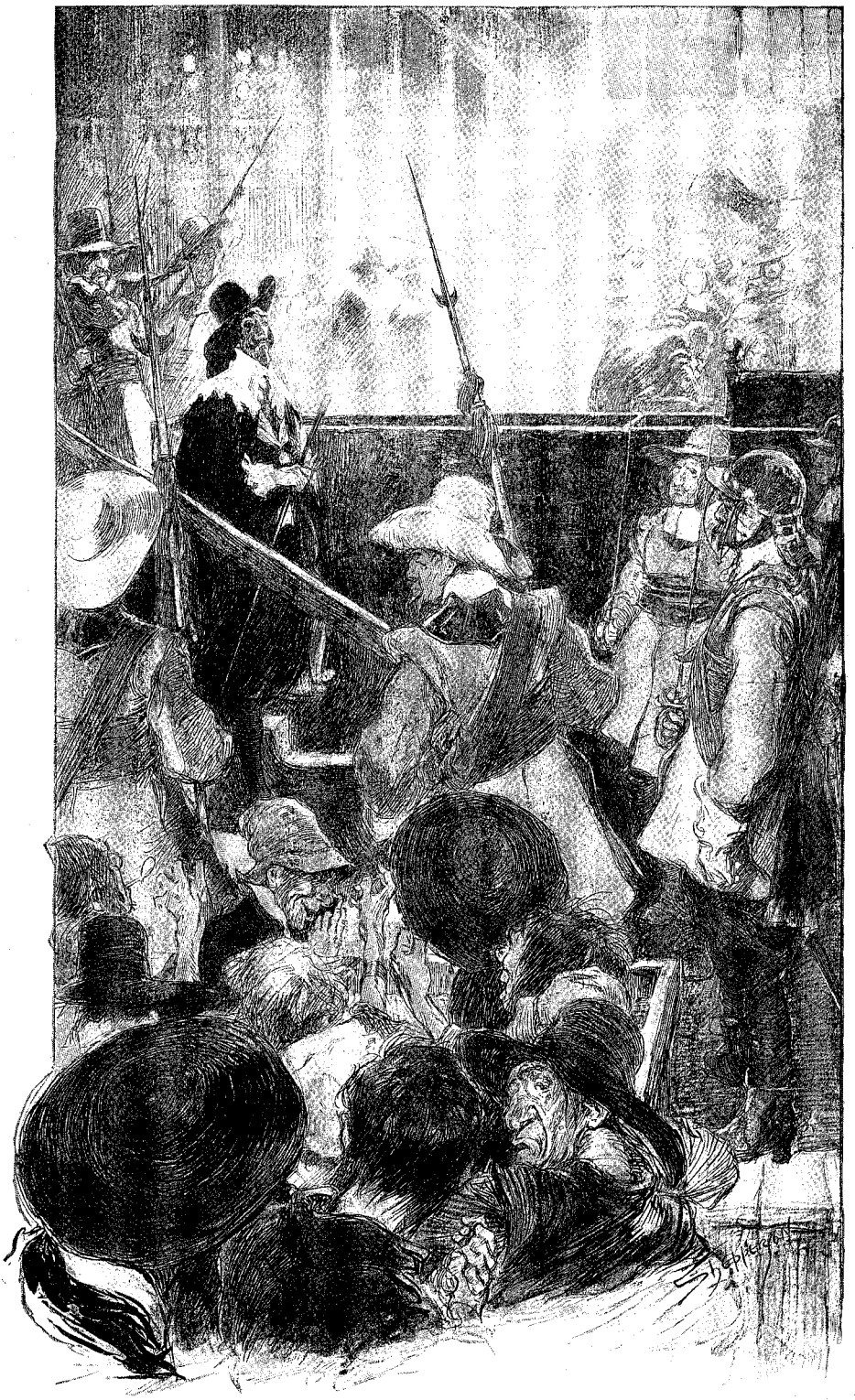

Drawn by Claude A. Shepperson.

King Charles Leaving Westminster Hall After his Trial

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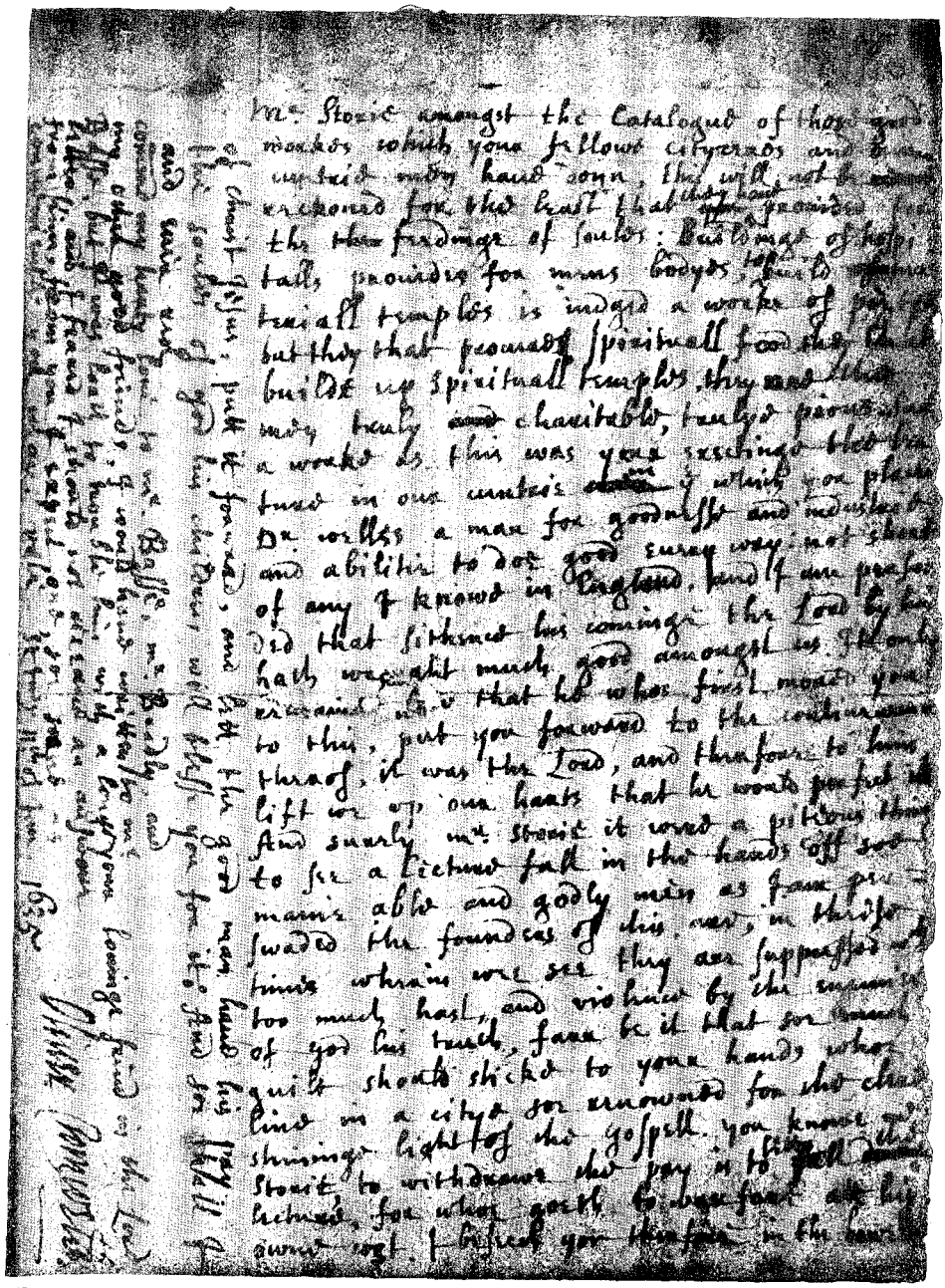

Fac-simile of Letter from Oliver Cromwell to Mr. Storie, written January 11, 1635; said to be the earliest extant letter in Cromwell's handwriting.
From the original in the British Museum.

expression in the creation of a regular political organization to oppose the organization of the Parliament. The officers formed a Council, and the rank and file chose delegates, two for each company or troop, known as "agitators." In short, the army became an organized political body whose scarcely acknowledged function was to control or supersede the Parliament; just as, prior to the outbreak of the American Revolution, Committees of Correspondence were formed, in the various col-

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onies, out of which there sprang the Continental Congress, which superseded the loyalist colonial legislatures.

Cromwell, like every other great leader who rises in a period of storm and convulsion, could partly direct the forces around him, and in part had to be directed by them. He did not sympathize with the extreme position of the army about the King—the "man of blood," as the Puritan zealots called him, whose life they already demanded; nor yet with their radical political aspirations. But it was the army alone through which he could act, which gave him his strength; and in return he was the one man who could in any way check or control it, for its loyalty to, and admiration of, the great leader at whose hands it had drained the cup of victory, were the only emotions strong enough to offset its fierce zeal for its own theories of Church and State.

Cromwell was most earnestly desirous of getting a working compromise between the King, the Presbyterian Parliament, and the Independent army; a compromise which would allow the King to reign, exercising such executive powers as the Parliament felt he should possess, and which should leave the supreme control to Parliament, but with sufficient guarantees for political and religious freedom to insure justice to the Independents and the soldiers. He strove so hard to accomplish his purpose as to excite angry mutterings against himself among his own followers in the army; and the first steps of the impending revolution were seemingly taken by him only because he was irresistibly pushed onward by the army itself. When, however, he had once made up his mind that there was no other path possible, he trod it as a leader, with all his wonted firmness and decision.

The effort for reconciliation was hopeless, chiefly because the King was an utterly impossible person with whom to deal. He had many bitter foes; but they could not prevail against him until he convinced some of his would-be friends that he was absolutely and utterly untrustworthy. He never for a moment entertained the idea of accepting his defeat, of abandoning the effort to rule as a despot, and of acting with good faith toward the people. His purpose was to play off the Presbyterians, together with the Scotch, against the Independents; as he wrote to a friend, he hoped to get either the one party or the other "to side with me for extirpating one another, and I shall be really King again."

Meanwhile, the Presbyterian Parliament was determined not to tolerate the "sectaries" of the Congregationalist and Baptist Churches, and was drawing closer and closer to the Scotch Covenanters, who were even more intolerant; and finally it grew ready to accept the King himself on almost any terms, if it could overcome the army.

But the army could not be overcome. It had perfected its political organization, and had begun to work through Ireton—Cromwell's other self. The army was genuinely reluctant to break with the Parliament, for, after all, it was deeply permeated with the English respect for law and order; and in the elections to fill the vacancies in the House, very many Independents—men like Ireton, Fairfax, and Blake, the after-time admiral—had been returned, so that there was in the Parliament a party which strongly sympathized with the army.

The majority in Parliament, however, remained steadfast in its own views, and by its refusal to give the soldiers their arrears of pay it added a very tangible, material grievance to those of an ethical character. In January, 1647, the Scottish army delivered King Charles to the agents of the Parliament, and quitted England, having received part of the sum of money due them.

The most complicated and devious negotiations followed between the King, the Parliament, and the army. Cromwell tried to get the army in touch with the Parliament, but found the Parliament hopelessly obstinate. He tried to get it in touch with the King, but found the King hopelessly false. Yet, neither could the King and Parliament come together. Then the army threatened mutiny, whereupon the Parliament began to negotiate for bringing back the Scottish force to overawe the New Model, and attempted the disbandment of the latter. The army struck back with great decision and sent Cornet Joyce to seize the person of the King and take him away from the Presby-

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The Entrance to Carisbrooke Castle, Isle of Wight.
Here Charles I. spent most of his captivity.

terians. Parliament attempted to proceed with the disbandment of the army, but was forced to abandon the effort when it became evident that to pursue it meant war. No one knew quite what the outcome would be, or, indeed, what his own course would be.

Cromwell, like the rest, was drifting; he seriously thought of leaving England and going to Germany to fight for the Protestant cause, as the Thirty Years' War had not yet come quite to an end. To the French ambassador, who sounded him on the object of his ambition, he answered: "No one rises so high as he who knows not whither he is going." He was certainly at this time making the most honest efforts to come to an agreement, either with the King, or the Parliament, or with both, provided only liberty of conscience should be granted, the power of Parliament guaranteed against the despotism of the King, and the rights of the people guaranteed as against the despotism of Parliament. But, when Parliament began to negotiate with the Scots on its account, and Charles secretly sought to enter into a separate agreement with the Scots on his account, to bring about an invasion of England, while the city mob, which was rabidly Presbyterian, forced the hands of the House of Commons and compelled its members to defy the army, it became evident that Oliver had to choose his course. Reluctantly he was pushed along the road of military revolution. The Speaker and the Independent members of Parliament, in fear of the London mob, took refuge with the army, whither Cromwell himself had already gone. On June 10th, the army issued a manifesto demanding a settlement of the difficulties upon terms which it approved. Early in August it marched in formidable and orderly parade through the city, overawing resistance by its mere appearance, and Parliament submitted. This was the real beginning of the military interference which terminated in the military dictatorship of one man. If Cromwell is to be blamed for what he did to the Long Parliament this is the step for which he is to be blamed most; yet, it was a step approved by Milton, Fairfax, Ireton, and the great majority of the best and most high-minded believers in English liberty who were then alive. The conduct of the King and the Parliament had been such that it is difficult to see how any other course was possible.

Cromwell did his best to stop the Revolution at the point it had now reached. For months he endeavored to make terms with the King on the conditions outlined above; and he not only put a stop to the extreme democratic agitation of the Levellers and refused to further the plan for a republican commonwealth, but, with prompt severity, repressed a mutiny that broke out under the cry of "England's Freedom and Soldiers' Rights." He disregarded the grumbling of the army until he became convinced that Charles was incurably false, incurably treacherous and untrustworthy, and was fomenting a counter-revolution. Then Cromwell turned from him with loathing, and made up his mind to trust to the sword, and to strike

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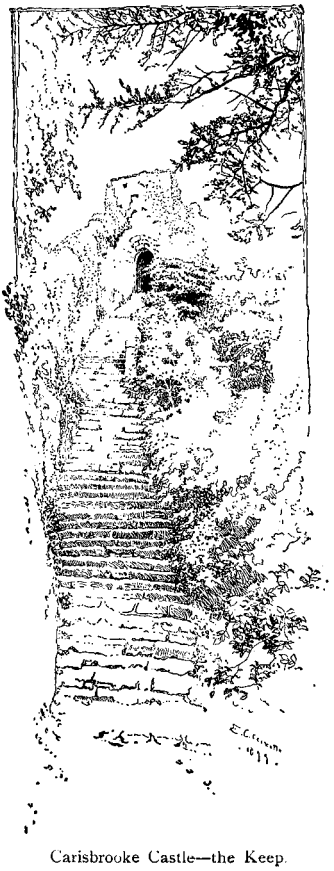
down anyone, even the King himself, if the need warranted it.

It was high time for action. In Ireland the Royalists, the Catholics, and even the Presbyterians, were uniting against the Parliament. The Scotch, under the lead of Hamilton and the Presbyterian Royalists, declared for the King; the English Presbyterians were for him to the extent that they were against the army; and throughout England the Cavaliers were arming for an uprising. Dark indeed seemed the peril. It had taken four years for the English Presbyterians, the Scotch, and the New Model, the army of the Independents, to conquer the Royalists, and now the New Model was pitted single-handed against the Scotch and the Royalists, while the Presbyterians were at best lukewarm. Nevertheless, exactly as in the French Revolution the victory lay with the Mountain when it was brought face to face not only with hostile parties in France but with the rest of armed Europe, so now the fierce energy of the New Model, with the greatest of Englishmen at its head, was destined to prove too much for its foes. The grim Ironsides rallied to their cause with the devotion of fanatics, and the well-ordered discipline of splendid soldiers. With fierce exhortations and sermons, with internal searchings of spirit, with outpourings of prayer, they made ready for battle, and in each dark Puritan heart welled the determination not only to put down armed resistance, but to take the last great vengeance upon the King, the cause of the blood-guiltiness.

In April, 1648, the Second Civil War broke out. The gentry of Wales were a unit for the King, and the commonalty followed them. The Cavaliers rose in force in the North, and the Scotch prepared to send a formidable army across the border to their aid; and there were Royalist outbreaks everywhere, even in the southern and eastern counties. Berwick, Carlyle, Chester, Pembroke, Colchester, were seized and held for the King. The Presbyterians of London were in commotion; the Presbyterians in Parliament itself were half-hearted and divided; but the Independents and the army had no doubts. Fairfax marched into Kent and Essex, and, after some hard fighting, trampled under foot the insurrection. One Parliamentary Colonel whipped the Welsh at St. Fagan's; another crushed out a Royalist rising in Lancashire; General Lambert was sent to the North, where Sir Marmaduke Langdale—Oliver's old foe at Naseby—had raised Yorkshire for the King. Oliver himself marched to the siege of Pembroke, which, owing to lack of cannon, he could not take until July 11th. This ended the Welsh War. The risings in the south and centre had been thoroughly stamped out; the fleet, which had partially revolted, was for the most part brought back to loyalty; and there remained only to deal with the Northern Royalists and the Scotch army under the Duke of Hamilton, which had by this time crossed the border.



Carisbrooke Castle—the Keep.

The composition of Hamilton's army and the history of events in both Scotland and Ireland at this moment are alike sufficient to show the tangle in which politics then were — the kaleidoscopic changes in the relations of factions and parties, and the seeming minuteness of the points of difference over which these same parties waged ferocious and resolute war. Hamilton's cavalry were commanded by Munro, who had come over from Ulster to take part in the invasion of England. Munro and

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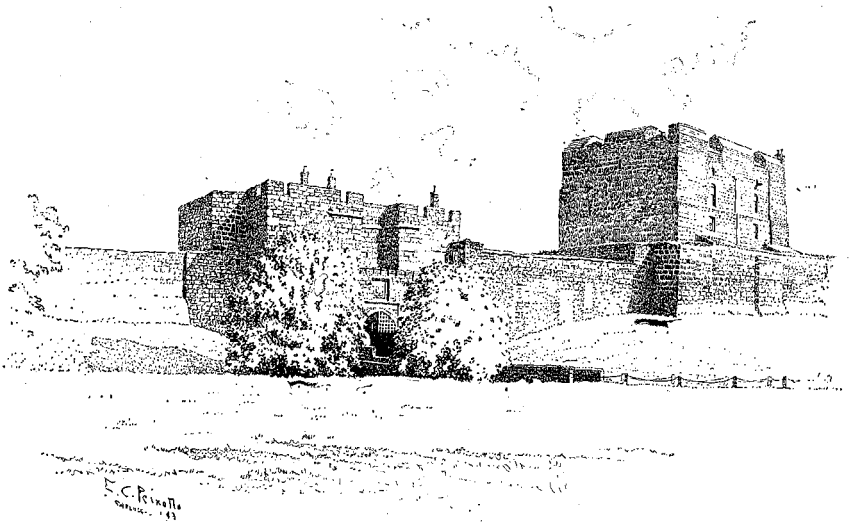

The Castle of Carlisle.

Seized by the Royalists at the outbreak of the Second Civil War in order to give to their Scottish allies an entrance into England. It was not retaken until the end of the war.

the Scotch Presbyterians of Ulster had, during the years immediately succeeding the great Irish uprising, been the formidable and merciless opponents of the Irish of the North. But when the English Civil War was fairly on, the English Royalists in Ireland—Episcopalians and Catholics alike—gradually lost their animosity toward their Irish foes, in their greater animosity toward the Puritans, and finally the Presbyterians followed suit. This resulted in the release of Munro and a large part of the Presbyterian force in Ulster, who went to the aid of Hamilton. Hamilton's own government was Presbyterian and ostentatiously devoted to the Covenant. It is very difficult for a modern observer to see any essential point of difference, either in their attitude toward the Covenant, toward the King, or toward England, between the party that at the moment controlled Scotland, and the party which was soon to drive it out of power. Yet the bitterness between them was intense. The bulk of the Presbyterian ministers, and the fiercest and most intense Presbyterian zealots, hated Hamilton and his fellows with mortal hatred, and were only waiting their chance to rise against them.

Cromwell advanced to the encounter with entire confidence, and sternly anxious to get at his foes. He was a thorough Englishman at a time when, to the thorough Englishman, the Scotch were classed with other aliens. Bitterly though he hated the Royalists, he yet acknowledged them as fellow-countrymen; but he made no such acknowledgment in the case of the Scots. He explained that he preferred the Cavalier interest to the Scottish interest, just as he preferred the Scottish to the Irish; and he now moved against enemies whom he regarded not merely as enemies to his cause, but as enemies to his country.

There seemed every reason for the Scots to be confident. Even with their help the Parliamentarians had been able to put down the Royalists only at the cost of four years of hard fighting; and now the Scotch and the Royalists were to act together. They were to be pitted against Cromwell, the best Parliamentary commander, to be sure; but the Scotch had done at least as well as the average of the allies at the victory of Marston Moor, and still had in mind the memory of their easy successes against their English foes in the two Bishops' Wars.

The great victories of the Parliamentary army had hitherto been won when the odds in numbers were in their favor; now, they were about to fight with the odds over two to one against them. Hamilton's army was about 21,000 strong, including 3,000 Yorkshire Royalists under Langdale. Cromwell had only some 9,000 men; but the great bulk of them were veterans, who under his leadership had become the finest soldiers of the age.

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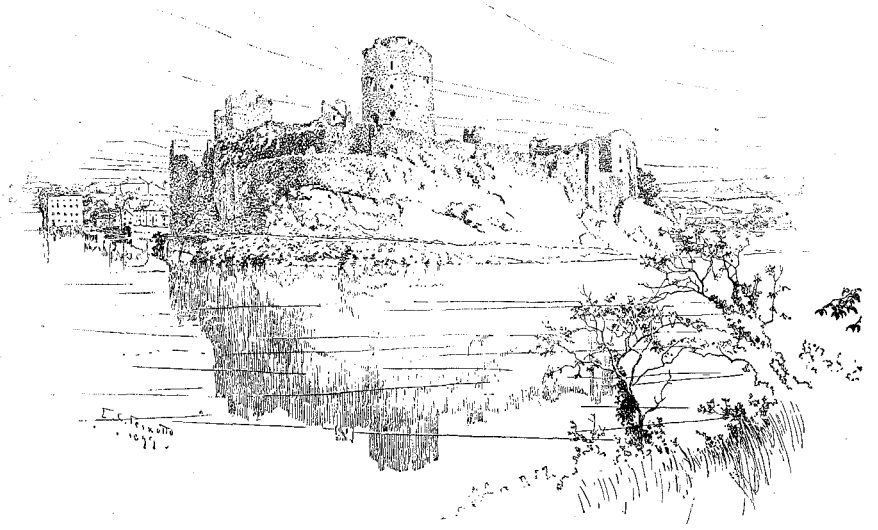
Hamilton moved slowly south toward Preston, his army scattered in a long line, Langdale at the head, and Munro bringing up the rear. Cromwell abandoned his heavy baggage-train that it might not encumber his movements; Lambert joined him, and he marched with fiery speed to strike his foes. The Scotch, confident in their numbers, and ignorant of the movements of their speedy antagonist, advanced in loose order. On August 17th Cromwell struck their army; by which time Hamilton's straggling march had resulted in Langdale's taking position to cover its left flank. The Scotch were partially aware of their danger and were uneasily trying to concentrate. Langdale was left to bear the shock of the first attack single-handed. Cromwell appreciated, as well as any commander that ever lived, the vital element of time; the need for taking full advantage of what the moment brought forth. His headlong march had resulted in some of his soldiers lagging behind the others, but he had gained what he wanted; he had surprised his foes when they were unprepared to use their superiority of force, and he dashed at them as soon as his foremost men came up, determined to destroy them in detail. Langdale made a stiff fight, and owing to the character of the country—the fields were small, and the fences strong and high—the cavalry were not able to do much, so that the decisive fighting was done by the infantry, which was not usually the case in these wars. The struggle took place about four miles from Preston, near which town, but south of the river Ribble, the bulk of the Scotch foot were gathered.

For four hours Langdale's men clung to their hedges and buildings, regiment after regiment of the Cromwellians fighting to dislodge them. Says Cromwell: "Our men fought with incredible valor and resolution . . . often coming to push of Pike, and to close Fire, and always making the Enemy to recoil . . . the Enemy making, though he was still worsted, very stiff and sturdy resistance. Colonel Dean's and Colonel Pride's, outwinging the enemy, could not come to so much share of the Action . . . the Enemy shogging down toward the Bridge, and keeping almost all in reserve that so he might bring fresh commands often to fight."

The Scotch sent some men and ammunition to Langdale, but made no serious effort to help him, and continued their march. At last he was overpowered and driven into the town. As soon as his men were dislodged from the hedges and enclosures, the Cromwellian horse fell furiously upon them, utterly routing and scattering them; at the same time, the Cromwellian foot, pushing forward, drove



Pembroke Castle.

Besieged by Cromwell during the Second Civil War. It became one of the most tedious of his sieges, owing to the loss of his artillery, which was shipwrecked on its way from Bristol.

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back the Scotch foot, which had been posted near the bridge to secure a passage for Langdale across the Ribble, and cut off the fugitives from the rest of the army.

The Ironsides thundered into the streets of Preston at the heels of Langdale and the flying remnants of his forces. Hamilton led one or two charges, and for a moment checked the pursuit, but it was now too late to retrieve matters, and soon afterward the whole of his army was again in panic rout. The beaten cavalry fled north, goaded by the Cromwellian sword, until they reached the rear guard under Munro. Most of the Yorkshire and Scotch infantry north of the Ribble were killed, captured, or scattered; a few only escaped to the Scotch army south of the Ribble by swimming across it.

The day thus ended with the defeat of part of the Scotch forces, who lost in killed or captured, 5,000 men, besides those who were dispersed. Moreover, the Scotch army was cut in two, Munro being to the north, separated from all the rest, who, under Hamilton, were completely cut off from their base in Scotland. Sending a few troops to harry the flying horsemen, Cromwell turned to deal with the Scotch main army, which was even yet more numerous than his own. But the Scotch were cowed by the success of Cromwell's utterly unexpected attack. The soldiers had lost confidence in their leaders, and they were cut off from their own country, and, therefore, from all hope of supplies. A council of war was held that night, and the retreat was continued. The fagged-out Cromwellians followed and harassed them. The horse, under Colonel Thornhaugh, rode into their rear ranks and bothered and detained them, though at cost of the life of the Colonel, who was shot in one of the fierce struggles. Again and again the Scotch stood, but each time to be beaten; the last stand being made at Winwick church, under a "little spark in a blue bonnet" who himself was slain. Here they lined the hedges with musketeers, and filled the lane with their pikemen, and hours went by before the Puritans, under Pride, finally pushed their charge home, and gained possession of the place which had been held so stubbornly. Both sides were utterly worn out, and it was impossible to urge the pursuit as rapidly and strongly as Cromwell hoped. Finally, leaving Lambert to deal with the shattered fragments of Hamilton's command, Cromwell turned north and followed Munro.

The victory was overwhelming. Two thousand Scotch and Royalists had been slain, and 10,000 were captured; more than Cromwell's whole force. Almost all the generals were taken; Hamilton was afterward beheaded. The fate of the captured rank and file was hard. Throughout the First Civil War, the common soldiers, when taken, had either been exchanged or released, or often enough had enlisted on the side of the victors; but the Puritan generals and those behind them were in no mood to take a merciful view of men whom they regarded as wanton offenders, whether they were Scotchmen or Englishmen. The captives of Preston battle were sold into slavery; some being sent to the Virginia planters, and others to the Venetian Government for galley slaves. When the Puritans could act thus toward their fellow-Englishmen, and toward the Scotch Presbyterians who were so nearly of their own creed, there is small cause for wonder in the treatment afterward accorded the Irish. It was a merciless age, the age of Tilly and Wallenstein, and we cannot judge its great men by the canons of to-day.

This was the first time that Cromwell had actually been in supreme command in a great victory, and too much praise cannot be accorded him for his hardihood, energy, and skill. The speed of his motions and his prompt decision had rendered it possible for him to strike home at his adversary in the flank, and to eat him up piecemeal. During three days of incessant marching and fighting he halted only to do battle or to take the rest absolutely needed; and at the end of that time the enemy's foot had been killed, captured, or dispersed to the last man, and his horse were a beaten rabble flying toward the border.

The battle of Preston put an end to the Second Civil War. Colchester capitulated to Fairfax immediately afterward. The part of the fleet that had revolted had come back under Prince Charles and Rupert, to co-operate with the risen Royalists, but could do nothing; most of the ships in time returned to their allegiance to the Parliament. The indomitable Rupert, with seven ships, kept the sea and

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made a long cruise, which finally degenerated into mere buccaneering. Blake, whom the Parliament made Admiral, pursued him, captured most of his ships, and finally forced him to take refuge in France. In Scotland, Argyle and the Presbyterian ministers—the Kirk party—promptly rose on the news of Hamilton's overthrow in the so-called Whigamore raid. Munro fell back, plundering right and left until he crossed the border.

true friend of the Scottish nation. According to his custom, he rigorously suppressed plundering. All resistance withered away before him. He was received at Edinburgh as a powerful and honored ally, and before he recrossed the border the Scotch were again avowed supporters, for the time being at least, of the Parliament.

The enemy in arms had been defeated. It remained to deal with the Parliament

The Banqueting-Hall, Whitehall, London.

The king stepped from one of the windows of this hall on to the scaffold, which was erected immediately in front of the building in the old Palace Yard.

Cromwell's exertions had been so severe that he could not follow the flying Royalists with his usual rapidity. The army had been long without pay; they had not a penny with which to get their horses shod, and so many horses had been slain and were lamed or done out that a large number of the troopers were on foot, and the others could hardly spur their jaded mounts into a trot. Munro was not only a ruthless plunderer, but a hard fighter, and on his arrival in Scotland Argyle felt doubtful as to his capacity to cope with him, and sent to Cromwell for assistance. Cromwell promptly invaded Scotland, being careful to pose as the ally of Argyle and the Kirk, and therefore the

and the Presbyterian party. Some had been active for the King; most had been lukewarm; the victory had been a victory for the army, and therefore for the Independents. Neither Cromwell nor the army was of a temper to refrain from finishing matters. Before the struggle was decided Cromwell had written Fairfax: "I pray God teach this nation and those that are over us . . . what the mind of God may be in all this, and what our duty is. Surely it is not that the poor godly people of this Kingdom should still be made the object of wrath and anger, nor that our God would have our necks under a yoke of bondage. For these things that have lately come to pass have

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been the wonderful works of God, breaking the rod of the oppressor."

He was not in the least a doctrinaire Republican or Parliamentarian; he believed as little in the divine right of majorities as the divine right of kings. Neither would he have admitted such a right as existing in an army, or, as yet, in himself. But it was impossible to stand still. He had to act with some party, though with none was he in entire accord; for one was hostile, another hopelessly undecided, the third prone to extreme measures and representing only a minority in the nation. He could only act with the last, and yet this meant an overturn of the recognized govermental authorities. Whether he would or not, he had to proceed along the path of revolution.

The Presbyterians—the men who controlled Parliament—were halting between two burdens. They would not push far enough against the King to make the Revolution a success, or to put a permanent end to despotism; and they would not eat their past words and deeds by turning wholly to his support. The King himself was obstinately bent on keeping the supreme power in his hands and setting the people under his feet, whatever he might promise; and this was the attitude of the large Royalist and Episcopalian party, which had showed in supporting him, either that it cared little for liberty and eagerly championed a servility which it misnamed loyalty, or else that it feared disorder more than tyranny.

On the other hand, the determined foes of Absolutism, the armed Independents, were even more cut off from the bulk of the nation by their good qualities than by their shortcomings. Their advocacy of toleration for every creed, their desire for legal reform, and their strong democratic tendencies, all put them so far in advance of the rest of the nation as to be completely out of touch with it; and offended it even more than their harshness and narrowness, and the behavior of the bands of fantastic enthusiasts in their ranks. Moreover, the sincerity of their convictions, at a time when the practical application of belief in the rule of the majority was entirely new and strange, drove them to rely on their strong right arms, instead of upon the votes of a people which was mainly hostile or apathetic. When Cromwell acted with them, heedless of what the majority might think, he was making ready for a time when he might choose in turn to disregard the majority within their own ranks.

Though neither Cromwell nor the Independents believed in the abstract in employing the army as an instrument of government, they were face to face with a condition of affairs in which, partly because of their own shortcomings, but very much more because of the shortcomings of their antagonists, they were driven to adopt this as the only possible course. Doubtless Cromwell was still acting as he sincerely believed the interests of the nation demanded. In the complex tissue of motives which go to determine a man's deeds it is rarely possible to say that there is not some, and mayhap even a strong, element of self-interest and of desire for personal aggrandizement; yet Cromwell's conduct toward the King goes to show that he would gladly have saved him had not the behavior of this typical Stuart been such as to render it impossible for an upright and far-seeing friend of English liberty longer to remain his ally.

Parliament had no sooner been relieved by the action of the army from all danger from the King's adherents, than in September it proceeded to open negotiations with the King. These negotiations in effect aimed at the destruction of the army by uniting Parliament and King against it; among other things, they expressly excluded any toleration for the sects which made up the strength of the army. It would have been inexcusable folly for the men who had won the victory to submit to such action. The army, headed by Ireton, demanded a purge of the House which would rid it of the members so treacherous to the interests of the nation. Ireton and his followers then laid before Fairfax a remonstrance, which included a demand that the King should be brought to justice for the "treason," "blood," and "mischief," of which he had been guilty. Fairfax opposed this and carried the army with him in favor of a substitute which merely requested the King to assent to a constitutional plan which would have limited his powers precisely as those of Queen Victoria are now limited, and would have

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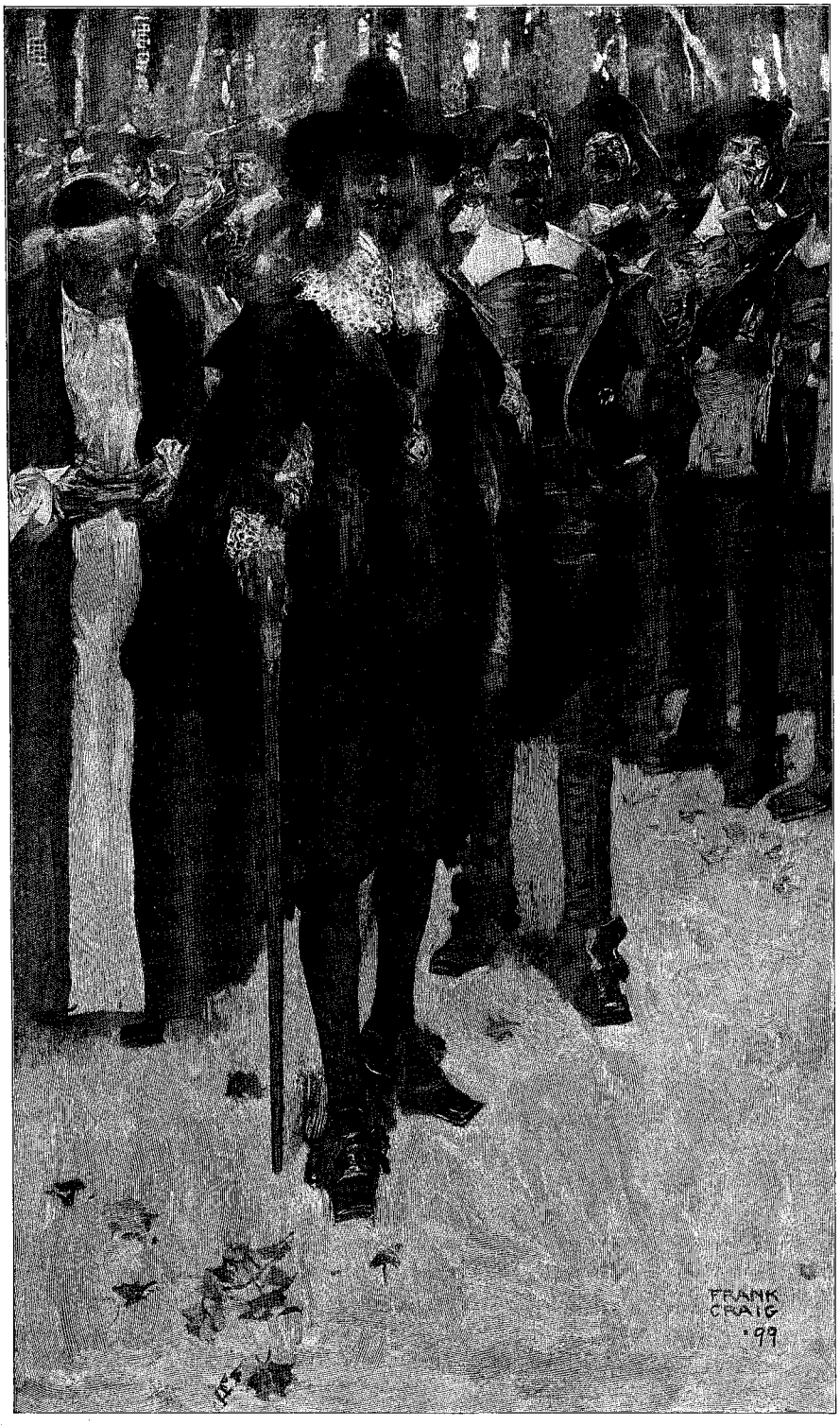

Drawn by Frank Craig.

King Charles on the Way to his Execution.

On his right was Bishop Juxon, on his left Colonel Tomlinson.

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made the Constitution of England what it now is. A more moderate proposal was never made by victorious revolutionists, and it shows conclusively that the fault was not with Cromwell and his followers when they were forced to overturn the King and the Parliament. But Charles promptly rejected the proposals and thereby signed his own death-warrant. He had just sought, in Cromwell's words, "to vassalize us to a foreign nation," and now, after having twice plunged England into Civil War, and shown himself eager to submit her to the power of the alien, he obstinately refused a plan which would not merely have left him unpunished, but would have given him all the power of a constitutional monarch; a power greater than that which the House of Orange at that time enjoyed in Holland.

The House of Commons stood firm in its position, and against the position of the army, which thereupon marched into London; and on December 6th, Colonel Pride carried through the famous "Pride's Purge." He stood with a military guard at the door of the House, and turned back or arrested the members who had voted for a continuation of the negotiations with the King. This was, of course, a purely revolutionary measure, with no warrant, save as Ireton and Harrison—the Republican generals—had said, "the height of necessity to save the Kingdom from a new War." It was but the second step; the all-important one had been taken long before, when the army first marched into London to see that the Parliament did its liking.

Cromwell still strove to save the King's life. Through the exertions of Ireton a small majority of the army council resolved for mercy, and made a last effort to conclude a treaty with the King; but the King would not listen to them, and he thus put it out of their power any longer to delay his fate. On January 1, 1649, the House of Commons resolved to try him for treason to the kingdom. The Lords refused to pass the ordinance, whereupon the House of Commons de-

St. James's Palace.
Here Charles spent the night before his execution, and from here was led to the scaffold at Whitehall.

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John Milton.
From the drawing in crayon by Faithorne at Bayfordbury. By permission of William Clinton-Baker, Esq., J.P.

cided to disregard them and to act on its own authority. On January 6th it erected a High Court of Justice for the trial of the King, on the ground that he had wickedly endeavored to subvert the people's rights, had levied war against them, and when he had been spared had again raised new commotions in order to enslave and destroy the nation. Cromwell had finally thrown his doubts to the winds, and he supported the resolution with all his vigor. When the legality of the action was questioned, he retorted: "I tell you we will cut off his head, with the crown upon it!" The grim Puritan leaders were at last to have their will on "the man of blood." On the 27th, sentence of death was passed upon the King, and on January 30, 1649, he was beheaded on the scaffold in front of Whitehall, meeting his death with firm dignity.

Justice was certainly done, and until the death-penalty is abolished for all malefactors, we need waste scant sympathy on the man who so hated the upholders of freedom that his vengeance against Eliot could be satisfied only with Eliot's death; who so utterly lacked loyalty that he signed the death-warrant of Strafford when Strafford had merely done his bidding; who had made the blood of Englishmen flow like water to establish his right to rule as he saw best over their lives and property; and who, with incurable duplicity, incurable double-dealing, had sought to turn the generosity of his victorious foes to their own hurt.

Any man who has ever had anything to do with the infliction of the death-penalty, or indeed with any form of punishment, knows that there are sentimental beings so constituted that their sympathies are always most keenly aroused on behalf of the offender who pays the penalty for a deed of peculiar atrocity. The explanation probably is that the more conspicuous the crime, the more their attention is arrested, and the more acute their manifestations of sympathy become. At the time when the great bulk even of civilized mankind believed in the right of a king, not merely to rule, but to oppress, the action struck horror throughout Europe. Even Republican Holland was stirred to condemnation, and as the King was the symbol of the State, and as custom dies hard

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generations passed during which the great majority of good and loyal, but not particularly far-sighted or deep-thinking men, spoke with intense sympathy of Charles, and with the most sincere horror of the regicides, especially Cromwell. This feeling was most natural then. It may be admitted to be natural in certain Englishmen, even at the present day. But what shall we say of Americans who now take the same view; who erect stained-glass windows in a Philadelphia church to the memory of the "Royal Martyr," or in New York or Boston hold absurd festivals in his praise?

The best men in England approved the execution of the King, not only as a work of necessity, but as right on moral grounds. Two weeks after the execution, Milton—perhaps the loftiest soul in the whole Puritan party, full though it was of lofty souls—wrote his pamphlet justifying the right of the nation to depose, or if need be execute, tyrants and wicked kings. His arguments never have been, and never can be, successfully controverted on grounds of justice and morality. There is room for greater question on the grounds of expediency. Some of the ablest historians and politicians have argued that the execution was a mistake, as making the King a martyr, and as transferring to his son, Charles II., all the loyalty that had been his, while the hatred and distrust could not be transferred. Yet, it certainly seems that even on the score of expediency, Cromwell and the regicides were right and that the event justified their judgment While Charles was alive there could have been no peace in any event; and during Cromwell's lifetime Charles II. could gain no foothold in England—for there was never a member of the House of Stuart that could stand in battle or in council before the stern Lord of the English Commonwealth. If in later years great Oliver could only have managed to agree with the bulk of liberty-loving Englishmen on some system of government by law, it is not probable that the memory of the King's death would have prevented the perpetuation of such a government.

Carlyle's mind is often warped; his vision often dim; but there are times when he speaks like an inspired seer, and never more so than when dealing with the execution of the Stuart King. "This action of the English Regicides did in effect strike a damp like death through the heart of Flunkyism universally in this world. Whereof Flunkyism, Cant, Cloth-Worship, or whatever ugly name it have, has gone about incurably sick ever since; and is now at length, in these generations, very rapidly dying. The like of which action will not be needed for a thousand years again. . . . Thus ends the Second Civil War. In Regicide; in a Commonwealth, and Keepers of the Liberties of England. In punishment of Delinquents; in abolition of Cobwebs — if it be possible in a Government of Heroism and Veracity; at lowest of Anti-Flunkyism, Anti-Cant, and the *endeavor* after Heroism and Veracity."

Second Seal of the Protectorate.
Reverse—view of the House of Commons. From an impression in wax in the British Museum.

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THE EYE OF THE HAREM

By Arthur Cosslett Smith.

WHEN the Bishop had passed the customs—a High Church inspector letting certain embroidered vestments through as "tools to be used in a trade," under Schedule Z—he took a cab and had his wife and himself driven to the Albemarle. His rooms were ready for him, and his letters were on a table in the sitting-room. His wife, a small, thin woman with gray hair drawn over her ears, examined the letters and selected her own. Then she permitted the Bishop to have his. He went into his chamber and soon came to the door in his shirt-sleeves.

"Maria," he called, "here is a note from Tewksbury. An engagement prevented his meeting us at the wharf, but he puts his carriage at our disposal while we are here, sends his kindest remembrances to you and incloses——"

"What?" asked his wife, with a hair-pin in her mouth.

"Nothing," replied the Bishop, "that is," he added, "only a card," and having been so near to an untruth, he thought of St. Peter and half listened for the cock's crow.

"Well," said his wife, after a short interval, her mouth still occupied by the necessaries of her toilet, "if I felt equal to it I should go around to Trinity Chapel and give thanks for a safe voyage, but my head is very bad and I shall try to sleep. Of course you will go."

There was a knock at the door. The Bishop went to it hurriedly.

"Please, sir," said the buttons, "Mr. Tewksbury's carriage is below and the groom says he is to take your orders."

The Bishop went to the door of his wife's room.

"My dear," he said, "I wish I could do something for you. I don't like to leave you alone."

"Nonsense," rejoined his wife, "it won't be the first time. There is a little foreign money in my purse. Put it in the offertory, I dare say they can use it, and get me some fruit while you are out—that nasty steamer food; lobsters on the menu six days out—get me some nectarines, such as we had at Lambeth Palace; there is a fruit-shop just up the street; and don't wake me up to show them to me. Wait till I call you."

"Yes, my dear," said the Bishop, and he went downstairs and entered the neat brougham which stood before the door.

"Where, my lord?" asked the footman.

"Anywhere," sighed the Bishop as he sank back against the cushions.

They drove through the park, and the sweetness of the landscape brought peace to the Bishop's heart.

"After all," he said to himself, "a celibate clergy has its limitations. See those baby-carriages and white-capped nurses on the lawn. None of them, it is to be hoped, belongs to the Pope, and any one of them—in fact, all of them—might belong to my humblest curate. Then, there is the question of stockings. Maria keeps mine darned. Friars are barefooted, doubtless because they have no one to darn for them. By the way, what was it Maria told me to fetch her? Oh, nectarines, that's it. I've plenty of time and will get them after I have let the carriage go," and just then they quitted the macadam of the park for the asphalt of the avenue.

In a few moments the Bishop, who had been watching the street-lamps, squeezed the rubber bulb which hung in front of the brougham door, and the coachman drew up to the left hand curb.

The Bishop backed slowly out, one foot on the step and the other feeling for the sidewalk.

"James," he said, when he had found his legs—and very good legs they were in their gaiters—"James, that is all."

"Thank you, my lord," said James, raising his forefinger to his hat-brim.

"And, James," added the Bishop, "if anyone should ask where you left me, you may say at the corner of Thirty-eighth

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Street. This *is* the corner of Thirty-eighth Street, is it not?"

"Quite so, my lord," replied James.

"I have enjoyed my drive very much," said the Bishop. "Share this with the coachman," and he slipped his wife's foreign money, wrapped in a bill, into James's hand.

The Bishop stood a moment, as if undecided where to go, then he walked briskly down the avenue. As he went along men and women turned to look at him, the men a little slyly, the women with frank admiration. Miss Dottie St. Claire, who was driving home from rehearsal, put her blonde head out of the hansom and gazed after him.

"Aren't he a love?" she said to the young man by her side. "He makes me think of 'ome."

And the Bishop was well worth looking at. Six feet tall, with a smooth ruddy face, kind blue eyes, crisp gray hair under a shovel hat, neat gaiters, well-blackened shoes and just enough waist to show off his apron, he was a pleasing object; so pleasing, indeed, that it was difficult for certain lewd men who passed him to conceive that he was the direct descendant of the apostles, who, they whispered one to another, were simple folk, with only one coat, one pair of shoes, and no stockings, no gaiters, no amethyst episcopal rings, no brougham and no incomes.

But the good Bishop, as he walked down the avenue, was not troubled by these aspersions of his legitimacy. His thoughts were evidently fixed on pleasanter things than the bar sinister with which envy sought to daub his sacerdotal escutcheon.

"I wonder," he said to himself, "if this is the place?" and he stopped and looked up at a corner house.

"Yes," he said, consulting a card which he held in his hand; "this is the number, but it might be a private house for all that appears. I had supposed"—and then he went up the steps which were on the side street and touched the bell. The door opened instantly.

"Is this the Saunterers' Club?" he asked of the servant who stood on the threshold.

"Yes, my lord," replied the hallman.

The Bishop blushed, first with pleasure, and again because his conscience pricked him.

"I am Bishop Williamson, of Porto Rico," he said, and I received notice to-day that my old friend, Mr. Robert Tewksbury, has obtained the privileges of this club for me for two weeks. Is Mr. Tewksbury in?" and he held out the card.

"No, my lord," replied the doorman, "but he will be, later. He telephoned for dinner only a few moments ago."

The Bishop went in and a servant took his hat.

"I will show you about the 'ouse, my lord," he said.

The Bishop blushed again. He found it pleasant to be addressed by English servants.

They entered the library.

"Ah!" exclaimed the Bishop, "this is delightful. Such quiet; such repose, such a refuge from the hurly-burly of the street. I think I will try one of these hospitable chairs."

"Shall I bring you a paper, my lord?" asked the servant.

"Yes," replied the Bishop. "I should like to see the last copy of the *Churchman*."

"Very sorry, my lord, but we don't take in the *Churchman*," said William. "Will you try the *Evening Post*, my lord? The *Post* is a very serious paper."

"No," replied the Bishop. "I think I will take a little rest. I have had a busy day. And, by the way," he added, his conscience pricking him again, "I am not 'my lord.' I am simply Bishop Williamson, of Porto Rico."

"Thank you, my lord," said William; and then he went away.

Left to himself the good Bishop glanced languidly about the room, its huge chairs, heavy curtains, sombre color and subdued lights so inviting to repose. Then, assured that he was alone, he stretched out his gaitered legs, crossed his white hands over his apron, dropped his chin upon his breast and slept.

He had scarcely lost himself when the clear notes of a coach-horn filled the room. It was evidently blown at the club-door. The Bishop awakened with a jerk and, getting on his feet, walked to the open window. He was just in time to see a black

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drag, picked out in yellow, draw up to the curb. While it was still in motion two servants ran to the heads of the horses, and when the brake was set a tall man in a drab coat, who was sitting on the box-seat, threw the reins onto the wheelers' backs and stood up. The horses spread their legs and breathed hard. It was evident that they had come fast. A crowd gathered instantly from the place from which crowds come, and men with bare heads ran out of the club and stood about the front wheels.

"Good old Tewksbury," cried someone from the club steps.

"Good old Macaroni," cried another.

"Three cheers for Spaghetti," yelled a third, and they were given with a will.

"Gentlemen," said Tewksbury, bracing himself on the footboard, "the filly ran true to breeding, and there will be cakes and ale in the blue dining-room at eight o'clock. I hope you all landed well. You haven't time to go home and dress. Come as you are. All you need is a thirst."

"Bless me," said the Bishop, to himself, "can that man in those very pronounced clothes be Robert Tewksbury? When I last saw him, at the General Convention"—and then the door flew open and Tewksbury came in.

"David, old boy, how are you?" he cried.

"Bob," replied the Bishop, "I am very well."

The two men stood gazing and smiling at each other.

"You old sinner," said Tewksbury, "how your togs become you."

"You old saint," said the Bishop, "how funny you look in yours," and then they laughed and shook hands for a long time.

"I saw your arrival in the *Herald*," said Tewksbury, "and I sent my coachman round to you with the carriage. Did he find you?"

"Indeed he did," said the Bishop, "and I got your card for the club, and came to thank you. I have to choose my time, for we are very busy, and Maria is a little nervous."

"How *is* Maria?" asked Tewksbury.

"Just as ever," replied the Bishop, "as true as steel."

"Humph," said Tewksbury.

The Bishop sighed.

As the mention of his wife had caused the silence which ensued, he felt bound to break it.

"What have you been doing lately, Bob?" he asked.

"Doing?" exclaimed Tewksbury, "everything. This has been my busy year. I went to Europe last October, fell in with the Turkish Ambassador at London, went on with him to Constantinople, worked out a loan for the Sultan, cleaned up a million, came home last week, and to-day I won the 'Far and Near' with my filly Spaghetti, by Macaroni, out of Vermicelli."

"What is the 'Far and Near'?" asked the Bishop.

Tewksbury looked hard at his friend.

"Dave," he said, finally, "you always were rather downy at school. You used to pretend ignorance of lots of things with which you had, at least, a bowing acquaintance. This supposed ignorance of yours went far toward making you a bishop."

The Bishop smiled a sort of smile, but he asked again, "What is the 'Far and Near'?"

"If you're honest about it," said Tewksbury, "it's a horse-race, and I won it to-day, along with $40,000, and I'll build you a chapel in Porto Rico if you'll dine with me to-night." He was evidently somewhat excited.

The Bishop sat silent for a moment, and then he uttered the single word, "Maria?"

"Be a man, Dave," said Tewksbury.

The Bishop's hands clasped the arms of his chair, and the charming bow of his lips became a straight line.

"Bob," he said, "I will."

"Good," exclaimed Tewksbury, "the chapel is yours."

"I'm afraid," said the Bishop, "that I should have stayed without the chapel. I am periodically attacked with a longing to mingle with my fellow-men. Thus far I have fought against it, although in London I fell, and went to Madame Tussaud's. But to-day I have scarcely struggled. I started out this afternoon with the deliberate intention of coming here. I dismissed your carriage at the corner of Thirty-eighth Street, and told James to say he had set me down there. I thought it would not look well if I drove up to the door of a club, and I proposed to say noth-

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ing about it to Maria. This is bad enough, but it is not the worst, for, Bob, I actually revel in the deceit. I am wildly happy in my sin, and I propose to quaff the cup of pleasure to the dregs; but, Bob," he added, earnestly, "you must let me know when it is ten o'clock. Till then I shall be a man among men. After ten, I shall be the Bishop of Porto Rico, and shall go home to Maria. I know what you are going to say. You are about to suggest that I tell Maria that I stayed out in order to get the chapel. There are two objections to that. One is that it is not true, and the other is that Maria will know that it is not true. By the way, I left her to go to Trinity Chapel, and then to get her some nectarines at Hick's. Don't let me forget them."

"All right," said Tewksbury, "you have plenty of time to run over to the Albemarle and tell her you are going to dine with me."

"By no means," exclaimed the Bishop. "I shall send a note. I am not Catiline. If I go, I shall not return."

"All right," laughed Tewksbury. "You know best. I'll just run upstairs and do a tub. I sha'n't change because the others haven't time. By the way, what clothes do you wear at coronations and such like?"

The Bishop blushed for the third time.

"When I dined at Lambeth Palace," he said, "I wore silk stockings and silver buckles on my pumps, but my coat was very like the one I have on, except that it was braided.

"You'll do above the waist, then," said Tewksbury, "and your legs will be under the table. Come along if you want to wash your hands."

II

A SCORE of men sat about the long table in the blue room. There were bankers, railroad presidents, promoters, corporation lawyers, idlers; all were millionnaires except the Bishop and a little man in tweeds who sat at the host's left. The little man was presented to the Bishop by Tewksbury as his trainer; "and what Jenkins doesn't know about horses," he added, "you can put in tea."

"How very interesting," rejoined the Bishop. "I should enjoy a long talk with you, Mr Jenkins, about that noblest of animals, the horse. You doubtless recall the matchless description of him in the book of Job."

"I carnt say as I do, my lord," replied Mr. Jenkins. "What with lookin' after three and thirty in trainin', keepin' the stable lads sober, warnin' off the touts and reporters, seein' after the weights and entries, nursin' the sick ones, patchin' up the cripples, takin' off my 'at to the jocks, as you has to do nowadays, and with oats at forty-eight cents, I don't have the time for much readin', but I was well acquainted with Job."

"What!" exclaimed the Bishop.

"Of course you understand," added Mr. Jenkins, "that Job wasn't his real name. He just took it for sportin' purposes and he used to sign it to the racin' articles in the *Spirit*. He called on me once at the stables, a proper gentleman with sandy hair and a blue bird's-eye tie —didn't ask for no tips—just passed the time of day—gave me a cigar—had the clothes off of Macaroni—went into the 'ouse to see the picture of the old 'orse with me at his 'ead—took a cup of tea with the missus—liked to killed her with one of his stories,—'ad the little girl onto his lap, and went away as pleasant as a May mornin'. I'll look up his book this winter unless we take the string South."

"I fear," said the Bishop, "that I did not make myself quite clear, I had reference to——"

"David," interrupted Tewksbury, "do you see that lad down at the other end, the chap with the white hyacinth in his buttonhole? He is Carrol De Lancy, one of our most eminent cotillion leaders."

"Dear me," said the Bishop, "I have never seen one." After a look through his glasses he turned to Tewksbury, his eyes twinkling, and whispered—"and a little child shall lead them."

"Not such a child as he looks," said Tewksbury. "He'll be presented to you later and will ask you for the loan of his cab fare. He never carries any money in his evening clothes. Says it bulges him and spoils his figure. He's got a flat latch-key which he keeps in his hat lining. He gets his corsets from Klob in Vienna, who makes for the Pope's guard. They are the best set up chaps in Europe, bar none,

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and the reason is that their corsets are made in one piece of elastic which goes on over the head. It takes two men to put 'em on and, they say, they are never taken off."

"Dear me," said the Bishop, "I had no idea—who is that man with the side-whiskers, the one speaking to the waiter?"

"Oh," replied Tewksbury, "that's Jamieson, the most awful millionnaire here. He's drunk half that bottle, and now he is telling the waiter that it is corked. That's a habit. He paid a thousand dollars the other day to become a life member of the club. He immediately began to think. 'If I die inside of five years,' he said to me, 'my estate will lose money, as the annual dues are two hundred. What would you do?'

"I couldn't advise him. Later he came to me radiant.

"'I've fixed that matter I was speaking to you about,' he said. 'I've taken out a five-year policy on my life for a thousand dollars. My estate can't lose much. One has to look after these things.'"

"Dear me," said the Bishop again, "I had no idea—and he is of a very old family, is he not?"

"I should say so," replied Tewksbury. "Good old Bible family. A lot of his ancestors ran violently down a steep place into the sea and——"

"Tewksbury," called a man from the other end of the table, "they say that when you were in Turkey last winter the Sultan got sweet on you and gave you the Eye of the Harem. Can't we have a look at it, or have you locked it up in some safe deposit vault downtown?"

"No," said Tewksbury, "I wore it to the races to-day, for luck, and, I am ashamed to say, I have got it on yet," and he took off his ring and passed it on—a blue diamond as large as a filbert, with pink and white flashes through it that made the millionnaires gasp. To the Bishop it was only something to marvel at and admire—to the others, it was something to covet and appraise.

"A hundred thousand dollars, if it is worth anything," whispered the Bishop's right-hand neighbor. "Such jewels should be suppressed. They breed crime. They make thieves and poisoners. How often do you suppose blood has been spilled on account of that stone?"

The Bishop did not reply, for just then a servant offered him a huge bowl of white and black grapes, and, as he helped himself to a small cluster, he uncovered a crimson-cheeked nectarine. He had forgotten his wife's commission.

"Are you ill?" asked his neighbor. "You look rather white. Let me get you some brandy."

"No," said the Bishop, with a faint smile, "it is my conscience, not my stomach, that is troubling me. I have thought too much of my own pleasure to-day, and too little of that of others. Now I must go and confess;" and he rose from his chair.

"Not going, are you, David?" asked Tewksbury.

"Yes," said the Bishop, "I must say good-night."

"Well," said Tewksbury, "I'll see you out, and if no one will have any more drink, we will have our coffee in the other room. By the way, where is my ring?" and he held up the hand upon which he had worn it.

There followed a moment's silence and then—"I passed it on," said one, "and I," "and I," said each. They shook the napkins and searched the floor. The cotillion leader took one of the candles and disappeared under the table. No diamond. "Never mind," said Tewksbury, "it will turn up all right. Don't think any more about it."

Then they thought about it very hard indeed, and a silence ensued that became embarrassing. It was broken by Jamieson, the multi-millionnaire, who walked unsteadily but rapidly to the door and locked it.

"I move we all be searched," he cried, in a voice made strident by drink. "I can't afford to have diamonds like that disappear at dinner-tables where I am. Search me first, and let me get out. Who's next?"

"Mr. Jamieson," said Tewksbury, "you forget yourself. These are my guests. I don't have guests that have to be searched."

"You've got nothing to do with it," screamed Jamieson. "It is a measure of self-preservation for each of us. We can't

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go until the stone is found, or until it is proved that we haven't got it. Do you all agree?"

And they all agreed but one—the Bishop. He stood, very erect and very pale, his hand extended to Tewksbury.

"I think I'll go now, Robert," he said, and then he turned and looking down the room, added, "Good-night, gentlemen." There were a few awkward responses as Tewksbury unlocked the door and went out with his friend. The two did not speak until they stood on the steps of the club. Then Tewksbury put his hand on the Bishop's shoulder, and said, "Dave, it was awfully square of you to stand up and refuse to be searched. That drunken fool, Jamieson, put you all in a dreadful hole, and I know how hard it was for you to walk out. You did it for my sake."

"No, Bob," said the Bishop, sadly, "I did it for my own sake. I didn't dare to be searched. I am a thief."

"My God, Dave, what do you mean?" gasped Tewksbury.

"I mean," said the Bishop, "that I stole this," and, putting his hand into his skirt pocket he drew out a nectarine.

Tewksbury glanced at it and burst into a laugh.

"It is no laughing matter," said the Bishop. "It made a sneak and coward of me. I had to run away or be exposed. Fancy an unworthy successor of the apostles searched, and found with stolen fruit on his person," and drawing back his arm he flung the nectarine far down the street.

"Poor old boy," said Tewksbury, "I should not have asked you to such a dinner."

"It is not your fault," said the Bishop. "I deserve it all. I began the day wrong. I was not conscientious on the wharf this morning in regard to my vestments. And then I permitted Maria to believe that I left her to go to Trinity Chapel, and instead of going, I drove in the park. I gave her money to the groom when she had charged me to put it in the offertory. I wrote her that I was dining with you, but did not mention the club, and I forgot all about her fruit until that on your table reminded me of it. I am sorry that you have lost your ring, Bob, but I have lost much more—my self-respect."

"Nonsense," exclaimed Tewksbury. "You're morbid. You spend too much time with curates and women."

"I am going home to a woman now," said the Bishop, "and I am wondering just what I shall say to her. Good-night," and he started down the street.

He walked very slowly, and he even took a little stroll in Madison Square before he entered the hotel. When he did go in, he declined the offer of the elevator and climbed the stairs. He opened the door very carefully and crept into the sitting-room. It was dark, but a faint glimmer of light came from his wife's room. He could hear her breathing. She was asleep. He was reprieved until morning. With a thankful heart he groped his way toward his own door. He had almost reached it when he stepped upon the projecting rocker of a chair. There was a bang against the wall, a cry from his wife, a sudden gleam of light as she turned up the gas, and then the Bishop of Porto Rico realized that his crimes had overtaken him.

He began to talk very rapidly—"Tewksbury asked particularly after you, my dear—very particularly. We had a delightful dinner. I don't know when I have had so charming a dinner. We had oysters and soup and fish and roast and snipe—I think, yes, snipe—and, ha, ha, ha, there was a young man present who leads cotillions and wears corsets. It was a delightful dinner—most delightful—Tewksbury asked most particularly——"

"That will do," said his wife. "You may complete the menu in the morning. I wonder what they think down in the office of the Bishop of Porto Rico coming in at this hour of the night. Leave the nectarines in the sitting-room and go to bed."

"My dear," began the Bishop, "I very much regret——"

There was a knock at the outer door. The Bishop answered it. A servant from the club stood in the hall with a small basket in his hand.

"My lord," he said, taking off his hat, "Mr. Tewksbury sends these nectarines with his compliments, and bids me say that he found the ring. He put it in his waistcoat pocket when it was passed back to him, and forgot all about it. Good-night, my lord."

"Good-night," said the Bishop, "and God bless you."

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LATE

"Ye cannot enter now."

And shall it ever be again—the joy
That greeted the fond bard when books were few,
And title-pages opened into Heaven?
How swelled the isles of Greece when Homer sung!
How soared the tulip night with loftier bloom,
And poured serener dreams o'er Maro's lay!
E'en thou, sad Harold, of the lonesome string,
Shall lyrist thrill the world again as thou,
The young, the beautiful?—beautiful and broken,
As for the bread of Life! (May the white hands
Of seraphs win thee to the Fatherhouse,
And soothe the sobbing locks, so heavy—heavy
From these Judean hills!)

Oh, where was Fame
In that red morning when I was, like thee,
Soft-eyed and open-necked to the wild wind—
In love with mine own motions, ere my steps
Forgot the barefoot feel of the clay world?
My days lay open to the universe,
And all night long the clang of their musical gates
Retold the echoes of Apollo's harp,
And Mars his gory shield!—I wooed in vain.
Above my weedy and untitled moors
The mantle of a blooded Moon swept on,
With old regalia strange to me. . . . 'Twas well.
I lacked the builder's skill, the delver's faith;
I lacked the nether compass—maybe more
I lacked the central fire, the reckless poise
Of the born-drunken and the autocrat,
That breathe the courage of the soul's farewells.

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But manhood came, nor yet her trumpet spoke—
And Disillusion mocked the arts of Art . . .
I saw the One of all things—branching trees
That fork the bird-nests, as the branching rivers
That fork the nests of men—and saw, beyond,
The field transcend the One, where tangent spirits
Would leave to slaves all spheric harmonies—
Till knowledge fells the last man as the first. . .

How long Redemption waits!—For they are gone—
The rosebloom of my youth, the tireless limbs,
The velvet-pointed lips that beauty wooed
With long, mute kisses in the hooded night,
Or on the spongy mead when sodden June
Gushed milk in the rank-sprouting grass, and blood
Hot, fitful, fateful, through the yearning arms,
And to the throbbing heart.—Could I forget!
Throw off this sorry wisdom, and inch deep
Besmear my wrinkles—young by torchlight yet!
Then leap to the arena!—who should know
The smiling athlete had a grewsome cheek,
Until the lamps were lowering?—Late, oh, late!
The westering pathos glooms the fervent hours.
Again my gray gull lifts against the nightfall,
And takes the damp leagues with a shoreless eye.

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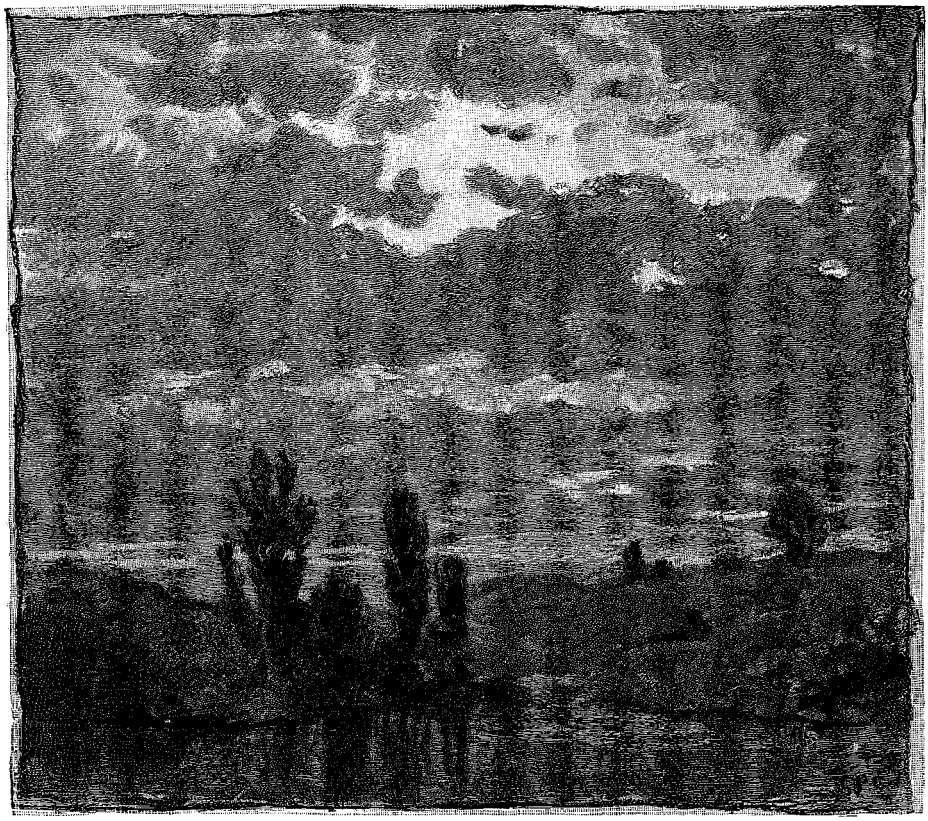

Drawn by the late C. P. Cranch. *Engraved by W. Miller.*

AN EVENING SKY

By E. S. Martin

WHEN the ripe sun has sunk beneath the hills
And his reflected splendors limn the skies,
Completer knowledge of his lustres fills
Men's minds than when, blinding their dazzled eyes,
His radiance glowed o'erhead. The Parthian rays
That touch the tumbling clouds with fleeting fire
Our comprehension fit, and tardy praise
The flickerings sooner than the flame inspire.
A sense of parting and swift strides of change
O'erwhelm our thoughts and, sighing, we esteem
At last, by what is not, the power and range
Of all that was. So the expiring gleam
Of human might may wrest from men at last
The tribute grudged it till its strength was past.

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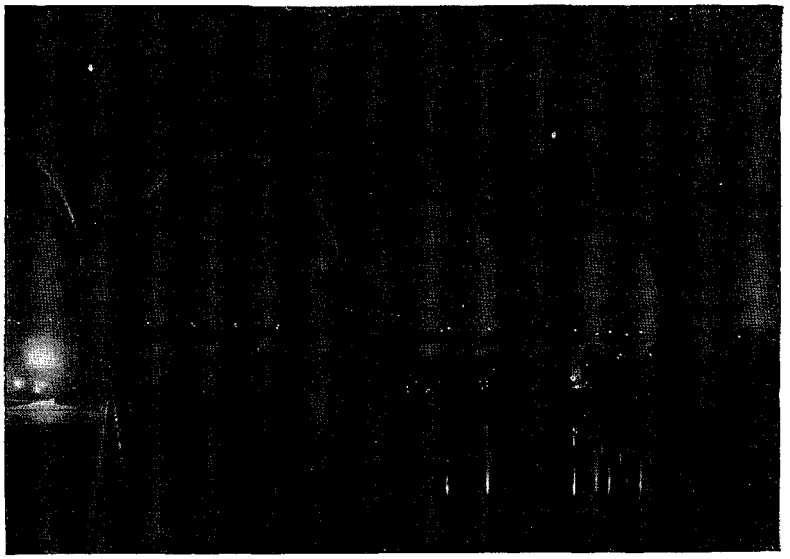

The dim lamps and narrow arches of High Bridge.

NEW YORK AT NIGHT

By James B. Carrington

ILLUSTRATED BY THE AUTHOR'S PHOTOGRAPHS

By day the city has limits. It is a measurable quantity with definite bounds, but with the coming down of night it seems to spread out into space that only the imagination can take hold of. It is a thing of apparent power in the brilliant light of day, and the spirit that animates and drives its infinite activities is as irresistible as some mighty engine. But the impression of potential energy that you get after dark is even stronger. The mere passivity of the city by night is full of thrill. You feel with a keener sense the littleness and the relative powerlessness of the individual unit, and are conscious that unknown tendencies and influences, of which you can have no knowledge and no control, are being stored up against you. There is a certain cheerfulness in the fight that goes on by day, the joy of contention is something that most of us feel even if we are on the losing side.

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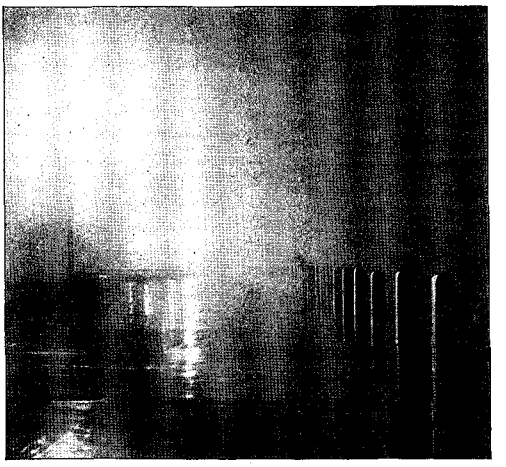
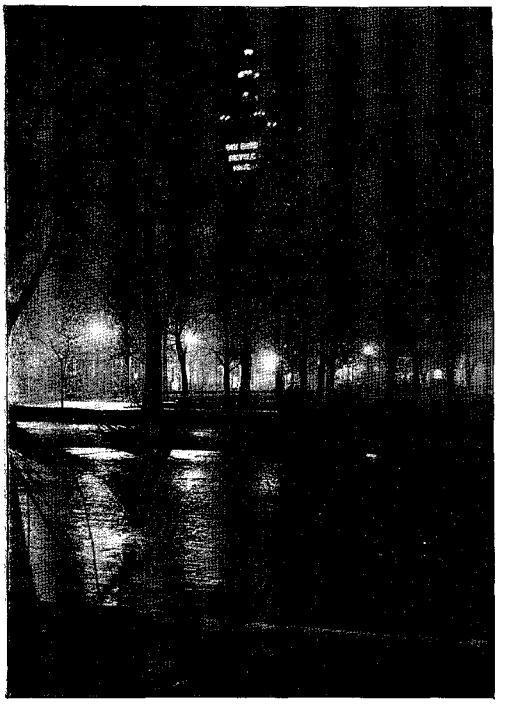
At night the roar of the city is reduced to a mere hum. The deep rumble of many trucks, and the incessant clatter of horse-hoofs and lighter wagons, combined with the buzz of automobiles and the whir and clang of cable and trolley cars, are greatly diminished.



The Battery sea-wall on a foggy night.

To the accustomed ear that gathers all the noise of the day into one great wave of sound, there is unexpected music in the variety of notes hammered out of the streets after dark. Individual sounds then attract attention. There is a wide difference between the high-keyed, ringing tones of steel-clad hoofs that come down on the cobbles and those on the unresponsive and monotonous asphalt. The former take on, as you listen to their approach or retreat, a rhythmic and mellow clink, clink, clank, clack, click, clack, that become musical, while the latter are a lifeless, unresonant imitation.

Downtown most of the streets have become black cañons, here and there lined with rows of gleaming, sputtering, electric lights. Among the great towers of silence in the business district there is an impressive contrast with the day's feverish activity. They seem to be resting and waiting in dignified quiet for another day to have renewed within their walls the eternal struggle for gain that they were built to provide for. In some of the buildings an occasional lighted office-window shows that the day has not been long enough, and the stairways that surround the elevator-shaft usually reveal a straight column of lights that plainly mark off the number of stories each building boasts. At the Battery



Diana standing high above the dark green of the trees.

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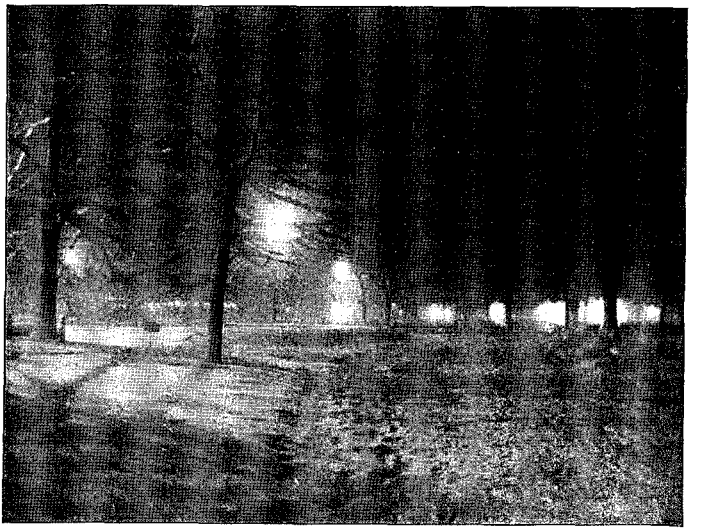
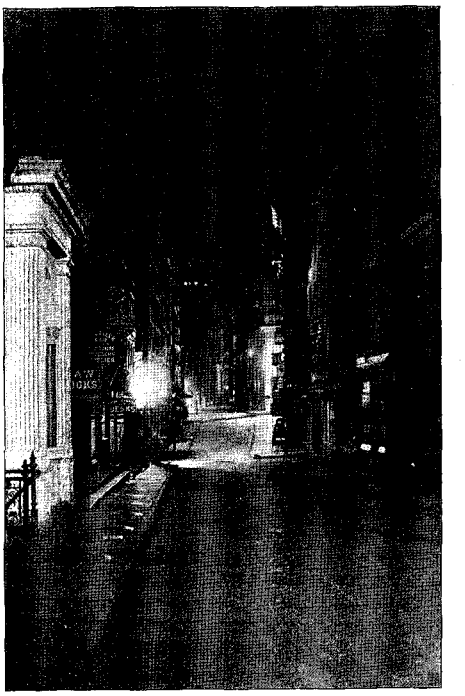


In Union Square during a blizzard.

the elevated roads with their sprawling trestles and rush of wriggling, hissing trains, keep up a semblance of the day's traffic. The circular building, now the Aquarium, but better known as Castle Garden, that stands in black shadow on the edge of the oozy sea-wall, has been the gateway into the New World for thousands of the conglomerate population of this land of the free. Here, too, Jenny Lind sang under the management of the great Barnum, and here came the fashion and wealth of an earlier New York. Along the wall in summer, a nightly breathing-place for hundreds of seekers after a breath of fresh salt air, you can listen to the swish, swish of the ever-changing waters and the tooting of whistles, and see the green, red, and white lights of the great excursion steamers, the plucky little tugs, and the ferry-boats and barges that are forever "bucking the tide," and keeping the pilots busy off the Battery. Over to the right and left are the lights of Brooklyn and of the Jersey shore, and away out beyond, like haze-bedimmed stars, shine those on the edge of Staten Island's big black shadow. Nearer, breaking the sky-line on the edge of Governor's Island, is the mass of gloomy Castle Williams, and high above all the other lights gleams the electric torch that Madam Liberty holds aloft, a symbol, to the incoming ships, of the



An occasional lighted window (Nassau Street).

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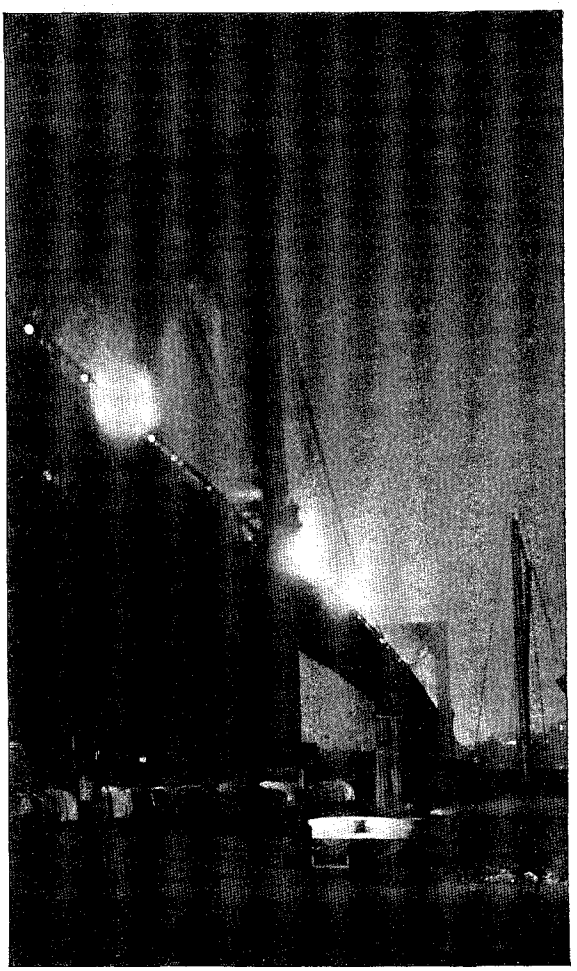
world of freedom, and a lure that annually kills thousands of migrating birds that dash themselves against the gigantic head and frame of the statue. On a foggy night here, the lights are all surrounded by halos of gray mist, with now and then a bit of rainbow color showing, the space below being in utter blackness. The only sounds are the muffled, hoarse warnings of the various craft that are feeling their way from one river to the other, the chug, chug of a tug, or the surf-like sound of the paddle-wheels of a ferry-boat or passing steamer. The Barge Office and the Aquarium are but dim shadows, and even the elevated road is softened and almost confused with the general blackness of the trees. South Street and West Street, those great trade arteries to the sea, are almost silent, except for the occasional jingle of a Belt-line car, and at the ferry-houses where those who travel or live beyond the pale constantly pass and repass.



The Bridge outlined by the lights along each side.

On the East Side, only a short distance up South Street, you get a magnificent view of the Bridge, its wide-sweeping arch outlined by the lights along each side, and its many uses plainly indicated by the creeping lines of lights that mark the passing trains or the aggressive and murderous trolley-cars. The approaches seem more massive and immovable in the shadow of night, and the streets that lead beneath are highways that a cautious citizen prefers to avoid after sundown. From the Bridge itself, as you stand under the high arches of the New York tower, the scene is one of beauty and ugliness combined. Out toward the bay gleams Liberty's light, and on either side the black waters of the river cut through the otherwise

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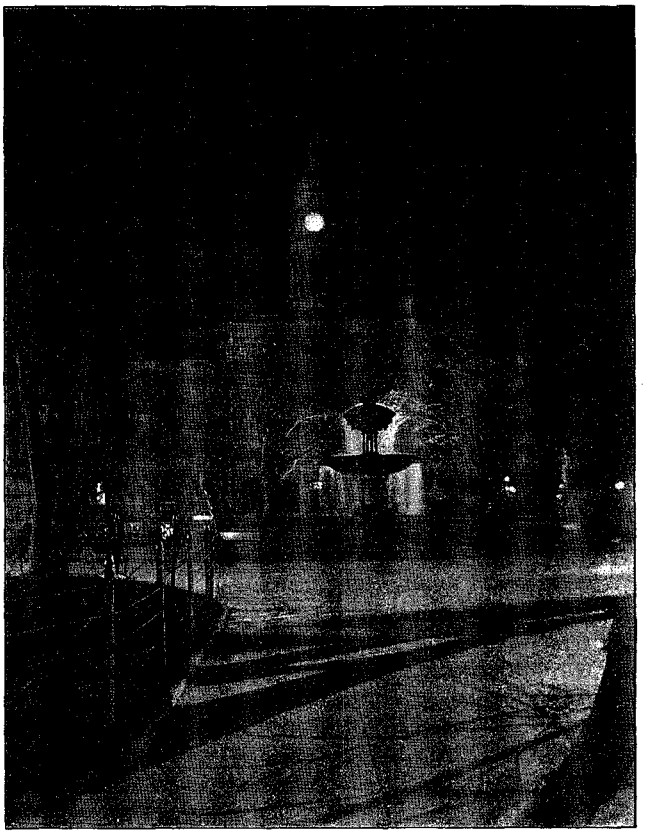

The shining time-piece on the City Hall.

interminable mass of buildings. All along the shores the undulating river gleams with wriggling reflections of lights, and, in the wake of the tugs and ferry-boats that look like stage properties, you catch the shine of oily, jumping water. The view back across the dark roofs of the sleeping city is one that gives a vivid idea of the closeness with which it is packed in by the environing waters. Overhead on a cloudy night the sky is red with the glow of innumerable lights, and occasionally you are startled by the brighter flare from some gas-retort. In the distance familiar land-marks stand vaguely out against the sky, Diana's tower in Madison Square, or the twin towers of the Cathedral on Fifth Avenue. The Bridge entrance, with its clanging cars and hurrying crowds of the early evening, is the very embodiment of the spirit of restless striving that dominates the whole city. Here are concentrated at the close of day the tired, nerve-weary throngs that toil. On the footpath there is a more leisurely element, including the sight-seeing visitors from out of town, and the young folks from Cherry Hill and beyond who find the Bridge in summer a cool place to walk hand in hand or to sit on a bench in the shadow of the tower.

At Bowling Green, where Broadway really begins and where the dimly outlined high buildings stand in ragged ranks against the night, you feel the blessing of the dark and the rest it brings. Up as far as the Post-office and down through the narrow ways that lead to the river on both sides, is the mystery of quiet. Trinity, whose steeple has been long overtopped by encroaching palaces of

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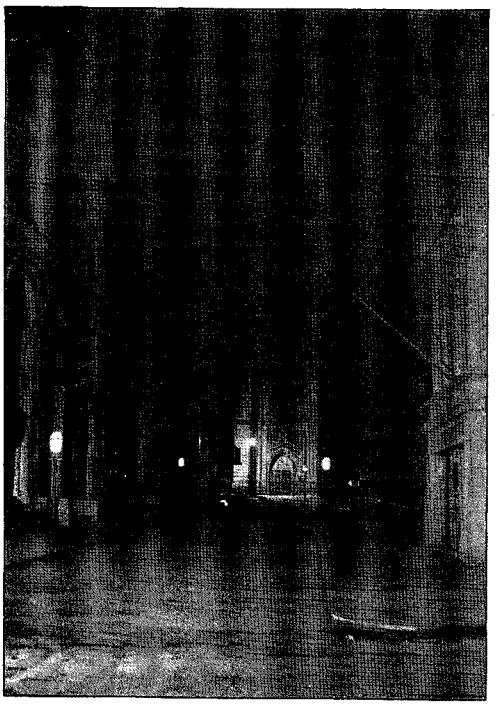
business, and old St. Paul's, only a short way above, stand in sombre dignity with their supporting graveyards, keeping watch over the old memories that the busy passers-by of to-day neither know nor care for. With the ground about them they are merely incidents of the day, breaks in the ranks of their more utilitarian neighbors; but darkness and the void of the street force them and their significance upon all but the dullest downtown wanderers.

Up Broadway everything has a gala air.
(At the Herald Building.)

The Post-office never sleeps. All night long on the side facing the City Hall the wagons that bring and deliver the mails are coming and going in the white glare of the electric lights. In the park across the way some of the benches are always occupied, wet or dry; early in the evening by many good citizens who stop to read a paper or gossip a bit under one of the lamps, but later mostly by the floating population from the near-by cheap lodging-houses who hope to steal forty winks or more of sleep between the rounds of the police. Just outside the park, in front of the *Tribune* building, stands the bronze statue of Ben Franklin, the presiding genius of Printing-house Square, and all along Park Row are the offices of the great newspapers with their rumbling presses, very hives of industry and high-keyed activity, physical and mental. The *Tribune* tower with its clock is



Trinity stands in sombre dignity.

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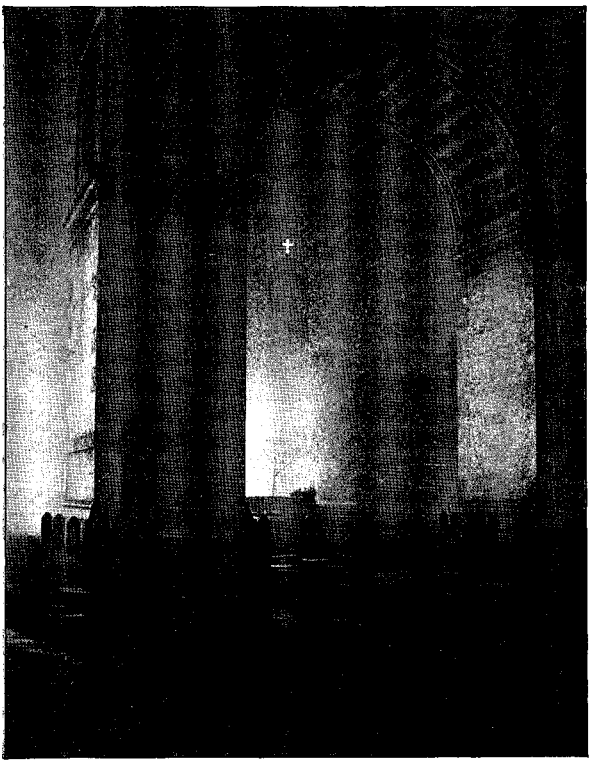

The yellow cross on the tower of the Judson Memorial Church (Washington Square).

still a prominent rival of the shining time-piece on the City Hall, but it has long since yielded in mere height and bulk to its near-by younger competitors, the *World* and the *Times*. In the offices of the various papers is felt every thrill and movement of the city that lies around and beyond, and the play of life and death that goes on by day and night.

The journey up Broadway at night is a lonesome one. It is apparently deserted, even by the policemen who are to be seen only at rare intervals, swinging their night-sticks with a bored air, or possibly trying perfunctorily the knobs of doors as they walk leisurely along. From Bowling Green to Canal Street the tops of many of the buildings are only to be made out by looking almost directly up at the sky. The line they make is full of angles, and their height emphasizes, as nothing else does downtown, the ever-increasing pressure of business upon space and the consequent necessity to make it by building in the only free direction, skyward.

Looking up Broadway from Canal Street it appears to come to an end, blocked by the spire of Grace Church, that stands cut out of the narrow space on either side.

It is at Fourteenth Street that you again feel that the activities of the day have only been turned into other channels. From Union Square, with its unnatural greenness, eastward the street is brilliant with lights of all sorts, and the sidewalks are crowded with eager amusement-seekers. There is entertainment near-by of a most varied sort, particularly in the way of the continuous performance. Three silhouettes of the nation's heroes in bronze attract the eye of the casual visitor to the Square. The equestrian Washington, about which the newsboys gather in the afternoon to wait for the delivery wagons from downtown and incidentally to play craps, stands at the intersection of Fourteenth Street and Fourth Avenue, Lincoln

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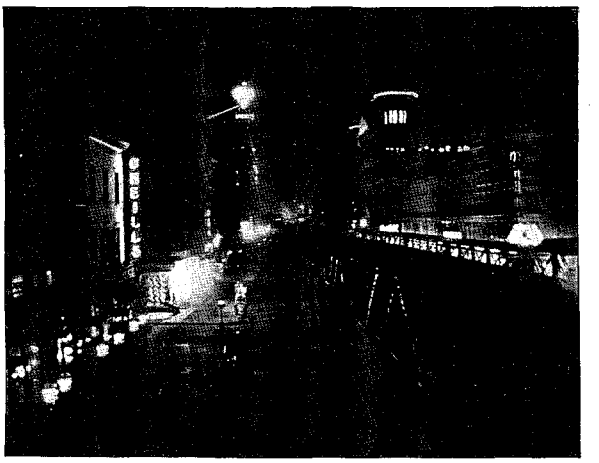
guards the way where Broadway turns to go uptown; and Lafayette looks out from the Square itself down Broadway, watching the gleaming eyes of the cable-cars as they come creeping up the long dark street, making ready for their now much moderated spring around Dead Man's Curve. On a fair night the benches in Union Square are well filled with all sorts and conditions of men and women. Here and there among the rows of faces, some of them evidently those of actors who appear in near-by theatres, you catch an expression or a pose that sets your mind wondering on the chances of life.



Christmas week on Sixth Avenue.

None of the city squares is richer in association than Washington, at the lower end of Fifth Avenue. This was once the Potter's Field and a parade ground, and all about are houses identified with the old city. On the north are still fine old mansions, the homes of wealth and fashion, trim and stately in their red brick and white and green trimmings. At night the beautiful marble arch through which all the parades ought to march up or down Fifth Avenue, is even more stately than by day, and the view from the top of one of the lumbering stages up the Avenue with its perspective of vanishing

From Union Square eastward the street is brilliant.

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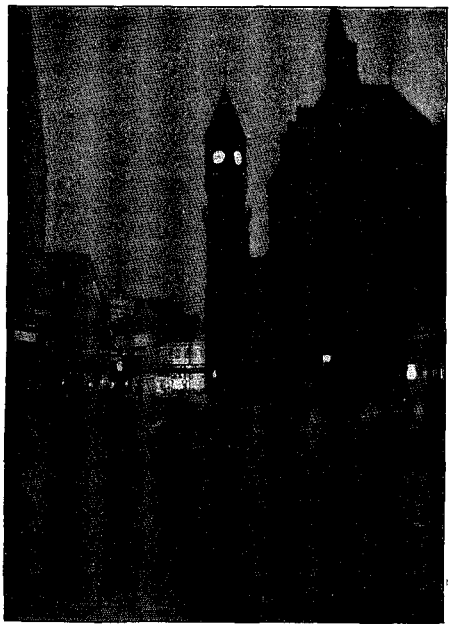


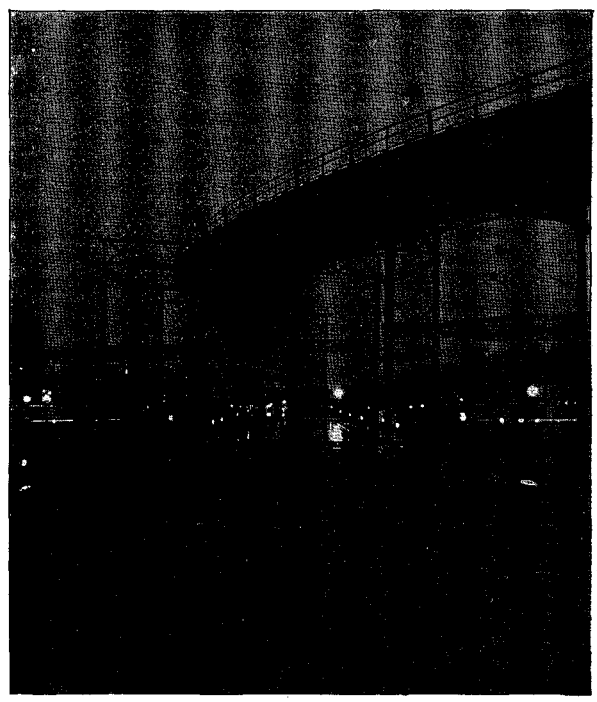
Jefferson Market Police Court.

lights is one of the finest in the city. In the sky on the south side shines out the illuminated yellow cross on the tower of the Judson Memorial Church, a beacon of hope, no doubt, to many of the poor creatures that make the benches of the Square a resting-place.

It is just above Twenty-second Street that you see the gilded figure of Diana on her tower, standing high above the dark greenery of the trees in Madison Square. This square is the way into the after-dark up-town of theatres and brilliantly lighted cafés and florists' shops. Twenty-third Street's busy shopping district is almost deserted. The street is mostly a street-car line at night, spanned here and there by the picturesque stations of the elevated roads that bring the amusement-seeking crowds from the north and south.

Up Broadway to Forty-second Street and beyond everything has a gala air early in the evening, and after the play when the well-dressed and seemingly well-pleased crowds give the sidewalks much of the afternoon, daytime appearance.

Over on the East Side, Third Avenue and the Bowery are busy thoroughfares with their innumerable little stores and dime museums and concert halls and cheap lodging-houses. On the West Side, Eighth Avenue is fast becoming the new Bowery, with many of the characteristics that belonged to the older street in its palmiest days. Its brilliantly light-



The high curves that stand out black and frail-looking against the sky.

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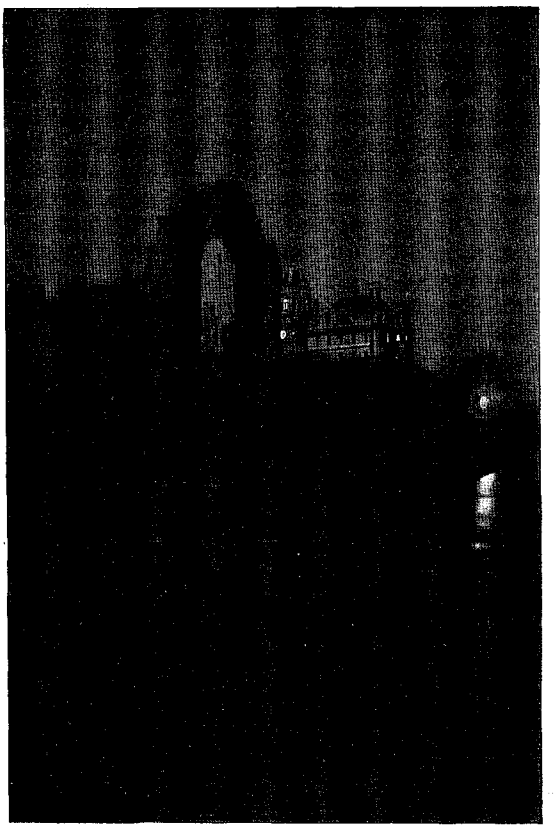
ed cars and bicycle parade and theatres, including the famous old Grand Opera-house, afford entertainment for the crowds that find its broad walks a favorite promenade in the evening.

Fifth Avenue is alive with carriages of all sorts, and in many of them you catch glimpses of richly dressed women going to dine at some of the private palaces of the Avenue or at one of the famous hostelries that are known the world over. At Fifty-ninth Street the Avenue spreads out into the Plaza at the entrance to the Park, and all about here are the homes, public and private, of the dwellers in luxury. It is at the other entrance to the Park, where the fine statue of "Cristoforo Colombo" stands in the circle, that the twinkling lights of the bicycles are seen in the greatest number. Up and down the Boulevard they pass in an unceasing stream, men and women, and the sidewalks are lined with curious spectators who stand for hours in contemplation of the rapidly moving riders. Uptown, until you get as far as Harlem, the city seems fully to realize that it is night. Just outside the Park, at 110th Street, the elevated trains begin their creaking, crawling journey around the high curves that stand out black and frail-looking against the night sky. The cars twist and turn with a deliberateness that is emphasized by the triumphant and hurried puffing of the little engines once the straight course is again reached. Over to the left on Morningside Heights, away up, in relief against the dark background, you can make out the curving lines of a great stone arch that suggests the ruins of some ancient castle—a part of the new Cathedral of St. John the Divine. Still beyond is St. Luke's Hospital. In looking at its many lighted windows one can't help thinking of the human beings housed there and the mystery of their suffering, and of how small a part of a city's misery can ever receive the benefit and comfort of such places.



A part of the new Cathedral of St. John the Divine.

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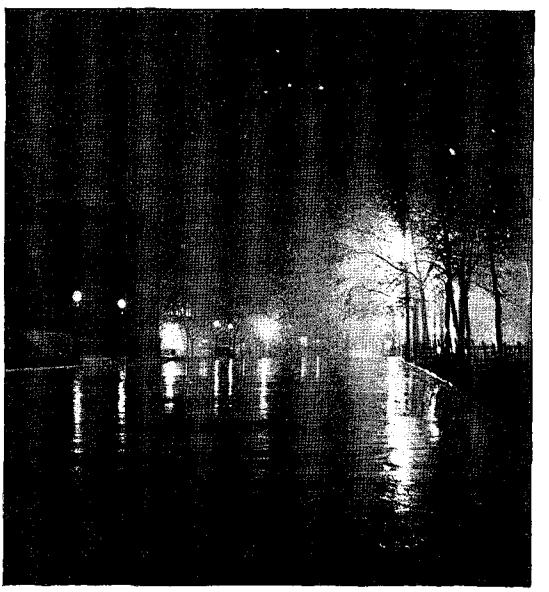
The view from the viaduct at 155th Street presents an amphitheatre of shadow relieved by hundreds of sparkling lights that run in tiers about the surrounding valley and hills and shine in long reflections on the waters of the Harlem. Leading along the river to the north are the lights that outline the yellow ribbon of the Speedway. Away beyond still you can make out the dim lamps and high narrow arches of High Bridge and get a glimpse of the magnificent spans of Washington Bridge. Over on Riverside Drive there is another never-ending stream of bicycles. Grant's Tomb stands out big and massive. Far below lies the passive river between its dark shores, the distant walls of the Palisades rising in magnified height on the Jersey side. Now and then you catch a twinkle and hear the beat of the paddle-wheels of a passing steamer, or make out by their lights a long string of canal-boats coming down in tow.

The ride up or down town on any of the elevated lines is a varied one of contrasting light and shade, and gives you, as nothing else can, a realizing sense of the vastness of the city. Off the main travelled roads on either hand the eye looks down dim street after street of apparently silent houses.

On stormy nights when the rain makes the asphalt and the cobble-stones shine with long reflections from the lamps and windows, the seeker after the picturesque finds most satisfaction. Where a pool has collected there is a spot of liquid gold relieved against the blackness of the surrounding asphalt. The snow, too, when it falls adds an indescribable air of unreality to the streets, accentuated by the muffling effect it has upon the sharp clatter of hoof-beats. About the hotels and squares stand rows of waiting cabs and carriages that tell of the movement of society and the various entertainments that the night provides for its amusement. The churches with their spires stand out in black silhouette. After one o'clock the city seems to be really asleep, except for the occasional all-night café and the unceasing clanging of the gongs of street-cars and the rattle of cabs and occasional farm-wagons from Long Island.

A great city is a lonesome place for many by day, but with the coming of the dark it can be a very wilderness.



All along Park Row are the offices of the great newspapers.

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THE RENAISSANCE OF LANDSCAPE ARCHITECTURE

By George F. Pentecost, Jr.

LANDSCAPE Architecture as a fine art is invariably the last to awaken general interest; yet as a matter of fact, it was the first of the arts known to man. "God Almighty first planted a garden." But for well-known reasons, the natural sequence in the development of the Fine Arts has been changed, and Landscape Architecture has been relegated to the rear of the procession. The reason for this reversal of the original order is accounted for and explained by the remark of Lord Bacon, that "the arts which flourish in time while virtue is in growth, are military; and while virtue is in state, are liberal." That is to say, in the development and culture of the nations, utilitarian, rather than artistic and æsthetic standards, take precedence. Certainly this proposition is truer of our own country than of the older nations of Europe, where the progress of art is more advanced. In the evolution of the Liberal Arts, Landscape Architecture follows that of practical Architecture. On this point Bacon observes: "Man shall ever see that when ages grow to Civility and Elegancy, man comes to build stately, sooner than garden finely; as if gardening were the greater perfection."

At the present time, as never before in the United States, interest in Landscape Architecture is beginning to claim the attention of our people, for though among us it is still in its infancy, such progress is being made that we have every reason to anticipate a brilliant future for this, one of the most delightful of the Fine Arts. However, until the art of Landscape Architecture is clearly distinguished from that of Gardening as well as Architecture, Forestry, and other closely allied callings, no such future can be reasonably expected. From the greater number of well-educated and trained men now in the profession, and the steps being taken to increase both their number and proficiency, the distinct recognition of Landscape Architecture as a profession cannot much longer be delayed.

Two schools or branches of the art are recognized: the Formal or Geometrical style, developed in Italy and France to the highest perfection; and the Natural Style, which in America, up to the present time, has claimed almost exclusive attention. During the last few years, however, new interest has been awakened in the old and much abused Formal Style. Being much in sympathy with this revival of interest in the Formal Style, I have thought it might be of interest to the general reader, and possibly instructive to those who are partial to this method of treating grounds, to make a careful plan based on Bacon's well-known Essay "Of Gardening," in which he gives expression to what doubtless was his ideal of the "Royal Ordering of Gardens."

In drawing this plan I have strictly followed Bacon's measurements and suggestions as far as they go. For the rest, I have endeavored to work out its details in conformity to the spirit of the time in which the great thinker and writer lived.

As Bacon's essay represents an attempt to reform the national taste, and should be read as such, it cannot be taken as an exact picture of the formal gardens of that particular period. This, however, does not lessen its value as exemplifying the general motives and features of this school, which will always remain unchanged, no matter how much fashion may declaim against one particular form or design, or belaud another. It was only in minor points that Bacon attempted innovations.

Readers who are acquainted with the history of Gardening will remember how sudden and complete was the change from the time-honored Formal Style, to that of the Natural School, now so called. This change was so complete that if the Formal Garden was thought of at all, it

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was only, until recently, as an historic factor connected with the pleasant associations of an irrevocable past, and not as of a possible present form of the "purest of human pleasures."

The line of demarcation between the Formal Garden as a fact of history and the Natural Garden as an object of contemporaneous interest is almost as clearly defined as the fence over which, as Walpole tells us, Kent leaped and "saw that all nature was a Garden." What made Kent's leap an unfortunate one was that he leaped *too high and too far*: for though he gained that which was lacking of the truth, he gained it at the expense of losing truth already known. If he had been content to leap to the top of the fence, and from that coign of vantage to survey the domain in question, he would have completed his survey of the field, and by conjoining its allied provinces, would have rounded the circle of the art now known as Landscape Architecture.

The very general notion that the so-called Natural School is the result of an evolution from the Formal Style and, therefore, must be superior to it, is utterly erroneous. The two schools have nothing in common except the materials used.

Praise of one school does not mean dispraise of the other, but simply discovers individual taste and prejudice; for just in proportion as the respective schools advance toward perfection, so do they differ more widely in every particular. The Natural Style is purely adaptive and imitative, and has in it a hampering element of deception—the object being to conceal at every point indication of art, for the effect desired is lost in proportion as the handiwork of man is discovered. This style demands ample field and space for the best results. On the other hand the Formal Garden is throughout a frank avowal and creation of Art. When it is in close proximity to the house, a garden in a Formal Style is designed upon exactly the same principles as those which guide the architect in designing the edifice. The garden is made to conform to it in every point, descending from the greater outlines to the smaller details in the design. The garden, in short, is the extension of the house or villa, divided up into compartments of larger or smaller size with alleys or "halls" connecting them. This in Italy was so much the case, that the term "villa" came to denote not only the house, but the terraces and gardens in immediate connection therewith.

The question in treating a site, public or private, is not, "Which is the superior style?" Nor is it the right answer to screw the ground out of all recognition to meet the requirements of the style decided upon. Rather should we ask, "Which treatment does the portion of ground in question, large or small, call for?" It may be said here that the Formal Style is best fitted for private places or small pieces of ground, and generally is the more suitable in the inverse ratio to the size of the place. Especially is this true of town parks and small city squares.

The distinction between the Formal Treatment and a Formal Garden should be kept clear. Formal Treatment must, of necessity, be used in connection with a building or any form of architectural work. The Formal Garden, on the other hand, is not of necessity confined in itself; indeed, it may form a feature of particular interest in a general plan. The characteristic feature of a Formal Garden is that it must be entirely enclosed; its interest and beauty are entirely independent of the surrounding country or scenery. A Formal Garden is a work of art that is complete in itself. Bacon's Garden for instance (as far as the garden itself is concerned), would afford equal pleasure whether it were in the midst of the Sahara Desert or the Central Park.

When the house and garden are not in juxtaposition, the situation that perhaps is most suitable for a Formal Garden is in proximity to a range of green-houses. It then affords opportunity for flower-display that can be had under no other circumstances, the designs essential to the Formal Garden being peculiarly adapted to the arrangement and display of plants for artistic exhibition.

If this method of displaying flowers were adhered to, one of the worst features in the designs of exclusive adherents to the wrongly so called Natural School would be obviated. Following this method, the gardener has some definite position in which at once to concentrate his exotic flowers and plants, and to

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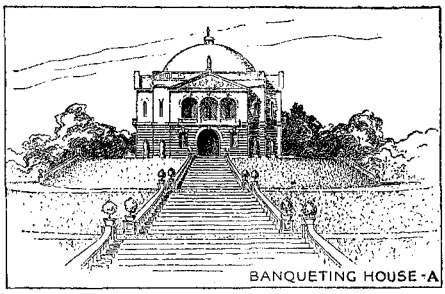

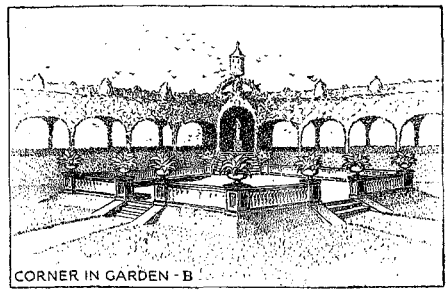

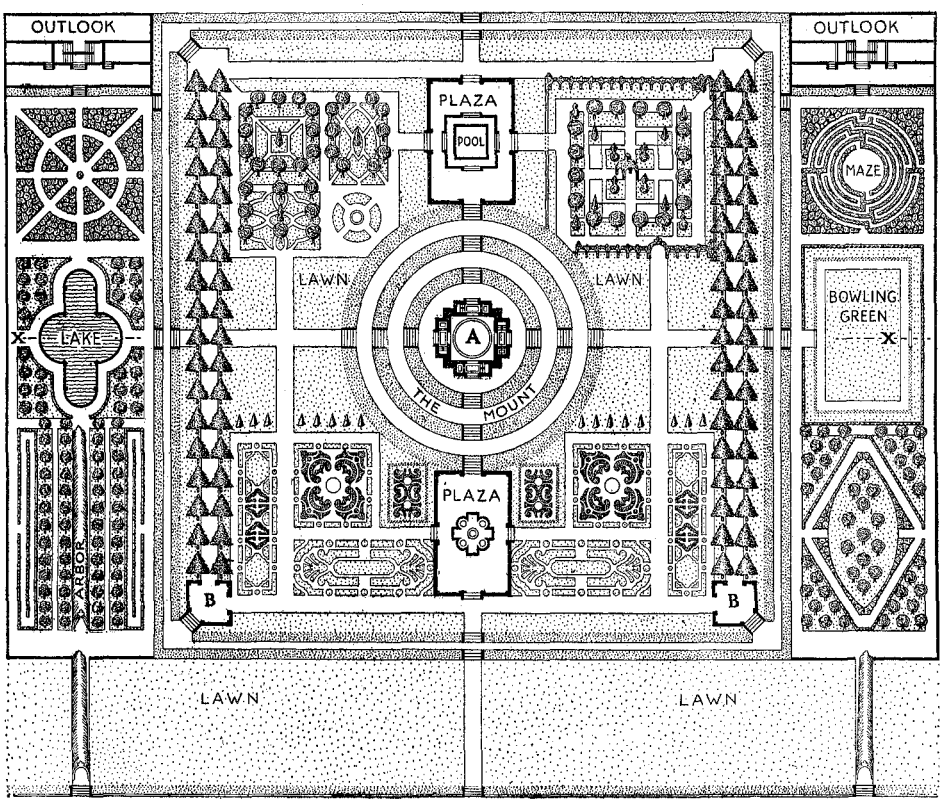

Plan for Garden Based on Bacon's Essay.

This plan is laid out in the old Elizabethan style, and differs from a modern plan in several respects: Observe that the trees are shown in elevation, while the hedges on the contrary are shown in true plan. There is also an attempt at perspective in the arbors and summer house. The maze at the top right-hand corner is a copy from an actual design of those days.

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"rotate" them, or to distribute them according to the seasons; thereby securing the best effect without being driven to the expedient of cutting designs in the turf on the lawns and planting in the border of plantations, or at the intersection of paths for fear that some long, winding, aimless path should appear what it really is. Such flower gardens are found scattered about as if they had dropped from the skies and been allowed to remain where they fell for the want of some better place in which to put them; seemingly having no connection with anything but themselves. The flowers, not being dependent on design for their beauty, are made to be their own excuse for being placed where nature would never have planted them. This is a fault of design commonly found in connection with the so-called Natural School.

At the present time there is a new realization of the importance of the more artistic treatment of public and private grounds; and it is apparent that the general tendency is toward the adoption of the Formal Style. While I am very partial to this style, I sincerely hope that it will be found possible to utilize both methods of treatment without prejudice to either. Before it is too late to check the present predilection for the geometric or Formal Style to the exclusion of the Natural School of treatment, let us strive for greater perfection in either school of the same beautiful art; side by side let us lead them along the upward path, and prove the old saying that "History repeats itself in an ascending spiral."

Bacon was an appreciative lover of Nature in the truest and highest sense of the word. The familiarity with the characteristics of the flowers and plants then in common use, which this essay discovers, could only be attained by one who had spent much time in loving contemplation of their beauties, as well as their requirements. That he realized the value of a garden cannot be doubted; and that any idea of ostentatious display for display's sake alone, so common in those days, could have been desired by him, cannot be well considered in any attempt at designing a plan based on his essay. The real value of a garden is that of a place of retirement from the worry and harassing cares of the outside world, a place to enjoy the peace of solitude in company with the beautiful and pure things of nature, or for the comfort and joy of true friendship. In Bacon's own words, "It is the greatest refreshment to the Spirits of man"; and to one who is a true lover of flowers and plants, and who desires nothing better than to watch and care for the growth of each plant and flower of his garden, "It is the Purest of Human pleasures."

As this describes what I believe to have been Bacon's attitude in regard to the interest of this subject, I have necessarily designed to meet such disposition, and if, therefore, the plan seems to be drawn too much on the lines of simplicity in comparison with contemporaneous gardens and with "those, which are indeed Prince-like," it is so drawn because I believe Bacon would have desired it so; for he in several places cautions his reader, "that whatsoever forme you cast it into, first (see that) it be not too Busie or full of Worke"; and that "Statua's and such Things are well for State Magnificence, but nothing to the true Pleasure of a Garden." The following passages from his essay on Gardens give the data on which I have drawn the accompanying plan.

The "Platform of a Princely Garden, partly by Precept, Partly by Drawing, not a Modell, but some generall Lines of it," is given thus in the essay:

"For Gardens (Speaking of those, which are indeed Prince-like, as we have done of Buildings) the Contents, ought not well to be, under Thirty Acres of Ground; And to be divided into three parts: A Greene in the Entrance; A Heath or Desart in the Going forth; And the Maine Garden in the midst; Besides Alleys, on both Sides. And I like well, that Foure Acres of Ground be assigned to the Greene; Six to the Heath; Foure and Foure to either Side; Ande Twelve to the Maine Garden. The Greene hath two pleasures; The one, because nothing is more Pleasant to the Eye, than Greene Grasse kept finely shorne; The other, because it will give you a faire Alley in the midst, by which you may go in front upon a Stately Hedge, which is to inclose the Garden. But, because the Alley will

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be long, and in great Heat of the Yeare, or Day, you ought not to buy the shade in the Garden, by Going in the Sunne thorow the Greene, therefore you are, of either Side the Greene, to Plant a Covert Alley, upon Carpenter's Worke, about Twelve Foot in Height, by which you may goe in Shade, into the Garden. The Garden is best to be Square; Incompassed, on all the Foure Sides, with a Stately Arched Hedge. The Arches to be upon Pillars, of Carpenter's Worke, of some Ten Foot high, and Six Foot broad: And the Spaces between, of the same Dimension, with the Breadth of the Arch. Over the Arches, let there bee an Entire Hedge, of some Foure Foot High, framed also upon Carpenter's Worke: And upon the Upper Hedge, over every Arch, a little Turret, with a Belly, enough to receive a Cage of Birds: And over every Space, betweene the Arches, some other little Figure, with Broad Plates of Round Coloured Glasse, gilt, for the Sunne, to Play upon. But this Hedge I entend to be, raised upon a Bancke, not Steepe, but gently Slope, of some Six Foot, set all with Flowers. Also I understand, that this Square of the Garden should not be the whole Breadth of the Ground, but to leave, on either Side, Ground enough, for diversity of Side Alleys: Unto which, the Two Covert Alleys of the Greene, may deliver you. But there must be no Alleys with Hedges, at either End, of this great Inclosure: Not at the Hither End, for letting your Prospect upon this Faire Hedge from the Greene: Nor at the Further End, for letting your Prospect from the Hedge, through the Arches, upon the Heath.

"For the Ordering of the Ground, within the Great Hedge, I leave it to Variety of Device; Advising nevertheless, that whatsoever forme you cast it into, first it be not too Busie, or full of Worke. Wherein I, for my part, doe not like Images Cut out in Iuniper, or other Garden stuffe: They be for Children. Little low Hedges, Round, like Welts, some with Pretty Pyramides, I like well: And in some Places, Faire Columnes upon Frames of Carpenter's Worke. I would also have the Alleys Spacious and Faire. You may have Closer Alleys upon the Side Grounds, but none in the Maine Garden. I wish also, in the very Middle, a Faire Mount, with three Ascents, and Alleys, enough for foure to walke a breast; Which I would have to be Perfect Circles, without any Bulwarkes, or Imbosments; And the Whole Mount, to be Thirty Foot high; And some fine Banquetting House, with some Chimneys neatly cast, and without too much Glasse."

Then follow instructions concerning fountains and pools, which were in those days among the most important features of Garden design. These were to be of Two sorts, "The one, that Sprinckleth or Spouteth Water; The Other, a Faire receipt of Water, of some Thirty or Forty Foot Square, but without Fish, or Slime, or Mud." For the First, it is to be arranged with "Ornaments of Images Gilt, or of Marble." "Also some Steps up to it, and some Fine Pavement about it, doth well." For the Second sort, or what he calls the "Bathing Poole, it may admit much Curiosity, and Beauty." "As, that the Bottom be finely paved, And with Images: . . . And withall Embellished with Coloured glasse, and such Things of Lustre; Encompassed also, with fine Railes of Low Statue's." "And for fine Devices, of Arching Water, without Spilling, and Making it rise in severall Formes (of Feathers, Drinking Glasses, Canopies, and the like), they be pretty things to looke on, but Nothing to Health and Sweetnesse."

Bacon next describes the Heath, "the Third Part," which is "to be framed, as much as may be, to a Natural wilderness." This I have not included in the plan, as from its nature, it would be without interest shown in plan design.

This idea of a Heath, though possibly not originating with Bacon, was certainly one of the first steps toward the Natural School, and has given rise to the saying, that "Bacon was the prophet, Milton the herald, of Modern Gardening: and Addison, Pope, and Kent the champions of true taste."

The idea is certainly crude enough, and exemplifies the saying "that reformers cannot be expected to be consistent," better perhaps than the other instances of attempted reform in this essay, as will be seen by the following description of his intended "Natural Wildernesse." He is to

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have no trees, "But some Thickets, made onely of Sweet-Briar, and Honny-suckle, and some Wilde Vine amongst it; And the ground set with Violets, Strawberries, and Prime Roses." To be placed "here and there, not in any Order." He would "like also little Heaps, in the Nature of Mole-hills (such as are in Wilde Heaths) to be set, some with Wilde Thyme;" and giving then a list of different "Low Flowers, being withal Sweet and Sightly. Part of which Heaps, to be with Standards, of little Bushes, prickt upon their top, and Part without. The Standards to be Roses; . . . and such like. But these Standards, to be kept with Cutting, that they grow not out of Course." A queer-looking *Natural* Wilderness this would be!

"For the Side Grounds, you are to fill them with Varietie of Alleys, Private, to give a full Shade; Some of them, wheresoever the Sun be. You are to frame some of them likewise for Shelter, that when the Wind blows Sharpe, you may walke, as in a Gallery. And those Alleys must be likewise hedged, at both Ends, to keepe out the Wind; And these closer Alleys, must bee very finely Gravelled, and no Grasse, because of Going wet. In many of these Alleys likewise, you are to set Fruit-Trees of all Sorts; As well upon the Walles, as in Ranges. At the End of both the Side Grounds, I would have a Mount of some Pretty Height, leaving the Wall of the Enclosure Brest high, to looke abroad into the fields.

"For the Maine Garden, I doe not deny, but there should be some Faire Alleys, ranged on both Sides, with Fruit Trees; And some Pretty Tufts of Fruit Trees, And Arbours with Seats, set in some Decent Order; But these to be, by no meanes, set too thicke; but to leave the Maine Garden, so as it be not close, but the Aire Open and Free. For as for Shade, I would have you rest, upon the Alleys of the Side Grounds, there to walke, if you be Disposed, in the Heat of the Yeare, or day; But to make Account, that the Maine Garden is for the more temperate parts of the years; And in the Heat of Summer, for the Morning, and the Evening, or Over-cast Dayes."

It has been mentioned elsewhere that Bacon wrote this essay, partly with the intention of reform. It may be of interest to point out what direction this intended purification of "bad art" took.

Taking the essay, first, in general, the desire for greater simplicity seems to run through its pages; for in several places he cautions his reader against trying to accomplish too much, but, to rather leave the garden free and open. This was well pointed out, for it would seem that the aim and object of the designer was to create and place in the garden just as many curious and fantastic "objects of interest" as space would allow, till verily a garden had more the appearance of an old curiosity shop than aught else I can think of.

As to the minor faults, at which he aimed his criticism, they were confined chiefly to the designs for flower-beds and the many fantastic ways in which the fountains were made to spray their waters, taking various shapes, such as "Feathers, Drinking Glasses, Canopies, and the like," and even at times arranged with secret springs, so that the innocent on-looker could be thoroughly drenched at the will and to the delight of those in possession of the "secret way."

The designs for flower-beds were the worst, and it was at these that Bacon lost all patience. John James, of Greenwich, classified them in four divisions, under the following heads: "Parterres of Embroidery are so called, because the Box wherewith they are planted, imitates Embroidery upon the ground. These are the finest and most magnificent of all, and are sometimes accompanied with Knots and Scrolls of Grass-work. Their bottom should be sanded, the better to distinguish the Foliage and Flourish'd-work of the Embroidery, which is usually filled with Smith's Dust, or black Earth.

"Parterres of Compartment differ from those of Embroidery, in that the same Symmetry of Design is repeated, as well in respect of the Ends, as of the sides.

"Parterres after the English manner are the plainest and meanest of all. They should consist only of large Grass-plots all of a Piece, or cut but little, and be encompassed with a Border of Flowers, separated from the Grass work, by a Path of two or three Foot wide, laid smooth, and sanded over, to make the greater Distinction.

"Parterres of Cut-work, tho' not so

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fashionable at present, are, however, not unworthy our Regard. They differ from the others, in that all the parts which compose them should be cut with Symmetry, and that they admit neither of Grass nor Embroidery, but only Borders edged with Box, that serve to raise Flowers in and by means of a Path of convenient Breadth, that runs around each Piece, you may walk through the whole Parterre without hearting any Thing: All these Paths should be sanded."

It is interesting to note some of the figures that the first two mentioned Parterres were made to represent, as given in a Cut, by John James, from whom the above descriptions are taken; he says of them:

"They take various Designs into their Composition, as branch's and flourish'd Work, Palms, Foliage, Hawk's-Bills, Sprigs, Tendrells, Volutes, Knots, Stalks, Ties, Chaplets, Beads, Husks, Cartooyes, Plumes, Compartements, Frets or Interlacings, Wreaths, and Shell-works of Grass, Paths Borders, etc. And sometimes to these are added the Designs of Flowers, as Roses, Pinks, Tulips, and the like."

It was indeed time that someone should cry out against such work as this, which was in every way foreign to the sober and quiet character of the English people.

It will be seen that the first two were considered the "finest and most magnificent," and that the last two, which more truly represent the English character, are, as it were, pushed aside with contempt, with the slighting remark that the one is "not unworthy our Regard" and of the other that it is the "plainest and meanest of all." Time is, however, the best judge in most matters of dispute, and at least in this case has justified Bacon's scathing remark concerning the two first parterres, about which he says, "As for the making of knots, or Figures, with Divers coloured Earths, that they may be under the Windows of the House, on that Side, which the Garden stands, they be but Toyes: You may see as good Sights, many times, in Tarts." Bacon was right; and they soon passed out of use, being but one more manifestation of the fulsomeness of fashion, while the other two remain in use at the present day. It is these two that I have shown on the plan, marked A and B, the ones at either side being a combination of the two.

But it is not strange that Bacon should have seen the folly of such "works of art," and at the same time recommend to accompany, what in truth would have been a "Faire Hedge," some other "little Figure, with Broad Plates of Round Coloured Glasse, gilt, for the Sunne to Play upon," perched upon the top of the "Hedge" between little turrets, with Bellies "enough to receive a large Cage of Birds:" while at the same time seeing the childish extravagance of having "Images cut in Iuniper, or other Garden Stuff." This criticism has been wittily caricatured by Pope in his description of a Catalogue of "Garden Stuff" supposed to be for sale, which included, among other things, "A St. George in Box, his arms scarce long enough, but will be in a condition to stab the dragon by next April;" and a "quickset Hog shot up into a porcupine through being forgot a week in rainy weather."

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THE REVENUE OF THE CROWN

By William Maynadier Browne

ILLUSTRATIONS BY A. I. KELLER

MR. CUTTING, my senior partner, had come back from his vacation—that is, for a day, in which to look matters over, and, if nothing were pressing, take another week. This he accordingly did. But during his cursory visitation, which lasted just two hours on a Monday morning in the latter part of August, he found the time to ask :

"Has that royally descended client of mine been in while I have been away?"

"Only once," I replied. "O'Connor came in to consult me about taking a trip to Ireland to look over his domain ; but at the last moment he decided not to go."

Mr. Cutting laughed softly and said :

"His absence must be due to the fact that his 'personil and privit' affairs are running smoothly." Then, with a hurried "Good-by. See you again in a week," he was off. I had missed him much during his sojourn in search of rest. However, my own vacation would follow upon his return, and in the quiet idleness of the office I ruminated comfortably upon the good days ahead of me. But this pleasant method of killing time was soon put an end to by the entrance of O'Connor.

The warm old face was anxious and bore evident marks of kindly perplexity and distress. He was not a little excited. His first question as he seated himself beside me was what is not infrequently defined by users of modern English as "a dead give-away."

"So Mr. Cuttin' is gone ag'in, sor?" I knew, now, the old fellow had been waiting outside for my senior's departure.

"Yes. He is off for another week," I answered, cheerfully. O'Connor sighed with relief, placed his tall hat on the floor beside him, and mopped his moist face with his large red handkerchief, which during our ensuing conversation he allowed to remain across his knee.

"Well, 'tis glad I am of that, sor ; meanin' no dishrespect to Mr. Cuttin', sor, as you may well know ; and may Hivven bless him and give him the best of hilth!" He sighed deeply, looking gravely and anxiously at the floor in front of him. "'Twas yoursilf I wished to conshult ag'in, sor," he added, after a moment.

"What can I do for you this time?" I asked.

"Well, sor, 'tis no quistion of law, nor to do wid law ; for I will have no law come out av it, d'ye moind? 'Tis intoirely personil wid mesilf. Are ye afther knowin' what these cash-registers is, sor?"

I told him I knew them and knew them well. In point of fact, not many years before, I had acted as assistant counsel in a patent suit concerning cash-registers, and had then, incidentally, made a careful study of the intricate mechanism of the device.

"'Tis true, is ut, sor, they tells the amount of money in the till? Me darter Mollie—Mrs. Fennessey as ye know—sez 'tis so."

"Not exactly that, Mr. O'Connor," I replied, speaking slowly that he might the better understand. "A cash-register tells the amount that has been taken in. That amount ought to be in the drawer, unless, of course, some money has been taken out for some reason."

"Mollie said that, too," he replied, sadly.

"How do you happen to be interested in cash-registers?" I ventured.

"I bought wan o' the divvils, bad luck to it! for it has ruined me peace av moind and has put thoughts in me head I don't believe."

"How so?" I asked.

"L'ave me tell ye the whole thing, sor. Wan day—'twas a month ago this comin' Friday—a man kem to me offus ; and 'You should have a cash-register here,' he sez. 'Phwat's thim?' sez I, and what wid this an' wid that he exshplains to me that wan av thim would increase me receipts tin per cint. at least. 'I will look at wan,' I sez, and the next day he kem

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"I bought wan o' the divvils, bad luck to it!"—Page 344.

back ag'in, him an' another man, in a light cyart, and bring in the maychine. Shure 'twas a purty thing, all silver and bright, and, as the man said, an ornimint to me bar." He paused, and to give him time I said:

"Yes, I know very well what they look like. Indeed I understand just how they work, too."

"You do, thin, sor?" he said, pleased surprise in his voice. "Thin 'tis glad I am I kem to you. But look now! I sint for me darter, Mollie—she can figger and ahl like that, well—and the man exshplained to her and Chimmie, me bartinder, the workin's av the thing until bechune thim they understand it all. And thin—well, sor, I bought ut. The price was heavy, but 'twould increase me receipts tin per cint., d'ye moind?"

"Do you understand it all, too?" I queried.

"Well—no, sor, I cannot say I do; but 'tis no differ. Me time is taken up mostly wid buyin' and sellin' me junk. Chimmie runs me bar, and ivvry Sat'day night Mollie counts the cash av the bar, and turns it over to me. The man gave her the keys to the register—ye know there is severil keys to the insides of the thing—she undershtands it, sor."

"Do you ever open the box yourself?"

"Niver the insides. Wanst in awhile through the week, whin the ould woman do be needin' money for me house—wan day

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a five, an' wan day a tin—I open the drawer and get what she want."

"Tell me how you open the drawer?"

"I presses on the key, as the man told me, then the bell rings, the drawer runs out, and I takes me five or tin, as needed. Thin I marks down on a shlip of paper, handy in the drawer, what I have taken, and this shlip, do you understand? ripresints cash. Mollie adds my shlip to the cash she finds in the drawer, an' the two togither, d'ye moind? conshtitutes the amount of money there is." His explanation was given with great deliberation and care.

"That seems to be all right," I said when he had finished. "Now tell me what's the trouble." He still hesitated long, while the anxious lines in his face deepened.

Slowly he drew from his pocket his large, black wallet, and from it extracted four small, narrow slips of paper. Every one was dated, and upon each slip figures were written—all in the neat handwriting of Mrs. Timothy Fennessey, or, in other words, "me darter Mollie." The old man laid the slips upon my desk without a word, leaned back in his chair, and wearily wiped his heated brow.

The first slip was a fair example of the remaining three. It read as follows:

SATURDAY, August 5th, 189—	
Amount registered.....	$176 55
Cash and Father's slip	161 30
Amount missing.....	$15 25

The other slips were dated the twelfth, nineteenth, and twenty-sixth, respectively —each on a Saturday—and the amounts missing varied from that given above, which was the smallest of them all, to a shortage for the week of August 26th of thirty dollars.

O'Connor watched my face eagerly as I ran my eye over the bits of paper.

"Are you quite sure," I asked, "that you and your daughter and James, the bartender, are the only persons who have access to the register?"

"No odther livin' soul lays a hand to it. Just Mollie, mesilf, and Chimmie," he replied with firm conviction.

"You know all about Chimmie, of course, I suppose?" I questioned, unconsciously falling into his own pronunciation of his bartender's name. While making this inquiry I busied myself arranging the penholders and pencils on my desk in order that the question might not seem to him suggestive. His answer was prompt and decided:

"I do that, sor; and his father before him. Chimmie is a good faithful man to me these sivin years."

"You have perfect confidence in his honesty, then?"

"I have," said the old man, but almost in a whisper.

"Do you know anything of his habits outside of his employment?" I asked the question steadily, looking O'Connor squarely in the eyes. His gaze shifted from mine and sadly sought the floor again.

"He do play the harses," he said, after a long pause. "You know what I mean, sor?" This with an appealing look into my face. I bowed.

"You mean he buys pools on the horse-races."

"Yes—an' he do play cyards—but not much. But, sure, I niver bodther wid his affairs. Young fellys is not the same as old men like me. He is a good, square, honest lad, sor." His manner had flashed momentarily into warm assertion, but this soon began to fade slowly into miserable doubt. At length he added, with quivering voice, "Ah! sor, 'tis draggin' out the heart av me—an' may God forgive me! Shure, I will think no more about it. I'll not be pesthered wid the matter longer. 'Tis ahl right howiver it is. Thank you kindly, sor. I'll not take your time furdther." He had risen, hat in hand, and was about to go, a look of new-found relief accompanying his long sigh of satisfaction.

"There may be something wrong with the register," I remarked, quietly. Then I suggested, "Suppose I go back with you and examine it?"

"An' will ye do that, sor? 'Tis a kind man ye are and schmart. Come on now, you, wid me," and as we were leaving the office he added, "and if you can prove that pestherin' conthrivince a liar, may the Blessed Virgin repay ye!" So off we started.

During our not long walk down to his modest establishment on the wharf, I

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managed to turn the subject from the "pestherin' conthrivince" to that of the "little felly," O'Connor's only grandchild and Mollie's son. Thus we talked pleasantly on the way (I learning much about the baby's wonderful accomplishments), and I had the pleasure of noticing that with every step the old man's face brightened. He was evidently growing in the confident belief that my mission to prove the cash-register dishonest would be crowned with success. The while, however, the thought that horses and cards had more than once changed an honest nature to the reverse, would stay in my mind. Still, I liked Chimmie, whom I knew, and was little less anxious for success in my undertaking than was O'Connor himself.

O'Connor watched my face eagerly as I ran my eye over the bits of paper.—Page 346.

As we passed within the boundaries of O'Connor's kingdom a lusty roustabout was in the act of engulfing a huge glass of lager beer, while Chimmie was deftly "ringing in" the *quid pro quo* for the same in the form of a nickel. When he turned and caught sight of us, Chimmie greeted me by an easy, though entirely respectful wave of the hand, and slightly adjusted his long, clean white apron. I stopped a moment to shake hands with him across the bar, a feat accomplished after he had first wiped the member extended me on the apron before-mentioned. There was no sign of cunning in the clear blue eyes; no trace of care in the clean-shaven, round face. The *ensemble* of this face, surmounted as it was by thick, glossy, carefully brushed red hair, was good-nature blended with shrewd honesty.

"I hope you're well," I said.

"Fine," was the laconic reply, followed by the question, "How is they usin' you, sir?"

"I can't complain," I replied. "I came down to have a little talk with Mr. O'Connor. I'll see you later."

"Sure," said Chimmie.

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The roustabout, having wiped the beer from his lips with the back of his brawny hand, was now shambling out of the door, hitching at the narrow, black leather strap about his waist as he went. I walked down the room to the "offus" at the end of the bar. O'Connor's face was peering from the doorway, with a look of perplexity at my delay combined with pleased surprise at my greeting to Chimmie.

As on my former visits, the old man insisted upon my taking his own chair, the only one in the room, and seated himself upon a box that was standing against the partition.

"Whin ye have taken your rist, sor, I will ask Chimmie to bring the—the maychine to you. Then you may examine ut comfortable in here to your heart's contint."

"I am ready now," I replied. "But I want Chimmie to be in here with me to tell me how he uses it, and meantime, if you will, please, you wait outside and tend bar."

O'Connor willingly complied with my request, and a moment later Chimmie came in, all a-strain by the weight of his burden, but his young arms were stout and his back strong. So he deposited it safely and gently on the desk, or rather table, before me.

"Lead ain't in it with that," he remarked, as he slid it a little nearer me.

"That's so," I replied. Then with an air of carelessness, and as if the question had but just occurred to me, I asked, "By the way, didn't I see a sporting-card hanging up at the end of the bar?"

For the benefit of such of my readers as may be uninformed upon the subject, I will explain that a sporting-card is a bulletin issued daily for the benefit of the sporting fraternity, and giving the entries and results of the various races, and also information of like nature in regard to similar matters.

Chimmie's answer to my question was, "Sure. Do you want to look at it?" I nodded, my head bent over the keyboard of the register. Soon he returned and leaned against the door-jamb, card in hand, prepared to give me such information as I wanted.

"What horse did you play?" he asked.

"None," I replied, still examining the register—it was of a make new to me. "There is a horse there I am interested in, though. He belongs to an acquaintance of mine." This was true. "Spectacles. In the free-for-all. What did he do?"

"I can tell yer dat widout lookin'," Chimmie replied, lowering the card. "Spectacles win, wid Scraps second, an' Bumps ti'rd." His manner of speech and pronunciation, as well as his choice of words, were unconsciously adopted by him as being suitable for the question in hand. On ordinary subjects Chimmie always spoke unassumingly and with but little of the "tough" about him. "Dey gives dese nags jay names sometimes. Eh?"

"Do you play the races?" I asked, still not looking up.

"No," he replied. "I played 'em twice oncet. I lose one case first, an' lose two cases next trying to chase de first. T'ree cases is enough for me."

"How did you happen to know how the horses came in?" Chimmie was now all simplicity and sincerity.

"Oh, there's seven or eight friends o' mine works down to the warehouse on the end o' the wharf. They all plays the races, an' they drops in here two or three times a day regular. It's for them I gets the cards. See? Dis mornin' one o' dem lose ten solid cases. T'ink of it. Dey all lose. Dey was playin' Midnight, an' he never run. No, sir. Them other guys can play the horses if they want to. But I'm stayin' out for fair."

"Ever play cards?" I continued.

"Sure," said Chimmie, warming at the question. "Me and some o' my friends—not these guys I was tellin' you about—has a club; just a room, you know, where we sings, and plays the pianner, and debates sometimes. Twicet a month is the debates. Well, Saturday nights we plays draw. Friendly, you know. Last Saturday, I win two-sixty. That's the biggest ever I win. Somehow everything seemed to come my way."

"I suppose you mean two dollars and sixty cents," I said to draw him out. He burst into laughter.

"Sure," he said. "Did you think I meant two hundred and sixty cases? I guess you never played draw, did you, sir?"

"Oh, yes, I have," I said.

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"Well, if you ever won two hundred and sixty dollars in a ten-cent game, you couldn't ever play draw with *me*." Again he laughed, more heartily than before. "You're guyin' me, sir, I'm thinkin'." I joined in his merriment, all my suspicion of him gone.

"Now, Jimmie," I said, "I want you to step over here and tell me how you use this register. Show me how you work it."

"Is anything the matter with it?" he asked, as he stood beside me.

"That's what I want to find out," I said.

"I'm only onto the outside," Chimmie remarked, casually, seating himself in the chair. I had risen that he might the better get at the keyboard. "The insides o' the push is nothin' to me, sir. Miss Mollie takes charge o' them."

Then followed a perfectly lucid explanation on Chimmie's part, with such actual illustration as he could give without changing the amount registered. It all served to prove to my entire satisfaction that Chimmie with his clear head had thoroughly mastered the use of the machine as far as its external working was concerned.

"What good is it, anyhow?" he asked, as he rose and I sat down again.

"It shows the amount of money taken in 'over the bar.'"

"But the cash in the till done that, too," he remarked, inquiringly.

"Yes," I answered, "but there is a register inside, and the amount of the cash in the drawer must agree with the figures on the register to show that no money is missing."

"Mollie has the keys, sor."—Page 350.

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"Oh, is *that* it?" said Chimmie. "I see. Well it's no good to the boss, then, for sure. I would never do the old man out of a cent—it ain't my style—and he knows it well, too."

"He certainly does, Jimmie," I replied, adding, "and so do I."

"Well *he* does, anyway, for fair." This was accompanied by a steady look at me, which as much as said, "And it's just as well for you *you* do, too."

"Ask him to come in, please," was all I said in reply to the look, and soon the king and the prime minister had returned to their respective positions.

"Jimmie understands the machine perfectly, Mr. O'Connor," I said to the old man, "and undoubtedly he is all right."

"Glory be to God! Shure I knew it ahl along. May the Saints forgive me!" His face was beaming.

"Now let me have the keys," I said. "I want to get at the inside."

"Begorra!" he exclaimed, "to find the lie in ut! Thrue for you, sor." He was in much excitement and expectancy. "Now, where dthe divvil—oh, yis! Mollie has the keys, sor. She do be upshtairs wid her modther, her an' the little felly. Wait now, you, till I calls her." He left the little room with wonderful alacrity for so old a man, and soon returned followed by Mrs. Fennessey, clear-eyed and wholesome as ever, and with a pleasant greeting and warm hand-shake for me. Her hand was of no mean size, but was smooth and firm. Her red lips were parted in expectant interest.

At my request she went through the whole operation of balancing the cash. This, of course, necessitated the use of the keys, the reading of the register, the counting—in short, all that is required to learn what a cash-register can tell its owner. She did it all quickly and deftly, displaying a knowledge of the inside as thorough as was Chimmie's of the outer portions.

The cash balanced to a cent.

"It hasn't lied this time, Mr. O'Connor," I remarked.

"No," he replied, disappointment in his voice. "But 'tis only Monday yit. It will, before Sat'day night, though, I'll stake me life."

Mollie and I could not restrain our laughter. She placed a hand on her father's shoulder, and said, soothingly:

"Sure, father dear, there is some mistake. 'Twill all come right when we find out."

"Are you quite sure you have made no mistake in counting the money, Mrs. Fennessey?" I asked her.

"Well," she answered with a merry little laugh, "I am not one of those that never makes them. But it's seldom I makes them of this size." Then she added, with an approach to gravity, "You see, Mr. Parker, the total amount that's missing is eighty dollars and twenty-five cents. That's pretty big for one mistake. Still I might make one as big, once. But this is a mistake, regular, every week, of about twenty dollars. I may make mistakes, but I ain't so regular as all that—at any rate in counting money. I may make mistakes as regular in spendin' it. But not in countin' it." She laughed again, good-naturedly.

"How much did your father's slip for each week amount to?" I asked.

"Sure, I don't remember now. I just counted each one as so much money, do you understand? and then put in a clean slip for him in the drawer for the next week, and tore up the old one." She was delightful in her frankness.

"Do *you* remember, Mr. O'Connor?" I asked. He had been looking at one and the other of us as we talked, more and more perplexity settling upon his troubled face.

"Shure I don't, sor," he replied. "'Twas phwativer me wife asted for. That's all I know."

"Why! mother will know, then," Mollie exclaimed.

"Will you kindly ask her to come down and tell us? It may help to solve the mystery."

"I will with pleasure," came the ready answer, followed by Mollie's disappearance. The old man stood long in thought.

"That is the right worrud, sor," he said at last. "A myst*ee*rous myst'ry." I heard the sound of a child's cooing, gurgling voice; then Mrs. O'Connor appeared in the doorway, with Mollie at her side, holding the heir apparent on her arm. After greeting Mrs. O'Connor, who was good enough to say she was pleased to

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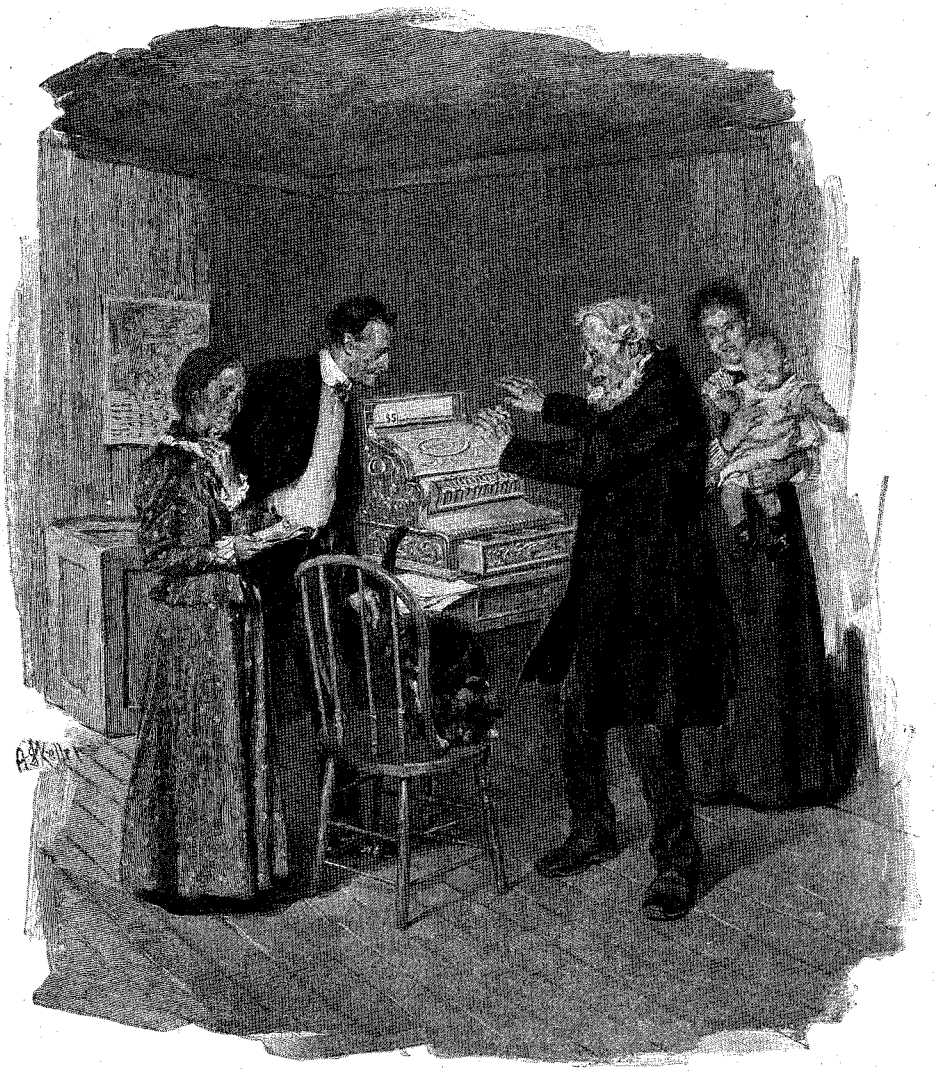

"I'll have it here no longer."—Page 352.

see me looking so well, I plunged at once into the subject in hand.

"Mrs. O'Connor," I said, "I think you can help us." She was standing with folded arms beside the desk, her small form erect, her eyes fixed upon me in expectancy. "Do you remember the different amounts you have received from your husband since he bought the cash-register?"

"I do that," she replied.

"Tell us what they were—never mind about each one; just the total amount for each week." I had taken a pencil and a piece of paper from my pocket, and jotted down the amounts as she stated them, which she did without the least hesitation or change in her attitude and position.

"The first week—that is, the week endin' Sat'day week, the day the machine come—I had fifteen dollars. The second week I had twinty dollars, having to buy coal for the range. The third week, fifteen ag'in, and last week thirty dollars." Here she turned to her daughter—"The carriage for the baby, you remember, Mollie." Mollie nodded and smiled at her boy, who was stretching out his chubby hands toward the glittering cause of all the trouble.

"Eighty dollars in all," I remarked. I

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thought I saw, at last, the explanation. "Now, Mr. O'Connor, will you be so kind as to show me just what you did when you drew out the money?" The old fellow hesitated to reply to my question, but finally said he did exactly what he told me at my office. He was evidently bashful about performing in public.

"But suppose you wished to draw out ten dollars, now, just show me how you would go about it."

"Go on, Michael dear," said his wife. "'Tis tin dollars I'm needin' this minnit." There was no avenue of escape. O'Connor accepted the situation heroically, and going to the machine proceeded as follows:

"I must furst exshplain," he began, "that I cannot write figgers by reason of me hands bein' shtiff, and—and me nivver havin' been accustomed to such worruk. But I can read figgers whin I see thim. For instance, now, that is five." He pointed to the key upon the flat, round end of which appeared the sign $5. "And that mar-rk before the five shtands for dollars." I said it certainly did, and, much encouraged, with growing confidence he continued, "Now tin is two fives, d'ye moind? and it's tin you want, Bridget Ann. So watch now."

O'Connor next pressed down the five-dollar key. The drawer flew open at the ring of the bell. Then he took a five-dollar bill from the pile in the drawer. This was accomplished after careful examination of the one finally selected. I believe he was now unconscious of our presence, so absorbed was he in what he was doing. He placed the bill on the table beside the cash-register—then drew out from the back of the drawer a small slip of paper. I started to hand him my pencil, but he had already produced, from his waistcoat pocket, the inch and a half remainder of one, which he wetted between his lips. Then, having laboriously made one long downward stroke on the slip, he replaced it in the drawer, which he then closed. The whole operation was repeated. During the repetition I glanced at Mollie. A sweet smile of mingled amusement and compassion was lurking at the corners of her generous mouth. The baby was stolidly staring at his grandfather. At last the drawer closed for the second time, and O'Connor handed his wife the two five-dollar bills.

"There, sor," he said, turning to me. "Shure 'tis just that way I ahlways dhraws the money—ahlways in fives, d'ye moind?" Before I could reply, Mollie was at his elbow.

"Yes, father dear, and you're all right—all but one thing. When you want to open the drawer you should press this key at the other end, with 'Change' printed on it."

"But 'twas not change I wanted," her father protested. "'Twas tin. Was it not, Bridget Ann?" appealing to his wife.

"It was," that lady replied. "An' I got the tin."

Now it may not be remembered that in the keyboard of every cash-register there is one key upon the disc or cap of which appears the superscription "change" or "no sale," and that this key is used to open the money-drawer when no sale is made, but when for some reason, such as paying out money or making change without sale, access to the money is necessary. Pressure upon this key adds nothing to the amount then existing upon the tape.

So by dint of Mollie's and my united efforts we finally succeeded in getting into the dear old head that every time he pressed the $5 key he was adding that sum to the amount registered. I closed the explanation by saying:

"And that accounts for the eighty dollars, Mr. O'Connor." He thought long, while his face darkened. At last he burst out:

"Drat the dthing, onnyhow! I'll have it here no longer. I'll take the cyart and carry it to the dump, mesilf. It have made a fool o' me; it have robbed me of me shleep dthese t'ree weeks; and it have made me —" Here he stopped, walked quickly to a little slide-covered opening in the partition, and softly called "Chimmie." I happened to be standing near the opening, and overheard the following conversation:

"Chimmie, ye have been a good faithful man to me. Ye are gettin' twilve a week now. Hereafther, it is fourteen you get."

"Thank you, Mr. O'Connor. There's no kick comin' from me on that. Thank you, sir."

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"It's wilcome ye are, Chimmie." Then the slide closed, and Mrs. O'Connor spoke. O'Connor's anger was softening.

"Michael dear, listen now to me. 'Tis no fault of the machine, dear. 'Twas just because it was new to you, darlin'."

"That's so-o," said O'Connor, thoughtfully, and added, wistfully, after a pause, "An' sure it *is* an ornimint to me bar."

"And it pleases the baby, too, father dear," said Mollie.

"Do it, now!" exclaimed O'Connor, a smile of wide beam spreading over his face.

"Why, the very first night while I was countin' the cash, he sat on me arm and watched me every movement."

"Well! Well!"

"Yes, an' what d'ye think?"

"Yis?" O'Connor was eager for the rest.

"Whin I had the cash counted, he made one grab before I could shut the drawer, and there he was with a fistful of quarters."

"*What* d'ye dthink o' that! Oh, my! Oh, my!" the grandparent exclaimed.

"But lemme tell yer," Mollie continued, "I took the quarters from him, put them back in the drawer, and shut it. And whin I got home, there was one quarter shut tight in his little fist. I never thought of it ag'in till now."

"And that accounts for the missing twenty-five cents," I remarked.

In the general laughter I made my escape. O'Connor accompanied me to the door. There he said, as we were about to part, and while he held my hand in his:

"Ye have been a good friend to me, many's the time, sor. I shall nivver forget it. And may—Oh! Oho! Oho!—" I looked at him in wonder. The exclamations were spasmodic. His face puckered as if he were about to sneeze. He leaned over and wheezed and coughed; then leaned back and laughed as I had never heard him laugh before, the tears rolling down his cheeks. He slapped his knees, danced and jumped up and down. When he could speak, he managed to say, huskily:

"Shure, we caught him after all."

"Who?"

"The t'ief—the little felly. He shtole a quarter arf me. Isn't he a marvil!" He had the remainder of his laugh out; then said to me, as I took my departure:

"May God bless you, sor, an' keep you safe from har-rm through all your life."

CRAFTY CUPID

By Frederick Truesdell

Cupid told man he shot blinded,
But I doubt it.
He has aimed at far too many
Without ever missing any.
Nay—he lied, that boy divine did.
He is merely absent-minded
While about it.

He once pierced me to the marrow
Or his dart did;
And the maid who walked beside me
Being unhurt, only guyed me,
For he used his other arrow
On a swiftly passing sparrow
And departed.

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THE TOUCHSTONE

By Edith Wharton

I

PROFESSOR JOSLIN, who, as our readers are doubtless aware, is engaged in writing the life of Mrs. Aubyn, asks us to state that he will be greatly indebted to any of the famous novelist's friends who will furnish him with information concerning the period previous to her coming to England. Mrs. Aubyn had so few intimate friends, and consequently so few regular correspondents, that letters will be of special value. Professor Joslin's address is 10 Augusta Gardens, Kensington, and he begs us to say that he will promptly return any documents entrusted to him."

Glennard dropped the *Spectator* and sat looking into the fire. The club was filling up, but he still had to himself the small inner room, with its darkening outlook down the rain-streaked prospect of Fifth Avenue. It was all dull and dismal enough, yet a moment earlier his boredom had been perversely tinged by a sense of resentment at the thought that, as things were going, he might in time have to surrender even the despised privilege of boring himself within those particular four walls. It was not that he cared much for the club, but that the remote contingency of having to give it up stood to him, just then, perhaps by very reason of its insignificance and remoteness, for the symbol of his increasing abnegations; of that perpetual paring-off that was gradually reducing existence to the naked business of keeping himself alive. It was the futility of his multiplied shifts and privations that made them seem unworthy of a high attitude; the sense that, however rapidly he eliminated the superfluous, his cleared horizon was likely to offer no nearer view of the one prospect toward which he strained. To give up things in order to marry the woman one loves is easier than to give them up without being brought appreciably nearer to such a conclusion.

Through the open door he saw young Hollingsworth rise with a yawn from the ineffectual solace of a brandy-and-soda and transport his purposeless person to the window. Glennard measured his course with a contemptuous eye. It was so like Hollingsworth to get up and look out of the window just as it was growing too dark to see anything! There was a man rich enough to do what he pleased—had he been capable of being pleased—yet barred from all conceivable achievement by his own impervious dulness; while, a few feet off, Glennard, who wanted only enough to keep a decent coat on his back and a roof over the head of the woman he loved, Glennard, who had sweated, toiled, denied himself for the scant measure of opportunity that his zeal would have converted into a kingdom—sat wretchedly calculating that, even when he had resigned from the club, and knocked off his cigars, and given up his Sundays out of town, he would still be no nearer to attainment.

The *Spectator* had slipped to his feet and as he picked it up his eye fell again on the paragraph addressed to the friends of Mrs. Aubyn. He had read it for the first time with a scarcely perceptible quickening of attention: her name had so long been public property that his eye passed it unseeingly, as the crowd in the street hurries without a glance by some familiar monument.

"Information concerning the period previous to her coming to England. . . ." The words were an evocation. He saw her again as she had looked at their first meeting, the poor woman of genius with her long pale face and short-sighted eyes, softened a little by the grace of youth and inexperience, but so incapable even then of any hold upon the pulses. When she spoke, indeed, she was wonderful, more wonderful, perhaps, than when later, to Glennard's fancy at least, the consciousness of memorable things uttered seemed to take from even her most intimate speech the perfect bloom of privacy. It was in those earliest days, if ever, that he had

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come near loving her; though even then his sentiment had lived only in the intervals of its expression. Later, when to be loved by her had been a state to touch any man's imagination, the physical reluctance had, inexplicably, so overborne the intellectual attraction, that the last years had been, to both of them, an agony of conflicting impulses. Even now, if, in turning over old papers, his hand lit on her letters, the touch filled him with inarticulate misery. . . .

"She had so few intimate friends . . . that letters will be of special value." So few intimate friends! For years she had had but one; one who in the last years had requited her wonderful pages, her tragic outpourings of love, humility, and pardon, with the scant phrases by which a man evades the vulgarest of sentimental importunities. He had been a brute in spite of himself, and sometimes, now that the remembrance of her face had faded, and only her voice and words remained with him, he chafed at his own inadequacy, his stupid inability to rise to the height of her passion. His egoism was not of a kind to mirror its complacency in the adventure. To have been loved by the most brilliant woman of her day, and to have been incapable of loving her, seemed to him, in looking back, the most derisive evidence of his limitations; and his remorseful tenderness for her memory was complicated with a sense of irritation against her for having given him once for all the measure of his emotional capacity. It was not often, however, that he thus probed the past. The public, in taking possession of Mrs. Aubyn, had eased his shoulders of their burden. There was something fatuous in an attitude of sentimental apology toward a memory already classic: to reproach one's self for not having loved Margaret Aubyn was a good deal like being disturbed by an inability to admire the Venus of Milo. From her cold niche of fame she looked down ironically enough on his self-flagellations. . . . It was only when he came on something that belonged to her that he felt a sudden renewal of the old feeling, the strange dual impulse that drew him to her voice but drove him from her hand, so that even now, at sight of anything she had touched, his heart contracted painfully. It happened seldom nowadays. Her little presents, one by one, had disappeared from his rooms, and her letters, kept from some unacknowledged puerile vanity in the possession of such treasures, seldom came beneath his hand. . . .

"Her letters will be of special value—" Her letters! Why, he must have hundreds of them—enough to fill a volume. Sometimes it used to seem to him that they came with every post—he used to avoid looking in his letter-box when he came home to his rooms—but her writing seemed to spring out at him as he put his key in the door—.

He stood up and strolled into the other room. Hollingsworth, lounging away from the window, had joined himself to a languidly convivial group of men to whom, in phrases as halting as though they struggled to define an ultimate idea, he was expounding the cursed nuisance of living in a hole with such a damned climate that one had to get out of it by February, with the contingent difficulty of there being no place to take one's yacht to in winter but that other played-out hole, the Riviera. From the outskirts of this group Glennard wandered to another, where a voice as different as possible from Hollingsworth's colorless organ dominated another circle of languid listeners.

"Come and hear Dinslow talk about his patent: admission free," one of the men sang out in a tone of mock resignation.

Dinslow turned to Glennard the confident pugnacity of his smile. "Give it another six months and it'll be talking about itself," he declared. "It's pretty nearly articulate now."

"Can it say papa?" someone else inquired.

Dinslow's smile broadened. "You'll be deuced glad to say papa to *it* a year from now," he retorted. "It'll be able to support even you in affluence. Look here, now, just let me explain to you——"

Glennard moved away impatiently. The men at the club—all but those who were "in it"— were proverbially "tired" of Dinslow's patent, and none more so than Glennard, whose knowledge of its merits made it loom large in the depressing catalogue of lost opportunities. The relations between the two men had always

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been friendly, and Dinslow's urgent offers to "take him in on the ground floor" had of late intensified Glennard's sense of his own inability to meet good luck half way. Some of the men who had paused to listen were already in evening clothes, others on their way home to dress; and Glennard, with an accustomed twinge of humiliation, said to himself that if he lingered among them it was in the miserable hope that one of the number might ask him to dine. Miss Trent had told him that she was to go to the opera that evening with her rich aunt; and if he should have the luck to pick up a dinner-invitation he might join her there without extra outlay.

He moved about the room, lingering here and there in a tentative affectation of interest; but though the men greeted him pleasantly no one asked him to dine. Doubtless they were all engaged, these men who could afford to pay for their dinners, who did not have to hunt for invitations as a beggar rummages for a crust in an ash-barrel! But no—as Hollingsworth left the lessening circle about the table an admiring youth called out—"Holly, stop and dine!"

Hollingsworth turned on him the crude countenance that looked like the wrong side of a more finished face. "Sorry I can't. I'm in for a beastly banquet."

Glennard threw himself into an armchair. Why go home in the rain to dress? It was folly to take a cab to the opera, it was worse folly to go there at all. His perpetual meetings with Alexa Trent were as unfair to the girl as they were unnerving to himself. Since he couldn't marry her, it was time to stand aside and give a better man the chance—and his thought admitted the ironical implication that in the terms of expediency the phrase might stand for Hollingsworth.

II

HE dined alone and walked home to his rooms in the rain. As he turned into Fifth Avenue he caught the wet gleam of carriages on their way to the opera, and he took the first side street, in a moment of irritation against the petty restrictions that thwarted every impulse. It was ridiculous to give up the opera, not because one might possibly be bored there, but because one must pay for the experiment.

In his sitting-room, the tacit connivance of the inanimate had centred the lamplight on a photograph of Alexa Trent, placed, in the obligatory silver frame, just where, as memory officiously reminded him, Margaret Aubyn's picture had long throned in its stead. Miss Trent's features cruelly justified the usurpation. She had the kind of beauty that comes of a happy accord of face and spirit. It is not given to many to have the lips and eyes of their rarest mood, and some women go through life behind a mask expressing only their anxiety about the butcher's bill or their inability to see a joke. With Miss Trent, face and mind had the same high serious contour. She looked like a throned Justice by some grave Florentine painter; and it seemed to Glennard that her most salient attribute, or that at least to which her conduct gave most consistent expression, was a kind of passionate justice—the intuitive feminine justness that is so much rarer than a reasoned impartiality. Circumstances had tragically combined to develop this instinct into a conscious habit. She had seen more than most girls of the shabby side of life, of the perpetual tendency of want to cramp the noblest attitude. Poverty and misfortune had overhung her childhood and she had none of the pretty delusions about life that are supposed to be the crowning grace of girlhood. This very competence, which gave her a touching reasonableness, made Glennard's situation more difficult than if he had aspired to a princess bred in the purple. Between them they asked so little—they knew so well how to make that *little* do—but they understood also, and she especially did not for a moment let him forget, that without that little the future they dreamed of was impossible.

The sight of her photograph quickened Glennard's exasperation. He was sick and ashamed of the part he was playing. He had loved her now for two years, with the tranquil tenderness that gathers depth and volume as it nears fulfilment; he knew that she would wait for him—but

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the certitude was an added pang. There are times when the constancy of the woman one cannot marry is almost as trying as that of the woman one does not want to.

Glennard turned up his reading-lamp and stirred the fire. He had a long evening before him and he wanted to crowd out thought with action. He had brought some papers from his office and he spread them out on his table and squared himself to the task. . . .

It must have been an hour later that he found himself automatically fitting a key into a locked drawer. He had no more notion than a somnambulist of the mental process that had led up to this action. He was just dimly aware of having pushed aside the papers and the heavy calf volumes that a moment before had bounded his horizon, and of laying in their place, without a trace of conscious volition, the parcel he had taken from the drawer.

The letters were tied in packets of thirty or forty. There were a great many packets. On some of the envelopes the ink was fading; on others, which bore the English post-mark, it was still fresh. She had been dead hardly three years, and she had written, at lengthening intervals, to the last. . . .

He undid one of the earlier packets—little notes written during their first acquaintance at Hillbridge. Glennard, on leaving college, had begun life in his uncle's law office in the old university town. It was there that, at the house of her father, Professor Forth, he had first met the young lady then chiefly distinguished for having, after two years of a conspicuously unhappy marriage, returned to the protection of the paternal roof.

Mrs. Aubyn was at that time an eager and somewhat tragic young woman, of complex mind and undeveloped manners, whom her crude experience of matrimony had fitted out with a stock of generalizations that exploded like bombs in the academic air of Hillbridge. In her choice of a husband she had been fortunate enough, if the paradox be permitted, to light on one so signally gifted with the faculty of putting himself in the wrong that her leaving him had the dignity of a manifesto—made her, as it were, the spokeswoman of outraged wifehood. In this light she was cherished by that dominant portion of Hillbridge society which was least indulgent to conjugal differences, and which found a proportionate pleasure in being for once able to feast openly on a dish liberally seasoned with the outrageous. So much did this endear Mrs. Aubyn to the university ladies that they were disposed from the first to allow her more latitude of speech and action than the ill-used wife was generally accorded in Hillbridge, where misfortune was still regarded as a visitation designed to put people in their proper place and make them feel the superiority of their neighbors. The young woman so privileged combined with a kind of personal shyness an intellectual audacity that was like a deflected impulse of coquetry: one felt that if she had been prettier she would have had emotions instead of ideas. She was in fact even then what she had always remained: a genius capable of the acutest generalizations, but curiously undiscerning where her personal susceptibilities were concerned. Her psychology failed her just where it serves most women and one felt that her brains would never be a guide to her heart. Of all this, however, Glennard thought little in the first year of their acquaintance. He was at an age when all the gifts and graces are but so much undiscriminated food to the ravening egoism of youth. In seeking Mrs. Aubyn's company he was prompted by an intuitive taste for the best as a pledge of his own superiority. The sympathy of the cleverest woman in Hillbridge was balm to his craving for distinction: it was public confirmation of his secret sense that he was cut out for a bigger place. It must not be understood that Glennard was vain. Vanity contents itself with the coarsest diet; there is no palate so fastidious as that of self-distrust. To a youth of Glennard's aspirations the encouragement of a clever woman stood for the symbol of all success. Later, when he had begun to feel his way, to gain a foothold, he would not need such support; but it served to carry him lightly and easily over what is often a period of insecurity and discouragement.

It would be unjust, however, to repre-

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sent his interest in Mrs. Aubyn as a matter of calculation. It was as instinctive as love, and it missed being love by just such a hair-breadth deflection from the line of beauty as had determined the curve of Mrs. Aubyn's lips. When they met she had just published her first novel, and Glennard, who afterward had an ambitious man's impatience of distinguished women, was young enough to be dazzled by the semi-publicity it gave her. It was the kind of book that makes elderly ladies lower their voices and call each other "my dear" when they furtively discuss it; and Glennard exulted in the superior knowledge of the world that enabled him to take as a matter of course sentiments over which the university shook its head. Still more delightful was it to hear Mrs. Aubyn waken the echoes of academic drawing-rooms with audacities surpassing those of her printed page. Her intellectual independence gave a touch of comradeship to their intimacy, prolonging the illusion of college friendships based on a joyous interchange of heresies. Mrs. Aubyn and Glennard represented to each other the augur's wink behind the Hillbridge idol: they walked together in that light of young omniscience from which fate so curiously excludes one's elders.

Husbands who are notoriously inopportune, may even die inopportunely, and this was the revenge that Mr. Aubyn, some two years after her return to Hillbridge, took upon his injured wife. He died precisely at the moment when Glennard was beginning to criticise her. It was not that she bored him; she did what was infinitely worse—she made him feel his inferiority. The sense of mental equality had been gratifying to his raw ambition; but as his self-knowledge defined itself, his understanding of her also increased; and if man is at times indirectly flattered by the moral superiority of woman, her mental ascendency is extenuated by no such oblique tribute to his powers. The attitude of looking up is a strain on the muscles; and it was becoming more and more Glennard's opinion that brains, in a woman, should be merely the obverse of beauty. To beauty Mrs. Aubyn could lay no claim; and while she had enough prettiness to exasperate him by her incapacity to make use of it, she seemed invincibly ignorant of any of the little artifices whereby women contrive to palliate their defects and even to turn them into graces. Her dress never seemed a part of her; all her clothes had an impersonal air, as though they had belonged to someone else and been borrowed in an emergency that had somehow become chronic. She was conscious enough of her deficiencies to try to amend them by rash imitations of the most approved models; but no woman who does not dress well intuitively will ever do so by the light of reason, and Mrs. Aubyn's plagiarisms, to borrow a metaphor of her trade, somehow never seemed to be incorporated with the text.

Genius is of small use to a woman who does not know how to do her hair. The fame that came to Mrs. Aubyn with her second book left Glennard's imagination untouched, or had at most the negative effect of removing her still farther from the circle of his contracting sympathies. We are all the sport of time; and fate had so perversely ordered the chronology of Margaret Aubyn's romance that when her husband died Glennard felt as though he had lost a friend.

It was not in his nature to be needlessly unkind; and though he was in the impregnable position of the man who has given a woman no more definable claim on him than that of letting her fancy that he loves her, he would not for the world have accentuated his advantage by any betrayal of indifference. During the first year of her widowhood their friendship dragged on with halting renewals of sentiment, becoming more and more a banquet of empty dishes from which the covers were never removed; then Glennard went to New York to live and exchanged the faded pleasures of intercourse for the comparative novelty of correspondence. Her letters, oddly enough, seemed at first to bring her nearer than her presence. She had adopted, and she successfully maintained, a note as affectionately impersonal as his own; she wrote ardently of her work, she questioned him about his, she even bantered him on the inevitable pretty girl who was certain before long to divert the current of his confidences. To Glennard, who was almost a stranger in New York, the sight of Mrs.

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Aubyn's writing was like a voice of reassurance in surroundings as yet insufficiently aware of him. His vanity found a retrospective enjoyment in the sentiment his heart had rejected, and this factitious emotion drove him once or twice to Hillbridge, whence, after scenes of evasive tenderness, he returned dissatisfied with himself and her. As he made room for himself in New York and peopled the space he had cleared with the sympathies at the disposal of agreeable and self-confident young men, it seemed to him natural to infer that Mrs. Aubyn had refurnished in the same manner the void he was not unwilling his departure should have left. But in the dissolution of sentimental partnerships it is seldom that both associates are able to withdraw their funds at the same time; and Glennard gradually learned that he stood for the venture on which Mrs. Aubyn had irretrievably staked her all. It was not the kind of figure he cared to cut. He had no fancy for leaving havoc in his wake and would have preferred to sow a quick growth of oblivion in the spaces wasted by his unconsidered inroads; but if he supplied the seed it was clearly Mrs. Aubyn's business to see to the raising of the crop. Her attitude seemed indeed to throw his own reasonableness into distincter relief: so that they might have stood for thrift and improvidence in an allegory of the affections.

It was not that Mrs. Aubyn permitted herself to be a pensioner on his bounty. He knew she had no wish to keep herself alive on the small change of sentiment; she simply fed on her own funded passion, and the luxuries it allowed her made him, even then, dimly aware that she had the secret of an inexhaustible alchemy.

Their relations remained thus negatively tender till she suddenly wrote him of her decision to go abroad to live. Her father had died, she had no near ties in Hillbridge, and London offered more scope than New York to her expanding personality. She was already famous and her laurels were yet unharvested.

For a moment the news roused Glennard to a jealous sense of lost opportunities. He wanted, at any rate, to reassert his power before she made the final effort of escape. They had not met for over a year, but of course he could not let her sail without seeing her. She came to New York the day before her departure, and they spent its last hours together. Glennard had planned no course of action—he simply meant to let himself drift. They both drifted, for a long time, down the languid current of reminiscence; she seemed to sit passive, letting him push his way back through the overgrown channels of the past. At length she reminded him that they must bring their explorations to an end. He rose to leave, and stood looking at her with the same uncertainty in his heart. He was tired of her already—he was always tired of her—yet he was not sure that he wanted her to go.

"I may never see you again," he said, as though confidently appealing to her compassion.

Her look enveloped him. "And I shall see you always—always!"

"Why go then— ?" escaped him.

"To be nearer you," she answered; and the words dismissed him like a closing door.

The door was never to reopen; but through its narrow crack Glennard, as the years went on, became more and more conscious of an inextinguishable light directing its small ray toward the past which consumed so little of his own commemorative oil. The reproach was taken from this thought by Mrs. Aubyn's gradual translation into terms of universality. In becoming a personage she so naturally ceased to be a person that Glennard could almost look back to his explorations of her spirit as on a visit to some famous shrine, immortalized, but in a sense desecrated, by popular veneration.

Her letters, from London, continued to come with the same tender punctuality; but the altered conditions of her life, the vistas of new relationships disclosed by every phrase, made her communications as impersonal as a piece of journalism. It was as though the state, the world, indeed, had taken her off his hands, assuming the maintenance of a temperament that had long exhausted his slender store of reciprocity.

In the retrospective light shed by the letters he was blinded to their specific meaning. He was not a man who concerned himself with literature, and they had been to him, at first, simply the extension of her brilliant talk, later the dreaded

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vehicle of a tragic importunity. He knew, of course, that they were wonderful; that, unlike the authors who give their essence to the public and keep only a dry rind for their friends, Mrs. Aubyn had stored of her rarest vintage for this hidden sacrament of tenderness. Sometimes, indeed, he had been oppressed, humiliated almost, by the multiplicity of her allusions, the wide scope of her interests, her persistence in forcing her superabundance of thought and emotion into the shallow receptacle of his sympathy; but he had never thought of the letters objectively, as the production of a distinguished woman; had never measured the literary significance of her oppressive prodigality. He was almost frightened now at the wealth in his hands; the obligation of her love had never weighed on him like this gift of her imagination: it was as though he had accepted from her something to which even a reciprocal tenderness could not have justified his claim.

He sat a long time staring at the scattered pages on his desk; and in the sudden realization of what they meant he could almost fancy some alchemistic process changing them to gold as he stared. He had the sense of not being alone in the room, of the presence of another self observing from without the stirring of subconscious impulses that sent flushes of humiliation to his forehead. At length he stood up, and with the gesture of a man who wishes to give outward expression to his purpose—to establish, as it were, a moral alibi—swept the letters into a heap and carried them toward the grate. But it would have taken too long to burn all the packets. He turned back to the table and one by one fitted the pages into their envelopes; then he tied up the letters and put them back into the locked drawer.

III

IT was one of the laws of Glennard's intercourse with Miss Trent that he always went to see her the day after he had resolved to give her up. There was a special charm about the moments thus snatched from the jaws of renunciation; and his sense of their significance was on this occasion so keen that he hardly noticed the added gravity of her welcome.

His feeling for her had become so vital a part of him that her nearness had the quality of imperceptibly readjusting his point of view, so that the jumbled phenomena of experience fell at once into a rational perspective. In this redistribution of values the sombre retrospect of the previous evening shrank to a mere cloud on the edge of consciousness. Perhaps the only service an unloved woman can render the man she loves is to enhance and prolong his illusions about her rival. It was the fate of Margaret Aubyn's memory to serve as a foil to Miss Trent's presence, and never had the poor lady thrown her successor into more vivid relief.

Miss Trent had the charm of still waters that are felt to be renewed by rapid currents. Her attention spread a tranquil surface to the demonstrations of others, and it was only in days of storm that one felt the pressure of the tides. This inscrutable composure was perhaps her chief grace in Glennard's eyes. Reserve, in some natures, implies merely the locking of empty rooms or the dissimulation of awkward encumbrances; but Miss Trent's reticence was to Glennard like the closed door to the sanctuary, and his certainty of divining the hidden treasure made him content to remain outside in the happy expectancy of the neophyte.

"You didn't come to the opera last night," she began, in the tone that seemed always rather to record a fact than to offer a reflection on it.

He answered with a discouraged gesture. "What was the use? We couldn't have talked."

"Not as well as here," she assented; adding, after a meditative pause, "As you didn't come I talked to Aunt Virginia instead."

"Ah!" he returned, the fact being hardly striking enough to detach him from the contemplation of her hands, which had fallen, as was their wont, into an attitude full of plastic possibilities. One felt them to be hands that, moving only to some purpose, were capable of intervals of serene inaction.

"We had a long talk," Miss Trent went on; and she waited again before adding,

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with the increased absence of stress that marked her graver communications, "Aunt Virginia wants me to go abroad with her."

Glennard looked up with a start. "Abroad? When?"

"Now—next month. To be gone two years."

He permitted himself a movement of tender derision. "Does she really? Well, I want you to go abroad with *me*—for any number of years. Which offer do you accept?"

"Only one of them seems to require immediate consideration," she returned, with a smile.

Glennard looked at her again. "You're not thinking of it?"

Her gaze dropped and she unclasped her hands. Her movements were so rare that they might have been said to italicize her words. "Aunt Virginia talked to me very seriously. It will be a great relief to mother and the others to have me provided for in that way for two years. I must think of that, you know." She glanced down at her gown which, under a renovated surface, dated back to the first days of Glennard's wooing. "I try not to cost much—but I do."

"Good Lord!" Glennard groaned.

They sat silent till at length she gently took up the argument. "As the eldest, you know, I'm bound to consider these things. Women are such a burden. Jim does what he can for mother, but with his own children to provide for it isn't very much. You see, we're all poor together."

"Your aunt isn't. She might help your mother."

"She does—in her own way."

"Exactly—that's the rich relation all over! You may be miserable in any way you like, but if you're to be happy you've got to be so in her way—and in her old gowns."

"I could be very happy in Aunt Virginia's old gowns," Miss Trent interposed.

"Abroad, you mean?"

"I mean wherever I felt that I was helping. And my going abroad will help."

"Of course—I see that. And I see your considerateness in putting its advantages negatively."

"Negatively?"

"In dwelling simply on what the going will take you from, not on what it will bring you to. It means a lot to a woman, of course, to get away from a life like this." He summed up in a disparaging glance the background of indigent furniture. "The question is how you'll like coming back to it."

She seemed to accept the full consequences of his thought. "I only know I don't like leaving it."

He flung back sombrely, "You don't even put it conditionally then?"

Her gaze deepened. "On what?"

He stood up and walked across the room. Then he came back and paused before her. "On the alternative of marrying me."

The slow color—even her blushes seemed deliberate—rose to her lower lids; her lips stirred, but the words resolved themselves into a smile and she waited.

He took another turn, with the thwarted step of the man whose nervous exasperation escapes through his muscles.

"And to think that in fifteen years I shall have a big practice!"

Her eyes triumphed for him. "In less!"

"The cursed irony of it! What do I care for the man I shall be then? It's slaving one's life away for a stranger!" He took her hands abruptly. "You'll go to Cannes, I suppose, or Monte Carlo? I heard Hollingsworth say to-day that he meant to take his yacht over to the Mediterranean——"

She released herself. "If you think that——"

"I don't. I almost wish I did. It would be easier, I mean." He broke off incoherently. "I believe your Aunt Virginia does, though. She somehow connotes Hollingsworth and the Mediterranean." He caught her hands again. "Alexa—if we could manage a little hole somewhere out of town?"

"Could we?" she sighed, half yielding.

"In one of those places where they make jokes about the mosquitoes," he pressed her. "Could you get on with one servant?"

"Could you get on without varnished boots?"

"Promise me you won't go, then!"

"What are you thinking of, Stephen?"

"I don't know," he stammered, the question giving unexpected form to his

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intention. "It's all in the air yet, of course; but I picked up a tip the other day——"

"You're not speculating?" she cried, with a kind of superstitious terror.

"Lord, no. This is a sure thing—I almost wish it wasn't; I mean if I can work it—" He had a sudden vision of the comprehensiveness of the temptation. If only he had been less sure of Dinslow! His assurance gave the situation the base element of safety.

"I don't understand you," she faltered.

"Trust me, instead!" he adjured her, with sudden energy; and turning on her abruptly, "If you go, you know, you go free," he concluded.

She drew back, paling a little. "Why do you make it harder for me?"

"To make it easier for myself," he retorted.

IV

GLENNARD, the next afternoon, leaving his office earlier than usual, turned, on his way home, into one of the public libraries.

He had the place to himself at that closing hour, and the librarian was able to give an undivided attention to his tentative request for letters—collections of letters. The librarian suggested Walpole.

"I meant women—women's letters."

The librarian proffered Hannah More and Miss Martineau.

Glennard cursed his own inarticulateness. "I mean letters to—to some one person—a man; their husband—or——"

"Ah," said the inspired librarian, "Eloise and Abailard."

"Well—something a little nearer, perhaps," said Glennard, with lightness. "Didn't Mérimée——"

"The lady's letters, in that case, were not published."

"Of course not," said Glennard, vexed at his blunder.

"There are George Sand's letters to Flaubert."

"Ah!" Glennard hesitated. "Was she—were they—?" He chafed at his own ignorance of the sentimental by-paths of literature.

"If you want love-letters, perhaps some of the French eighteenth century correspondences might suit you better—Mlle. Aissé or Madame de Sabran——"

But Glennard insisted. "I want something modern—English or American. I want to look something up," he lamely concluded.

The librarian could only suggest George Eliot.

"Well, give me some of the French things, then—and I'll have Mérimée's letters. It was the woman who published them, wasn't it?"

He caught up his armful, transferring it, on the doorstep, to a cab which carried him to his rooms. He dined alone, hurriedly, at a small restaurant near by, and returned at once to his books.

Late that night, as he undressed, he wondered what contemptible impulse had forced from him his last words to Alexa Trent. It was bad enough to interfere with the girl's chances by hanging about her to the obvious exclusion of other men, but it was worse to seem to justify his weakness by dressing up the future in delusive ambiguities. He saw himself sinking from depth to depth of sentimental cowardice in his reluctance to renounce his hold on her; and it filled him with self-disgust to think that the highest feeling of which he supposed himself capable was blent with such base elements.

His awakening was hardly cheered by the sight of her writing. He tore her note open and took in the few lines—she seldom exceeded the first page—with the lucidity of apprehension that is the forerunner of evil.

"My aunt sails on Saturday and I must give her my answer the day after to-morrow. Please don't come till then—I want to think the question over by myself. I know I ought to go. Won't you help me to be reasonable?"

It was settled, then. Well, he would be reasonable; he wouldn't stand in her way; he would let her go. For two years he had been living some other, luckier man's life; the time had come when he must drop back into his own. He no longer tried to look ahead, to grope his way through the endless labyrinth of his material difficulties; a sense of dull resignation closed in on him like a fog.

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"Hullo, Glennard!" a voice said, as an electric-car, late that afternoon, dropped him at an uptown corner.

He looked up and met the interrogative smile of Barton Flamel, who stood on the curbstone watching the retreating car with the eye of a man philosophic enough to remember that it will be followed by another.

Glennard felt his usual impulse of pleasure at meeting Flamel; but it was not in this case curtailed by the reaction of contempt that habitually succeeded it. Probably even the few men who had known Flamel since his youth could have given no good reason for the vague mistrust that he inspired. Some people are judged by their actions, others by their ideas; and perhaps the shortest way of defining Flamel is to say that his well-known leniency of view was vaguely divined to include himself. Simple minds may have resented the discovery that his opinions were based on his perceptions; but there was certainly no more definite charge against him than that implied in the doubt as to how he would behave in an emergency, and his company was looked upon as one of those mildly unwholesome dissipations to which the prudent may occasionally yield. It now offered itself to Glennard as an easy escape from the obsession of moral problems, which somehow could no more be worn in Flamel's presence than a surplice in the street.

"Where are you going? To the club?" Flamel asked; adding, as the younger man assented, "Why not come to my studio instead? You'll see one bore instead of twenty."

The apartment which Flamel described as his studio showed, as its one claim to the designation, a perennially empty easel; the rest of its space being filled with the evidences of a comprehensive dilettanteism. Against this background, which seemed the visible expression of its owner's intellectual tolerance, rows of fine books detached themselves with a prominence, showing them to be Flamel's chief care.

Glennard glanced with the eye of untrained curiosity at the lines of warm-toned morocco, while his host busied himself with the uncorking of Apollinaris.

"You've got a splendid lot of books," he said.

"They're fairly decent," the other assented, in the curt tone of the collector who will not talk of his passion for fear of talking of nothing else; then, as Glennard, his hands in his pockets, began to stroll perfunctorily down the long line of bookcases—"Some men," Flamel irresistibly added, "think of books merely as tools, others as tooling. I'm between the two; there are days when I use them as scenery, other days when I want them as society; so that, as you see, my library represents a makeshift compromise between looks and brains, and the collectors look down on me almost as much as the students."

Glennard, without answering, was mechanically taking one book after another from the shelves. His hands slipped curiously over the smooth covers and the noiseless subsidence of opening pages. Suddenly he came on a thin volume of faded manuscript.

"What's this?" he asked, with a listless sense of wonder.

"Ah, you're at my manuscript shelf. I've been going in for that sort of thing lately." Flamel came up and looked over his shoulders. "That's a bit of Stendhal—one of the Italian stories—and here are some letters of Balzac to Madame Commanville."

Glennard took the book with sudden eagerness. "Who was Madame Commanville?"

"His sister." He was conscious that Flamel was looking at him with the smile that was like an interrogation point. "I didn't know you cared for this kind of thing."

"I don't—at least I've never had the chance. Have you many collections of letters?"

"Lord, no—very few. I'm just beginning, and most of the interesting ones are out of my reach. Here's a queer little collection, though—the rarest thing I've got—half a dozen of Shelley's letters to Harriet Westbrook. I had a devil of a time getting them—a lot of collectors were after them."

Glennard, taking the volume from his hand, glanced with a kind of repugnance at the interleaving of yellow cris-crossed

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sheets. "She was the one who drowned herself, wasn't she?"

Flamel nodded. "I suppose that little episode adds about fifty per cent. to their value," he said, meditatively.

Glennard laid the book down. He wondered why he had joined Flamel. He was in no humor to be amused by the older man's talk, and a recrudescence of personal misery rose about him like an icy tide.

"I believe I must take myself off," he said. "I'd forgotten an engagement."

He turned to go; but almost at the same moment he was conscious of a duality of intention wherein his apparent wish to leave revealed itself as a last effort of the will against the overmastering desire to stay and unbosom himself to Flamel.

The older man, as though divining the conflict, laid a detaining pressure on his arm.

"Won't the engagement keep? Sit down and try one of these cigars. I don't often have the luck of seeing you here."

"I'm rather driven just now," said Glennard, vaguely. He found himself seated again, and Flamel had pushed to his side a low stand holding a bottle of Apollinaris and a decanter of cognac.

Flamel, thrown back in his capacious arm-chair, surveyed him through a cloud of smoke with the comfortable tolerance of the man to whom no inconsistencies need be explained. Connivance was implicit in the air. It was the kind of atmosphere in which the outrageous loses its edge. Glennard felt a gradual relaxing of his nerves.

"I suppose one has to pay a lot for letters like that?" he heard himself asking, with a glance in the direction of the volume he had laid aside.

"Oh, so-so — depends on circumstances." Flamel viewed him thoughtfully. "Are you thinking of collecting?"

Glennard laughed. "Lord, no. The other way round."

"Selling?"

"Oh, I hardly know. I was thinking of a poor chap——"

Flamel filled the pause with a nod of interest.

"A poor chap I used to know—who died—he died last year—and who left me a lot of letters, letters he thought a great deal of—he was fond of me and left 'em to me outright, with the idea, I suppose, that they might benefit me somehow—I don't know—I'm not much up on such things—" he reached his hand to the tall glass his host had filled.

"A collection of autograph letters, eh? Any big names?"

"Oh, only one name. They're all letters written to him—by one person, you understand; a woman, in fact——"

"Oh, a woman," said Flamel, negligently.

Glennard was nettled by his obvious loss of interest. "I rather think they'd attract a good deal of notice if they were published."

Flamel still looked uninterested. "Love-letters, I suppose?"

"Oh, just—the letters a woman would write to a man she knew well. They were tremendous friends, he and she."

"And she wrote a clever letter?"

"Clever? It was Margaret Aubyn."

A great silence filled the room. It seemed to Glennard that the words had burst from him as blood gushes from a wound.

"Great Scott!" said Flamel, sitting up. "A collection of Margaret Aubyn's letters? Did you say *you* had them?"

"They were left me—by my friend."

"I see. Was he — well, no matter. You're to be congratulated, at any rate. What are you going to do with them?"

Glennard stood up with a sense of weariness in all his bones. "Oh, I don't know. I haven't thought much about it. I just happened to see that some fellow was writing her life——"

"Joslin; yes. You didn't think of giving them to him?"

Glennard had lounged across the room and stood staring up at a bronze Bacchus who drooped his garlanded head above the pediment of an Italian cabinet. "What ought I to do? You're just the fellow to advise me." He felt the blood in his cheek as he spoke.

Flamel sat with meditative eye. "What do you *want* to do with them?" he asked.

"I want to publish them," said Glennard, swinging round with sudden energy—"If I can——"

"If you can? They're yours, you say?"

"They're mine fast enough. There's no one to prevent—I mean there are no

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restrictions—" he was arrested by the sense that these accumulated proofs of impunity might precisely stand as the strongest check on his action.

"And Mrs. Aubyn had no family, I believe?"

"No."

"Then I don't see who's to interfere," said Flamel, studying his cigar-tip.

Glennard had turned his unseeing stare on an ecstatic Saint Catherine framed in tarnished gilding.

"It's just this way," he began again, with an effort. "When letters are as personal as—as these of my friend's. . . . Well, I don't mind telling you that the cash would make a heap of difference to me; such a lot that it rather obscures my judgment—the fact is if I could lay my hand on a few thousands now I could get into a big thing, and without appreciable risk; and I'd like to know whether you think I'd be justified—under the circumstances. . . ." He paused, with a dry throat. It seemed to him at the moment that it would be impossible for him ever to sink lower in his own estimation. He was in truth less ashamed of weighing the temptation than of submitting his scruples to a man like Flamel, and affecting to appeal to sentiments of delicacy on the absence of which he had consciously reckoned. But he had reached a point where each word seemed to compel another, as each wave in a stream is forced forward by the pressure behind it; and before Flamel could speak he had faltered out—"You don't think people could say . . . could criticise the man. . . ."

"But the man's dead, isn't he?"

"He's dead—yes; but can I assume the responsibility without——"

Flamel hesitated; and almost immediately Glennard's scruples gave way to irritation. If at this hour Flamel were to affect an inopportune reluctance——!

The older man's answer reassured him. "Why need you assume any responsibility? Your name won't appear, of course; and as to your friend's, I don't see why his should, either. He wasn't a celebrity himself, I suppose?"

"No, no."

"Then the letters can be addressed to Mr. Blank. Doesn't that make it all right?"

Glennard's hesitation revived. "For the public, yes. But I don't see that it alters the case for me. The question is, ought I to publish them at all?"

"Of course you ought to." Flamel spoke with invigorating emphasis. "I doubt if you'd be justified in keeping them back. Anything of Margaret Aubyn's is more or less public property by this time. She's too great for any one of us. I was only wondering how you could use them to the best advantage—to yourself, I mean. How many are there?"

"Oh, a lot; perhaps a hundred—I haven't counted. There may be more. . . ."

"Gad! What a haul! When were they written?"

"I don't know—that is—they corresponded for years. What's the odds?" He moved toward his hat with a vague impulse of flight.

"It all counts," said Flamel, imperturbably. "A long correspondence—one, I mean, that covers a great deal of time—is obviously worth more than if the same number of letters had been written within a year. At any rate, you won't give them to Joslin? They'd fill a book, wouldn't they?"

"I suppose so. I don't know how much it takes to fill a book."

"Not love-letters, you say?"

"Why?" flashed from Glennard.

"Oh, nothing—only the big public is sentimental, and if they *were*—why, you could get any money for Margaret Aubyn's love-letters."

Glennard was silent.

"Are the letters interesting in themselves? I mean apart from the association with her name?"

"I'm no judge." Glennard took up his hat and thrust himself into his overcoat. "I dare say I sha'n't do anything about it. And, Flamel—you won't mention this to anyone?"

"Lord, no. Well, I congratulate you. You've got a big thing." Flamel was smiling at him from the hearth.

Glennard, on the threshold, forced a response to the smile, while he questioned with loitering indifference—"Financially, eh?"

"Rather; I should say so."

Glennard's hand lingered on the knob.

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"How much — should you say? You know about such things."

"Oh, I should have to see the letters; but I should say—well, if you've got enough to fill a book and they're fairly readable, and the book is brought out at the right time—say ten thousand down from the publisher, and possibly one or two more in royalties. If you got the publishers bidding against each other you might do even better; but of course I'm talking in the dark."

"Of course," said Glennard, with sudden dizziness. His hand had slipped from the knob and he stood staring down at the exotic spirals of the Persian rug beneath his feet.

"I'd have to see the letters," Flamel repeated.

"Of course — you'd have to see them. . . ." Glennard stammered; and, without turning, he flung over his shoulder an inarticulate "Good-by. . . ."

V

THE little house, as Glennard strolled up to it between the trees, seemed no more than a gay tent pitched against the sunshine. It had the crispness of a freshly starched summer gown, and the geraniums on the veranda bloomed as simultaneously as the flowers in a bonnet. The garden was prospering absurdly. Seed they had sown at random—amid laughing counter-charges of incompetence—had shot up in fragrant defiance of their blunders. He smiled to see the clematis unfolding its punctual wings about the porch. The tiny lawn was smooth as a shaven cheek, and a crimson rambler mounted to the nursery-window of a baby who never cried. A breeze shook the awning above the tea-table, and his wife, as he drew near, could be seen bending above a kettle that was just about to boil. So vividly did the whole scene suggest the painted bliss of a stage setting, that it would have been hardly surprising to see her step forward among the flowers and trill out her virtuous happiness from the veranda-rail.

The stale heat of the long day in town, the dusty promiscuity of the suburban train were now but the requisite foil to an evening of scented breezes and tranquil talk. They had been married more than a year, and each home-coming still reflected the freshness of their first day together. If, indeed, their happiness had a flaw, it was in resembling too closely the bright impermanence of their surroundings. Their love as yet was but the gay tent of holiday-makers.

His wife looked up with a smile. The country life suited her, and her beauty had gained depth from a stillness in which certain faces might have grown opaque.

"Are you very tired?" she asked, pouring his tea.

"Just enough to enjoy this." He rose from the chair in which he had thrown himself and bent over the tray for his cream. "You've had a visitor?" he commented, noticing a half-empty cup beside her own.

"Only Mr. Flamel," she said, indifferently.

"Flamel? Again?"

She answered without show of surprise. "He left just now. His yacht is down at Laurel Bay and he borrowed a trap of the Dreshams to drive over here."

Glennard made no comment, and she went on, leaning her head back against the cushions of her bamboo-seat, "He wants us to go for a sail with him next Sunday."

Glennard meditatively stirred his tea. He was trying to think of the most natural and unartificial thing to say, and his voice seemed to come from the outside, as though he were speaking behind a marionette. "Do you want to?"

"Just as you please," she said, compliantly. No affectation of indifference could have been as baffling as her compliance. Glennard, of late, was beginning to feel that the surface which, a year ago, he had taken for a sheet of clear glass, might, after all, be a mirror reflecting merely his own conception of what lay behind it.

"Do you like Flamel?" he suddenly asked; to which, still engaged with her tea, she returned the feminine answer—"I thought you did."

"I do, of course," he agreed, vexed at his own incorrigible tendency to magnify Flamel's importance by hovering about

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the topic. "A sail would be rather jolly; let's go."

She made no reply and he drew forth the rolled-up evening papers which he had thrust into his pocket on leaving the train. As he smoothed them out his own countenance seemed to undergo the same process. He ran his eye down the list of stocks and Flamel's importunate personality receded behind the rows of figures pushing forward into notice like so many bearers of good news. Glennard's investments were flowering like his garden: the dryest shares blossomed into dividends, and a golden harvest awaited his sickle.

He glanced at his wife with the tranquil air of the man who digests good luck as naturally as the dry ground absorbs a shower. "Things are looking uncommonly well. I believe we shall be able to go to town for two or three months next winter if we can find something cheap."

She smiled luxuriously: it was pleasant to be able to say, with an air of balancing relative advantages, "Really, on the baby's account I shall be almost sorry; but if we do go, there's Kate Erskine's house . . . she'll let us have it for almost nothing. . . . "

"Well, write her about it," he recommended, his eye travelling on in search of the weather report. He had turned to the wrong page; and suddenly a line of black characters leapt out at him as from an ambush.

"'Margaret Aubyn's Letters.' Two volumes. Out to-day. First edition of five thousand sold out before leaving the press. Second edition ready next week. *The book of the year.* . . . "

He looked up stupidly. His wife still sat with her head thrown back, her pure profile detached against the cushions. She was smiling a little over the prospect his last words had opened. Behind her head shivers of sun and shade ran across the striped awning. A row of maples and a privet hedge hid their neighbor's gables, giving them undivided possession of their leafy half-acre; and life, a moment before, had been like their plot of ground, shut off, hedged in from importunities, impenetrably his and hers. Now it seemed to him that every maple-leaf, every privet-bud, was a relentless human gaze, pressing close upon their privacy. It was as though they sat in a brightly lit room, uncurtained from a darkness full of hostile watchers. . . . His wife still smiled; and her unconsciousness of danger seemed, in some horrible way, to put her beyond the reach of rescue. . . .

He had not known that it would be like this. After the first odious weeks, spent in preparing the letters for publication, in submitting them to Flamel, and in negotiating with the publishers, the transaction had dropped out of his consciousness into that unvisited limbo to which we relegate the deeds we would rather not have done but have no notion of undoing. From the moment he had obtained Miss Trent's promise not to sail with her aunt he had tried to imagine himself irrevocably committed. After that, he argued, his first duty was to her—she had become his conscience. The sum obtained from the publishers by Flamel's adroit manipulations and opportunely transferred to Dinslow's successful venture, already yielded a return which, combined with Glennard's professional earnings, took the edge of compulsion from their way of living, making it appear the expression of a graceful preference for simplicity. It was the mitigated poverty which can subscribe to a review or two and have a few flowers on the dinner-table. And already in a small way Glennard was beginning to feel the magnetic quality of prosperity. Clients who had passed his door in the hungry days sought it out now that it bore the name of a successful man. It was understood that a small inheritance, cleverly invested, was the source of his fortune; and there was a feeling that a man who could do so well for himself was likely to know how to turn over other people's money.

But it was in the more intimate reward of his wife's happiness that Glennard tasted the full flavor of success. Coming out of conditions so narrow that those he offered her seemed spacious, she fitted into her new life without any of those manifest efforts at adjustment that are as sore to a husband's pride as the critical rearrangement of the bridal furniture. She had given him, instead, the delicate pleasure of watching her expand like a sea-creature restored to its element, stretching out the atrophied tentacles of girlish vanity and enjoyment to the rising tide of opportunity.

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And somehow—in the windowless inner cell of his consciousness where self-criticism cowered—Glennard's course seemed justified by its merely material success. How could such a crop of innocent blessedness have sprung from tainted soil? . . .

Now he had the injured sense of a man entrapped into a disadvantageous bargain. He had not known it would be like this; and a dull anger gathered at his heart. Anger against whom? Against his wife, for not knowing what he suffered? Against Flamel, for being the unconscious instrument of his wrong-doing? Or against that mute memory to which his own act had suddenly given a voice of accusation? Yes, that was it; and his punishment henceforth would be the presence, the unescapable presence, of the woman he had so persistently evaded. She would always be there now. It was as though he had married her instead of the other. It was what she had always wanted—to be with him—and she had gained her point at last. . . .

He sprang up, as though in an impulse of flight. . . . The sudden movement lifted his wife's lids, and she asked, in the incurious voice of the woman whose life is enclosed in a magic circle of prosperity—"Any news?"

"No—none—" he said, roused to a sense of immediate peril. The papers lay scattered at his feet—what if she were to see them? He stretched his arm to gather them up, but his next thought showed him the futility of such concealment. The same advertisement would appear every day, for weeks to come, in every newspaper; how could he prevent her seeing it? He could not always be hiding the papers from her. . . . Well, and what if she did see it? It would signify nothing to her, the chances were that she would never even read the book. . . . As she ceased to be an element of fear in his calculations the distance between them seemed to lessen and he took her again, as it were, into the circle of his conjugal protection. . . . Yet a moment before he had almost hated her! . . . He laughed aloud at his senseless terrors. . . . He was off his balance, decidedly. . . .

"What are you laughing at?" she asked.

He explained, elaborately, that he was laughing at the recollection of an old woman in the train, an old woman with a lot of bundles, who couldn't find her ticket. . . . But somehow, in the telling, the humor of the story seemed to evaporate, and he felt the conventionality of her smile. He glanced at his watch, "Isn't it time to dress?"

She rose with serene reluctance. "It's a pity to go in. The garden looks so lovely."

They lingered side by side, surveying their domain. There was not space in it, at this hour, for the shadow of the elm-tree in the angle of the hedge; it crossed the lawn, cut the flower-border in two, and ran up the side of the house to the nursery window. She bent to flick a caterpillar from the honey-suckle; then, as they turned in-doors, "If we mean to go on the yacht next Sunday," she suggested, "oughtn't you to let Mr. Flamel know?"

Glennard's exasperation deflected suddenly. "Of course I shall let him know. You always seem to imply that I'm going to do something rude to Flamel."

The words reverberated through her silence; she had a way of thus leaving one space in which to contemplate one's folly at arm's length. Glennard turned on his heel and went upstairs. As he dropped into a chair before his dressing-table he said to himself that in the last hour he had sounded the depths of his humiliation and that the lowest dregs of it, the very bottom-slime, was the hateful necessity of having always, as long as the two men lived, to be civil to Barton Flamel.

VI

THE week in town had been sultry, and the men, in the Sunday emancipation of white flannel and duck, filled the deck-chairs of the yacht with their outstretched apathy, following, through a mist of cigarette-smoke, the flitting inconsequences of the women. The party was a small one—Flamel had few intimate friends—but composed of more heterogeneous atoms than the little pools into which society usually runs. The reaction

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from the chief episode of his earlier life had bred in Glennard an uneasy distaste for any kind of personal saliency. Cleverness was useful in business; but in society it seemed to him as futile as the sham cascades formed by a stream that might have been used to drive a mill. He liked the collective point of view that goes with the civilized uniformity of dress-clothes, and his wife's attitude implied the same preference; yet they found themselves slipping more and more into Flamel's intimacy. Alexa had once or twice said that she enjoyed meeting clever people; but her enjoyment took the negative form of a smiling receptivity; and Glennard felt a growing preference for the kind of people who have their thinking done for them by the community.

Still, the deck of the yacht was a pleasant refuge from the heat on shore, and his wife's profile, serenely projected against the changing blue, lay on his retina like a cool hand on the nerves. He had never been more impressed by the kind of absoluteness that lifted her beauty above the transient effects of other women, making the most harmonious face seem an accidental collocation of features.

The ladies who directly suggested this comparison were of a kind accustomed to take similar risks with more gratifying results. Mrs. Armiger had in fact long been the triumphant alternative of those who couldn't "see" Alexa Glennard's looks; and Mrs. Touchett's claims to consideration were founded on that distribution of effects which is the wonder of those who admire a highly cultivated country. The third lady of the trio which Glennard's fancy had put to such unflattering uses, was bound by circumstances to support the claims of the other two. This was Mrs. Dresham, the wife of the editor of the *Radiator*. Mrs. Dresham was a lady who had rescued herself from social obscurity by assuming the rôle of her husband's exponent and interpreter; and Dresham's leisure being devoted to the cultivation of remarkable women, his wife's attitude committed her to the public celebration of their remarkableness. For the conceivable tedium of this duty, Mrs. Dresham was repaid by the fact that there were people who took *her* for a remarkable woman; and who in turn probably purchased similar distinction with the small change of her reflected importance. As to the other ladies of the party, they were simply the wives of some of the men—the kind of women who expect to be talked to collectively and to have their questions left unanswered.

Mrs. Armiger, the latest embodiment of Dresham's instinct for the remarkable, was an innocent beauty who for years had distilled dulness among a set of people now self-condemned by their inability to appreciate her. Under Dresham's tutelage she had developed into a "thoughtful woman," who read his leaders in the *Radiator* and bought the books he recommended. When a new novel appeared, people wanted to know what Mrs. Armiger thought of it; and a young gentleman who had made a trip in Touraine had recently inscribed to her the wide-margined result of his explorations.

Glennard, leaning back with his head against the rail and a slit of fugitive blue between his half-closed lids, vaguely wished she wouldn't spoil the afternoon by making people talk; though he reduced his annoyance to the minimum by not listening to what was said, there remained a latent irritation against the general futility of words.

His wife's gift of silence seemed to him the most vivid commentary on the clumsiness of speech as a means of intercourse, and his eyes had turned to her in renewed appreciation of this finer faculty when Mrs. Armiger's voice abruptly brought home to him the underrated potentialities of language.

"You've read them, of course, Mrs. Glennard?" he heard her ask; and, in reply to Alexa's vague interrogation—"Why, the 'Aubyn Letters'—it's the only book people are talking of this week."

Mrs. Dresham immediately saw her advantage. "You *haven't* read them? How very extraordinary! As Mrs. Armiger says, the book's in the air; one breathes it in like the influenza."

Glennard sat motionless, watching his wife.

"Perhaps it hasn't reached the suburbs yet," she said, with her unruffled smile.

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"Oh, *do* let me come to you, then!" Mrs. Touchett cried; "anything for a change of air! I'm positively sick of the book and I can't put it down. Can't you sail us beyond its reach, Mr. Flamel?"

Flamel shook his head. "Not even with this breeze. Literature travels faster than steam nowadays. And the worst of it is that we can't any of us give up reading; it's as insidious as a vice and as tiresome as a virtue."

"I believe it *is* a vice, almost, to read such a book as the 'Letters,'" said Mrs. Touchett. "It's the woman's soul, absolutely torn up by the roots—her whole self laid bare; and to a man who evidently didn't care; who couldn't have cared. I don't mean to read another line; it's too much like listening at a keyhole."

"But if she wanted it published?"

"Wanted it? How do we know she did?"

"Why, I heard she'd left the letters to the man—whoever he is—with directions that they should be published after his death——"

"I don't believe it," Mrs. Touchett declared.

"He's dead then, is he?" one of the men asked.

"Why, you don't suppose if he were alive he could ever hold up his head again, with these letters being read by everybody?" Mrs. Touchett protested. "It must have been horrible enough to know they'd been written to him; but to publish them! No man could have done it and no woman could have told him to——"

"Oh, come, come," Dresham judicially interposed; "after all, they're not love-letters."

"No—that's the worst of it; they're unloved letters," Mrs. Touchett retorted.

"Then, obviously, she needn't have written them; whereas the man, poor devil, could hardly help receiving them."

"Perhaps he counted on the public to save him the trouble of reading them," said young Hartly, who was in the cynical stage.

Mrs. Armiger turned her reproachful loveliness to Dresham. "From the way you defend him, I believe you know who he is."

Everyone looked at Dresham, and his wife smiled with the superior air of the woman who is in her husband's professional secrets. Dresham shrugged his shoulders.

"What have I said to defend him?"

"You called him a poor devil—you pitied him."

"A man who could let Margaret Aubyn write to him in that way? Of course I pity him."

"Then you *must* know who he is," cried Mrs. Armiger, with a triumphant air of penetration.

Hartly and Flamel laughed and Dresham shook his head. "No one knows; not even the publishers; so they tell me at least."

"So they tell you to tell us," Hartly astutely amended; and Mrs. Armiger added, with the appearance of carrying the argument a point farther, "But even if *he's* dead and *she's* dead, somebody must have given the letters to the publishers."

"A little bird, probably," said Dresham, smiling indulgently on her deduction.

"A little bird of prey then—a vulture, I should say—" another man interpolated.

"Oh, I'm not with you there," said Dresham, easily. "Those letters belonged to the public."

"How can any letters belong to the public that weren't written to the public?" Mrs. Touchett interposed.

"Well, these were, in a sense. A personality as big as Margaret Aubyn's belongs to the world. Such a mind is part of the general fund of thought. It's the penalty of greatness—one becomes a *monument historique*. Posterity pays the cost of keeping one up, but on condition that one is always open to the public."

"I don't see that that exonerates the man who gives up the keys of the sanctuary, as it were."

"Who *was* he?" another voice inquired.

"Who was he? Oh, nobody, I fancy—the letter-box, the slit in the wall through which the letters passed to posterity. . . ."

"But she never meant them for posterity!"

"A woman shouldn't write such letters if she doesn't mean them to be published. . . ."

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"She shouldn't write them to such a man!" Mrs. Touchett scornfully corrected.

"I never keep letters," said Mrs. Armiger, under the obvious impression that she was contributing a valuable point to the discussion.

There was a general laugh, and Flamel, who had not spoken, said, lazily, "You women are too incurably subjective. I venture to say that most men would see in those letters merely their immense literary value, their significance as documents. The personal side doesn't count where there's so much else."

"Oh, we all know you haven't any principles," Mrs. Armiger declared; and Alexa Glennard, lifting an indolent smile, said: "I shall never write you a love-letter, Mr. Flamel."

Glennard moved away impatiently. Such talk was as tedious as the buzzing of gnats. He wondered why his wife had wanted to drag him on such a senseless expedition. . . . He hated Flamel's crowd—and what business had Flamel himself to interfere in that way, standing up for the publication of the letters as though Glennard needed his defence? . . .

Glennard turned his head and saw that Flamel had drawn a seat to Alexa's elbow and was speaking to her in a low tone. The other groups had scattered, straying in twos along the deck. It came over Glennard that he should never again be able to see Flamel speaking to his wife without the sense of sick mistrust that now loosened his joints. . . .

Alexa, the next morning, over their early breakfast, surprised her husband by an unexpected request.

"Will you bring me those letters from town?" she asked.

"What letters?" he said, putting down his cup. He felt himself as helplessly vulnerable as a man who is lunged at in the dark.

"Mrs. Aubyn's. The book they were all talking about yesterday."

Glennard, carefully measuring his second cup of tea, said, with deliberation, "I didn't know you cared about that sort of thing."

She was, in fact, not a great reader, and a new book seldom reached her till it was, so to speak, on the home stretch; but she replied, with a gentle tenacity, "I think it would interest me because I read her life last year."

"Her life? Where did you get that?"

"Someone lent it to me when it came out—Mr. Flamel, I think."

His first impulse was to exclaim, "Why the devil do you borrow books of Flamel? I can buy you all you want—" but he felt himself irresistibly forced into an attitude of smiling compliance. "Flamel always has the newest books going, hasn't he? You must be careful, by the way, about returning what he lends you. He's rather crotchety about his library."

"Oh, I'm always very careful," she said, with a touch of competence that struck him; and she added, as he caught up his hat: "Don't forget the letters."

Why had she asked for the book? Was her sudden wish to see it the result of some hint of Flamel's? The thought turned Glennard sick, but he preserved sufficient lucidity to tell himself, a moment later, that his last hope of self-control would be lost if he yielded to the temptation of seeing a hidden purpose in everything she said and did. How much Flamel guessed, he had no means of divining; nor could he predicate, from what he knew of the man, to what use his inferences might be put. The very qualities that had made Flamel a useful adviser made him the most dangerous of accomplices. Glennard felt himself agrope among alien forces that his own act had set in motion. . . .

Alexa was a woman of few requirements; but her wishes, even in trifles, had a definiteness that distinguished them from the fluid impulses of her kind. He knew that, having once asked for the book, she would not forget it; and he put aside, as an ineffectual expedient, his momentary idea of applying for it at the circulating library and telling her that all the copies were out. If the book was to be bought it had better be bought at once. He left his office earlier than usual and turned in at the first book-shop on his way to the train. The show-window was stacked with conspicuously lettered volumes. "Margaret Aubyn" flashed back at him in endless repetition. He plunged into the shop and came on

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a counter where the name reiterated itself on row after row of bindings. It seemed to have driven the rest of literature to the back shelves. He caught up a copy, tossing the money to an astonished clerk who pursued him to the door with the unheeded offer to wrap up the volumes.

In the street he was seized with a sudden apprehension. What if he were to meet Flamel? The thought was intolerable. He called a cab and drove straight to the station where, amid the palm-leaf fans of a perspiring crowd, he waited a long half-hour for his train to start.

He had thrust a volume in either pocket and in the train he dared not draw them out; but the detested words leaped at him from the folds of the evening paper. The air seemed full of Margaret Aubyn's name. The motion of the train set it dancing up and down on the page of a magazine that a man in front of him was reading. . . .

At the door he was told that Mrs. Glennard was still out, and he went upstairs to his room and dragged the books from his pocket. They lay on the table before him like live things that he feared to touch. . . . At length he opened the first volume. A familiar letter sprang out at him, each word quickened by its glaring garb of type. The little broken phrases fled across the page like wounded animals in the open. . . . It was a horrible sight. . . . A *battue* of helpless things driven savagely out of shelter. He had not known it would be like this. . . .

He understood now that, at the moment of selling the letters, he had viewed the transaction solely as it affected himself: as an unfortunate blemish on an otherwise presentable record. He had scarcely considered the act in relation to Margaret Aubyn; for death, if it hallows, also makes innocuous. Glennard's God was a god of the living, of the immediate, the actual, the tangible; all his days he had lived in the presence of that god, heedless of the divinities who, below the surface of our deeds and passions, silently forge the fatal weapons of the dead.

(To be concluded in April.)

NOT IN THE SIGNAL CODE

A FABLE FOR CAPTAINS

By Edith Elmer Wood

TWO men met on their way to an elevator at the Navy Department and greeted each other cordially.

"Why, Hunter, what are you doing here?" asked the more expansive one.

"Want a ship," replied the other, laconically. Ned Hunter never wasted speech. A ten-word sentence was more of an effort to him than a century run.

"Due for sea already? Why, I thought you'd hardly got settled down at the Norfolk yard. How the time flies! There's not much on hand just now of your size, I'm afraid. The battle-ships are rather too big for you, and you wouldn't want a training ship, I suppose? But look here, Hunter, whatever you do, don't let them catch you for the Ponemah! They're on the lookout for a commander for her."

"What's the matter with the Ponemah?" growled the other. As a matter of fact, in the office of the Chief of Bureau of Navigation, not five minutes before, he had just about arranged to be ordered to the Ponemah, but he did not think it necessary to mention the fact. He had not seen the Secretary yet, so he could doubtless still withdraw if he wished.

"What's the matter with the Ponemah?" his friend echoed. "What *isn't*? Haven't you heard? She's in an awful state. Had three captains in six months. None of them could stand it. Discipline gone to rack and ruin. The crew give

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more trouble than all the rest of the men in the service put together. The officers are running it to suit themselves. Said to have formed a cabal against the captain. Unhappiest ship in the navy, and the most demoralized."

An inarticulate sound in Commander Hunter's throat was the only answer he made. The halting of the elevator at the ground floor broke the conversation, and the two men separated with a wave of the hand toward the forehead, reminiscent of long years of saluting.

The next person Hunter met was a classmate, who wrung his hand with enthusiasm. It came to light that he also had run on to Washington to ask for a ship.

"Haven't got one yet, though," he volunteered. "Doesn't seem to be much in sight in commanders' commands. May have to take one of those wretched old sailing ships in the training squadron. They offered me the Ponemah yesterday, but I knew better than to take her."

"What's the matter with the Ponemah?" When Ned Hunter had once found a verbal formula that answered his purpose, he stuck to it through thick and thin. The invention of a new one would have required altogether too much effort.

"All hell's the matter with her," responded the other with conviction. "Worst set of officers in the service. They've run out four captains already and only been in commission a year. Griswold told me he had to have one or two officers under suspension the whole time he was in command."

"Sh'd think he'd be ashamed to tell it."

The unexpectedness of this sally brought a look of surprise to the other man's face and then a laugh.

"Of course those things don't do a captain any good. Nobody likes to get the reputation of having an unhappy ship. That's why I don't want to go to her. And don't you go either, Ned."

But Hunter's face was inscrutable.

It still lacked half an hour of the time when he was to see the Secretary, so he went upstairs again, dropped in at the Hydrographic Office and asked for young Etheridge. This was the ensign of that name, the son of old Commodore Etheridge. Commander Hunter had trotted him on his knee and fed him peppermints before he was out of dresses.

"Why, how are you, Captain? I'm ever so glad to see you. Come in and sit down, won't you? I haven't seen you since I was at the Academy."

"Grown a mustache since then, eh? Don't look so much like your mother as you did. Shut the door, Tom. Now, man to man, what's the matter with the Ponemah?"

Etheridge looked a trifle dazed for a moment.

"The Ponemah? Why, I don't know anything, sir, except what everybody knows—just the talk around the Department. You're not thinking of going to her, are you?"

There was a certain dismay in his tone, and Commander Hunter smiled grimly.

"Some," he said. He was still overcome by the unwonted length of his last remarks.

"Of course you know best what you're doing, sir." It is not customary for ensigns to offer advice to commanders. "And it would be a blessed good thing for the ship." Tom smiled reflectively. "If anybody can pull her up, you can, sir. But there aren't many that would care to try."

"Haven't done it yet myself. Came to you for facts. I don't know anything about your Department gossip. What's the matter with her?"

Tom was flattered, but a little embarrassed, too. Whatever claim on him an old family friendship might constitute, obligations of loyalty to his kind took precedence of it. He was anxious to serve Captain Hunter, but he felt it necessary to be on his guard lest, as a junior officer, he should in some way betray his fellows to a senior.

"Well, I don't know whether any of them were friends of yours, sir," he began, cautiously; "but she *has* had rather hard luck with her captains, you know."

"Who?"

"Murchison first. He put her in commission and kept her about six months."

"Wouldn't care to sail under Murchison myself," the older man admitted. "Got a liver. Beastly temper."

"Yes, sir, I expect that's about what's

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the matter with him. You see he kept things sort of stirred up and irritated, and everybody was reporting everybody else for everything. There were so many reports that the Department stopped answering them—just put 'em in pigeonholes. At last they took to reporting him for drinking. You know he does take a bit more than is good for him?" But Hunter refused to commit himself, and Etheridge hastened to say: "Of course I don't know anything about it myself, but I've heard so. Well, he asked for a court of inquiry, but the Department didn't like the tone of the reports—thought they showed too much 'animus,' I guess, so they wouldn't act on them. But they detached Murchison. The next one was Burleigh."

"Nothing wrong with *his* temper. Meekest man since Moses."

"Yes, sir, they say a coal-heaver could have pulled his whiskers unrebuked. I suppose the fellows aboard were feeling a little high because they'd got rid of Murchison, and they led poor Burleigh a dance—just deviled him to death. He had nervous prostration and was detached and given sick-leave, on the doctor's recommendation, after three months."

Hunter chuckled.

"Well?" he growled, encouragingly.

"Then came Scott."

"Good man, Scott," commented Hunter.

"Yes, of course he is," Etheridge agreed. "He's a fine officer, and I dare say he'd have gotten on all right if he'd stayed. His leaving hadn't anything to do with the ship. He'd only had her about two weeks when he got word his wife was very ill. He telegraphed for leave and went to her, and when he found it was going to last a long time, he asked to be detached. Griswold was the last one. I expect you know him better than I do, sir. I hear he's very pleasant socially and with those of his own rank, but his juniors don't especially love him. He's one of the suspicious sort, you know, always putting the worst construction on everything. Instead of taking it for granted you're a gentleman till it's proved you're not, he starts out with the supposition that you're a cad. He had somebody suspended all the time. But they made it pretty hot for him, and he came up here complaining around and asking to be relieved."

"Who's the executive?"

"'Mollie' Whipple."

"Conscientious man. Fussy, though."

"Yes, sir, that's just it. He's a regular nagger, well-meaning, but lacks force, and he can't let anything alone to save himself."

"How about that wardroom conspiracy against the Captain?"

Etheridge forgot his prudence and flared up.

"Rot, sir! Infernal rot! You know as well as I do that there couldn't be gotten together in the service a wardroomful of officers who would 'conspire against a captain'! Of course they might talk over the skipper's shortcomings and growl a bit among themselves, and then if there was somebody to carry tales . . . You know how it is. You haven't forgotten what a wardroom's like, Captain."

But if Commander Hunter had any such recollections he kept them to himself.

"Pretty tough lot on the Ponemah, though, eh?" he queried.

"No, sir, not at all," the young man protested. "There are one or two aboard that won't ever set the world on fire, and several that I don't know much about, but I never heard any harm of them. And there's Ashmead, a classmate of mine. He's the salt of the earth if he's treated right. He's impulsive and hot-headed, but he's white clear through. And there's Banks. I was shipmates with him last cruise. He's navigator—an awfully quiet, studious sort of fellow and a strict duty man. And you must know Schemmerhorn, the chief engineer. He sailed with father once when I was a kid. Nothing flighty about him, sir. Weighs two hundred and fifty pounds and has seven children—four of 'em twins."

"Crew good?"

"Well, I expect all crews average up about the same, sir. The difference comes in the way you handle them. . . . I'm not saying that the discipline's good aboard. I guess it's about as bad as you'll often find for'd and aft. But the material's all right, if you've got the patience to tackle the job of getting it into shape."

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Hunter drew out his watch and glanced at it, then rose.

"Got to go, Tom. My regards to your father and mother."

Tom stood looking after him regretfully.

"Now did I tell him too much or too little?" he asked himself. "I wonder what goes on inside that great head of his anyhow!"

Commander Hunter went back to the office of the Chief of Bureau of Navigation and made his application for the Ponemah conditional on having a new executive. He picked out a man after his own heart, and the exchange was promised. Then he saw the Secretary to clinch the matter. His orders were made out the same day. The Department was greatly relieved to get a man—and a good man—who was willing to undertake the Ponemah.

The regeneration of that vessel proved no easy task. There were times when Commander Hunter and his hard-working executive officer were inclined to regard it as hopeless. There was nothing definitely wrong that they could lay their hands on. The regulations were complied with, the routine drills were gone through, but there was a discouraging lack of spirit on the part of both officers and men. The ship had a bad name, and no one took pride in belonging to her. The drills dragged. Nothing was done smartly. There was no rivalry between the different divisions. Nobody cared.

The worst of it was that they were under orders to join the admiral for squadron evolutions. Hunter groaned in spirit, for he knew his ship would disgrace him. Why hadn't he had sense enough to wait for one of the new gunboats?

The executive puffed at his pipe philosophically and quoted Kipling to himself. . . .

All along o' mess,
All along o' doin' things rather-more-or-less. . . .

Then he sprang to his feet and "jumped" hard on a man who was dragging his shirt in the water by a hammock lashing to save the trouble of washing it.

Yet their labor had not been as much wasted as appearances seemed to show. Under the surface, a change had been slowly working. The "people"—which is to say, the enlisted men—instinctively trusted their new commanding officer and as instinctively respected him. They felt the firm hand on the reins and were a little restive under it after the late laxity of discipline, but the old navy instinct in them was responding to it, and they needed only the guidance and encouragement of the division officers to fall into shape as a creditable crew. But that was just what they did not seem likely to get.

The officers also respected their new captain. They would never have dreamed of "running" him as they did poor Burleigh, or reporting him as they did Murchison, or laying traps for him as they did for Griswold. He made no social advances, and they made none. They avoided doing anything that could get them into trouble, but they made no effort to please him and looked politely bored when the executive officer talked about the good name of the ship. The watch officers were really rather poor material. They were younger than the average and most of them had fads. One was deeply absorbed in the study of Oriental philosophy and had serious thoughts of turning Buddhist. Another spent all his time and enthusiasm on landscape painting in water-colors. The chief ambition of the third was to add to his collection of coleoptera, while the junior watch officer, Ashmead, could hardly be said to be a shining light at anything except golf, or to make a special study of any subject outside of the modern French novel. If there had been one good plain duty man in the lot, it would probably have leavened the whole lump. Perhaps even now a little thing might turn them.

When the fleet assembled, each ship had to be inspected by the Admiral and his staff. The inspection of the Ponemah was marked by a series of small mortifying incidents that kept the Captain and the executive officer stretched on a rack of humiliation. The first of these occurred when all hands were being drilled at abandon ship and were rushing noisily around in an eleventh-hour desire to do it quickly. The Admiral turned to Commander Hunter with his most urbane

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smile and asked, "Do they always take it so hard?"

Then the flag lieutenant had the unhappy thought of calling for an inspection of jack-knives—a rather unusual formality—and when the men drew their lanyards from their pockets, not one in five had a knife attached.

Soon after there was the three-minute drill for the powder division, to see how many charges for the guns could be gotten on deck in that length of time. The powder division was in charge of the senior watch officer, and who could expect a seeker after Nirvana to insist on rapid action in his men? When they got through, that insufferable youth, the flag secretary, mentioned, in a pleasant, conversational way the number of charges brought on deck in the last ship they had inspected, and the number was half as large again as the Ponemah's.

The Admiral did not find much fault, but there was an ominous lack of praise in the few comments he made, and the final felicitations were conspicuous by their absence.

When all the ships had been inspected and the fleet evolutions began, each day brought some new chagrin to Captain Hunter. No matter what ship came in for praise, it was never the Ponemah, and not infrequently she received a rap from the signal halyards of the flag-ship. She was the black sheep of the squadron, and it was plain that the Admiral was "down" on her. Instead of arousing them to do better, this only discouraged the ship's company still further. The Ponemah was no good, and there was no use trying. The officers placed all the blame on the "scrub lot" of men they had, and the men, with more reason, laid it to the slackness of the officers.

On one never-to-be-forgotten day the ships had been kept under way since early morning, constantly changing their formation from line to column, from double to single, and back again, with varying distances between the ships and varying intervals between the columns. It had been the most humiliating day yet for the Ponemah. No less than three times had the flag-ship signaled that she was not where she belonged.

The first time, the Captain admonished the officer of the deck to keep a sharper watch on his distance from the next ship ahead. The second time, he sent for the navigator, whom he knew to be a careful man, and stationed him with stadimeter in hand and orders to take the masthead angle of the ship ahead every five minutes and not to let the distance vary by a hair's breadth. The third signal was therefore a shock to him, and he was on the point of saying something emphatic, when the navigator handed him the stadimeter.

"Please look for yourself, sir. We're not twenty yards out in our distance from the next ship ahead. It's the Mohawk that's at fault. She's two hundred yards too near the flag-ship. Can't you explain it to the Admiral, sir?"

The Captain shook his head.

"No use," he said, moodily. "Give a dog a bad name and hang him." Could it be that the skipper was giving up the fight? A deep gloom seemed to settle down over the ship.

The Captain went on pacing up and down the bridge, his carriage as erect, his expression as calm and imperturbable as ever. But under his mask of a face, the simple manly soul of him was suffering acutely. He was of the third generation in the navy from father to son, and there had been collaterals, too. The service instinct was bred in his bone and born in his blood. It was the deepest, most sacred thing in his life, and this miserable ship was disgracing him. Squadron censures might fall lightly on the shoulders of flippant young watch officers, but they cut *him* to the quick. And he somehow felt a premonition that the worst was yet to come.

He had not long to wait. The flag-ship signaled to the Ponemah, "Exercise at man overboard." She had to sheer out of column, let go a life-buoy, stop her engines, lower a boat to pick up the buoy, hoist the boat aboard again, and go ahead at full speed to regain her position in the column. Now it was not the fault of the Ponemah that her engines were getting old and that the very highest speed she could make was twelve knots. She had gone through the manœuvre rather quickly so far as picking up the "man" was concerned, but the rest of the ships had

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been going ahead at ten knots all the time, and her position was near the head of the column, and try as she might, it took her over an hour to get back in place. The sun had set meanwhile and darkness fallen upon the sea. As they gained their old position, the Ardois night signals gleamed out cruelly from the flag-ship, flashing the message, "Very slow, Ponemah. Who is officer of the deck?"

Ashmead was officer of the deck. The Captain glanced at him as he stood with folded arms and compressed lips watching the foremast of the Ponemah, where his number would presently appear in flaming characters of red and white for all the fleet to read. It was too dark to see his face, but there was a tenseness in the way he held himself that appealed to the Captain. "Ashmead really wasn't to blame this time," the executive officer was saying at his elbow. "But he is a good deal of a farmer for the most part, and maybe the lesson will do him good."

The Captain did not answer. The fighting blood of the Hunters was stirring in his veins. After all, good or bad, this was *his* ship, and these were *his* officers and men, and the Admiral was treating them unjustly. He called the signal quartermaster to him and gave him some directions.

Then a strange thing happened. Instead of the number that signified his name, Ashmead saw with astonishment that the red and white lanterns on the foremast were spelling out, letter by letter, a signal that was not to be found in any code-book. "I was on the bridge and am responsible. Hunter."

His eyes opened wider and wider as he read it, the muscles of his face twitched a little, and as he turned away, he was conscious of a sort of lump in his throat that he had not felt there for a long time.

The Captain went down to his cabin to eat his solitary dinner in sombre silence. Not for an instant did it cross his mind that he had done anything of importance or that a turning-point had been reached in the ship's history.

Outside the dignified seclusion of the cabin, however, everybody on the ship was excitedly talking over the "old man's" answer to the Admiral. Such a thing had never been heard of in the service. The heart of every man on board, from the grizzled chief engineer to the youngest apprentice boy, warmed toward him. He had stood by them, and they would stand by him from that day on.

An hour later, the orderly entered the cabin, saluted and announced, "Mr. Ashmead would like to see you a minute, sir."

The Captain growled an inarticulate something that was presumably a permission for Mr. Ashmead to enter.

"Well?" he said, sharply, swinging around in the swivel-chair at his desk. He did not feel too amiably toward the junior watch officer just then.

The young man stood before him, cap in hand, very red and uncomfortable.

"I—I want to tell you, Captain," he stammered forth manfully, "that I'm very sorry things didn't go better when I had the deck just now. . . . I appreciate very much your . . . taking the responsibility on yourself, sir. If I can help it, you'll never have the occasion to do such a thing for me again. . . . And I think everybody on board feels the same way, sir."

Six months later, the Ponemah was the crack ship of the squadron.

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THE POINT OF VIEW

AT the time of writing, the newspapers are daily engaged in telling, in from one to three columns of space, that there is "no news from South Africa." There has been news and there will be more, but just at the moment the cables along the coast of Africa have been silenced by *force majeure*.

Cables and Empire.

The interesting point is not the news, or the lack of it, but cables. Who stops to think, in the piping times of peace, of cables to South Africa or to Manila, or indeed of cables at all, except of that group in the North Atlantic that puts the stock exchanges of New York and London practically under the same roof? But an American fleet goes to Manila, or a British army to South Africa, and the whole world is suddenly interested in submarine cables; wonders why there are not more of them to points productive of "news;" why they do not work quicker; why, when anxious millions of readers wait greedily to devour every dot and dash they can transmit, they unkindly break down and yield neither dot nor dash. But cables are not laid, or at any rate so far very few have been laid, with a view to transmitting either news messages to metropolitan journals or dispatches between the War Office and generals in the field. It is trade and not love that makes the world go round, and it is trade that, in the past forty years, has dragged a chain of submarine cables three-quarters of the way round the globe, with links here, there, and everywhere. And the chain has only stopped short at the broad and deep Pacific Ocean, the last link needed to complete Puck's girdle, because so far trade has not urgently demanded the insertion of that stupendous link. Since 1866, when a band of bold pioneers moored the New World to the Old, the moorings have never been broken, and have become as commonplace as the Brooklyn Bridge. But though those pioneers and others have gone on, first mooring the East to the West, then the Far East to the East, then Africa to Europe and South America to North, their steady work has not attracted the universal attention that the bold exploit of 1866 compelled.

Since 1860 there has left the Thames every few months a great steamer with hundreds of miles of snaky cable coiled in its hold, and the electric spark has been carried first to the Mediterranean, then down the Red Sea, then across the Indian Ocean to Bombay, and from Madras through the Straits Settlements to China, Japan, and Australia. The electric spark is the life of trade, and as trade demanded it the spark bifurcated at Aden, jumped to Mozambique, to Lorenzo Marques, and to Durban. Not content with tapping the Dark Continent on one side, it girdled it on the other, starting from Spain and flashing in at innumerable settlements on the West Coast—British, French, German, and Spanish—to bring up at Capetown. Where trade is active the tracks are many. The bed of the North Atlantic has almost as many lines for the electric spark as Manhattan island has car-tracks. The Mediterranean is a lace-work of cables. Four electric wires hold down the remains of Pharaoh's chariots. From Aden to Bombay stretch two long lines, and in the Far East there is a network with as many ramifications as has that in the West Indies which defied all efforts to cut off Cuba from the benefits of the spark in the memorable year 1898. But South Africa, while politically active, has but of recent years been prominent enough as a trading centre to require more than one line of cable, and even with its two lines is disadvantageously placed at the end of long routes with many way stations and much exposure to delay and interruption.

One vitally interesting point of this question of submarine cables is that trade pure and simple is about to take a second place, and Empire — that magic word which no writer to-day can afford to be without— Empire is stepping in. Trade has connected almost every inhabitable part of the world with every other by the vital electric spark, but trade has done it only where it paid or was expected to pay. In a very few cases trade has been assisted or pushed on by Empire, but in not enough to alter the general truth of the statement. But now Empire comes forward and says, "I want cables here,

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there, and everywhere, from the Cape to Canada, and from the Cape to India and Australia, from Vancouver to Brisbane, across the Atlantic from southeast to northwest, across the Indian Ocean, and across the Pacific at its broadest. Every red spot on the map must have its cable-end, every police station on the globe-round route of the guardians of the Empire must have its patrol box." And other Empires are following suit, or trying to be beforehand. In Washington an Imperial cable system to the new possessions in the Pacific is under discussion, and in Paris and Berlin millions upon millions of francs and marks are demanded for Imperial cable systems to join the colonies with the *Metropôle*. After all, you will say, Empires are but trading associations on a huge scale, and in formulating gigantic schemes of cable communication are but taking the widest view of their responsibilities in the protection of the trade of the whole people. This is true; and one may be pardoned for wondering why Empires have been so slow to appreciate the fact. If it is now really appreciated, the telegraph system of the globe will soon be so much extended that there will be free and constant communication with everywhere, and newspaper writers will nevermore have to complain that there is "no news" because a single cable has broken down.

Social Aspects of Trusts.

PRESIDENT HADLEY'S contribution to the literature of trusts, first made in these pages, that it matters little whether a trust is administered by government or by a corporation so long as it is administered as a literal trust, in the sense that the administrator feels the obligation of the trusteeship, receives unique illustration in the administration of his vast properties by the late Duke of Westminster. "A great scheme of improvements —the cost of which the late Duke never calculated—has for many years been in progress on parts of the estate as leases fell in," states a correspondent of the London *Times*, who adds: "These improvements would, if carried out under the compulsory powers of the London County Council, have saddled the ratepayers with a charge of many millions sterling." Commenting on this and similar facts of the late Duke's career, the London *Spectator* says: "On the whole we are strongly inclined to think that anything approaching to an equal distribution of the possessions of the late Duke's father among his family, much fairer as it might have seemed, would have failed to conduce to as great a sum-total of public service, material and moral." If this be true, we have in the late Duke of Westminster exactly the case which Dr. Hadley had in mind, a case of advantage to the community from the concentration of great properties and business interests in the control of an individual. This advantage comes, it is to be noted, not because the late Duke "did good with his money" (the popular surface commonplace), but because, far more than that, these concentrated properties were administrated as a trust in the same sense that the London County Council would have administered them, but with the properties, not the taxpayers, bearing the expense.

Dr. Hadley's hope for the upgrowth of new social ethics to meet the needs of new social conditions does not, then, seem so unpractical or chimerical when we can point to even one conspicuous realization of it in actual life. But, unfortunately, in these rushing days of concentrating capitalization, community interests cannot wait the slow evolution of Dukes of Westminster. What then remains? What weapon has society the while against the maladministrator of a trust other than recourse to legal interference, an expedient so often proved futile as a case of what Gladstone has called "fighting against the future," of vain opposition to those great social forces "which the tumults of our debate cannot for a moment impede or disturb?" To this crucial question Dr. Hadley has himself made incidental answer, a suggestion supplementary to his theory, thrown out as one of "the gives and takes" of a debate—the suggestion of a social boycott for the maladministrator of a trust. On evident absurdities of its application as a cure-all the newspapers at the time seized with ready avidity, discussing it with of course unwarranted seriousness, as if the boycott were a final conclusion, while the point simply was that a law fails unless sustained by public opinion. Putting all this aside as puerile, Dr. Hadley's suggestion does touch a vital spot in modern life. Why is it that the development of ethics has given us, granting, of course, the great complexities involved, so little sense of discrimination as to the moral qualities of acts and courses of conduct, notably in the spheres of politics and busi-

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ness? Why is it that the word "immoral," as pointed out in a widely read book of two or three years ago, "America and the Americans," is restricted in popular usage to immoralities of the appetites, while sharp practice in business and corruption in politics—abuse of a trust—are not, by implication, to be described as "immoral"? To say of an unscrupulous politician or business man that "So-and-So is immoral" is to accuse him of unchastity or drunkenness. Yet, though a Joseph and teetotaller in one, his subtler sin against society may be far more grievous, may strike far deeper, than so-called "open and flagrant immorality."

This lack of adjustment between the existing social status and the code of ethics accepted in actual practice receives striking illustration in another sphere, closely allied to that of Dr. Hadley's conception of trusts, the official attitude of a college or university to freedom of instruction as affected by possibilities of endowment. The concrete case is so apt to be involved in what seem unnecessary indiscretions, even "crankisms," that the application of the abstract principle is both delicate and difficult. Perhaps one gets at the true bearings better in fiction, where the conditions can be shaped to meet the issue directly, as in that clever book, "Henry Worthington, Idealist," which turns upon the question, Ought a college to receive an endowment from a benefactor whose "fortune is an economic disgrace"?

Per contra, there is a story told of a certain conscientious college president, whose institution was threatened with a handsome gift from a fortune not above suspicion. The president confided his scruples to a worldly friend. The latter answered him with the story of the old Scotch woman, whose vociferous prayers for food were overheard by some wicked boys in passing her cottage. They thought it would be good fun to tumble some loaves of bread down her chimney, and then tell her that the Devil sent them. "Na, na," said the dame. "The Devil may hae brought them, but the Lord sent them." But does this subtle answer suffice, although to most practical people it would satisfactorily settle the ethics of the case? Does it not, in begging the question, rather emphasize the inadequacy of ethical distinctions under modern conditions?

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THE FIELD OF ART

PORTRAITURE AND THE PHOTOGRAPH: THE THOUGHTS OF PORTRAIT PAINTERS.

THE art of portrait painting is becoming more and more exacting. Times have changed since the brilliant sketches of Romney and Reynolds, neither of whom was a craftsman to the finger-tips, sufficed for satisfactory statements of character and personality. Perhaps indeed we do not know how satisfactory, at the time, they really were; but it is safe, I think, to say that they were so to a degree largely in excess of that which they would reach to-day, as convincing examples of personal portrayal. Reynolds painted women like a normal and healthy gentleman, possessed of an adequate artistic equipment, regarding the sex with an admiration that was manly without coarseness. How close was his realization of likeness we are left to surmise; but does it not strike the beholder as, in the main, rather general, generic, and not special and strongly individual? Is it not often woman, the sex, the femininity, the charm, rather than some Lady Hermione or Countess Clancarty? The task of the gentleman behind the brush is more complex to-day. He may be just as wholesome in his courteous regard for the adorable sex of his sitters. Sex, femininity, charm, are all appreciated, but his portrayal must contain more than this—it must be Caroline, or Agnes, or Maude, or they will have none of it. The conditions are the same when the subject is a male, and the veriest layman, it would seem, in matters artistic, is, in this age, a trained observer in matters of character. The truth of this statement was perhaps most strongly emphasized in the writer's experience when he was called upon to paint the portrait of a child no longer living. The only data were several photographs, by an amateur, and the vivid recollection of form, feature, and manner on the part of parents, and sisters and brothers. The definiteness with which these members of his family hinted at and recalled the absent one's traits, way of looking out at you, the nearness of the eyebrows to the eyes—the pucker of the mouth, the form of the upper, and retreat of the lower lip, the form the forehead took as it melted into the hair, characteristic posture when standing, and numerous details of coloring were evidences of close and almost cultivated observation. The children as well as parents showed a truth of vision that was remarkable, and caused the painter to turn his thoughts again to the problem of modern portraiture and its exactions, as compared with its practice in the past.

What has led to these conditions in the portrait painter's art—this demand for closer verisimilitude, although perhaps, alas, for no higher æsthetic quality or charm? We think photography, undoubtedly. With a camera practically in every household, proportion, relation of features to the mask of the face, form of forehead and chin—general physical impression indeed of the individual head and figure—are now unconsciously absorbed by the layman. It is among his very diversions and amusements to acquaint himself with the structure of the human animal, and this influence reacts upon the portrait painter. How far this is good, and of advantage to his art, we will endeavor to define. In any event it has augmented the difficulties of his task, but it is none the less likely to prove a veritable boon. In many cases the portrait of the past depended for its success upon the familiarity of its accessories, and general aspect. The familiar ruff or waistcoat, complexion, and posture sufficed to fasten identity on an individual to the eyes and mind of those unused to the habitual presence of graphic delineation of the human figure. But do not let us underestimate the educational value of the object-lesson. The kindergarten system is not potent in childhood only; and it thus comes to pass that the artist is sometimes surprised at the fidelity of observation concerning proportion and cast of feature which he remarks in persons uninitiated in the æsthetic laws which govern the painted image of an individual. The photograph never supplies this finer quality—the machine cannot become sentient, and appropriately present in its complex mystery, a personality. But it can, and does often, re-

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produce with faithfulness the individual conformation. This, the painter of to-day, as opposed to him of earlier times, must equal. Now, what superiority, over the older painters, of hand and sight, does this new factor in portrait painting call for? Mainly, we believe, this:—A truer draughtsmanship; and also a greater fidelity in the observance of "values"; for, through the approximate correctness of the orthochromatic plate, the public, without always knowing it, has become sensitive to this kind of truth, also. By "values" we mean the relative force of light and dark in an object, be it caused by color, or light and shade. The camera, less sensitive than the human eye, gives these variations approximately only. The earlier masters, with few exceptions, did not achieve this. And also in correctness of external form and proportions photography excels them; while the painter to-day must equal photography in this respect, and surpass it—far surpass it, in matter of "values."

We have spoken as we intended of the merely technical side of portrait painting. Its debt to photography is the pace photography has set it in the matter of individual fidelity, the close definition of form. The portrait to-day, as a work of art, must now leave its mechanical competitor—but it has been forced, by reason of this competition, to render a stricter account of itself than that demanded of its forebears.

Photography, then, has created for portraiture a public of keen-eyed critics of its verisimilitude, but it may be doubted if it has advanced that public in its appreciation or judgment of a work of art. That is a more complex question, and may be discussed later.

F. F.

HAS the day of portraiture passed? Has it been succeeded by the era of likeness?

In putting up my horse at a stable in Canaan, Conn., a few days ago I noticed that one of the stalls was filled with pictures. The hostler explained that some portrait painters were working in the town and were using that place to store their work. These pictures were tagged and numbered up to one hundred and seventeen, and were all enlargements from photographs or tintypes, the scale being about half life-size. Some were worked up in black crayon and others were colored. The majority were of elderly people. Later I ascertained that these artists charged $4 for pictures in gilt frames and $3 for those in bronze.

Now here was an extensive business in the manufacture of likenesses; doubtless carrying satisfaction into numberless households. It awakened in the mind of one who had dared to essay portraiture some interesting reflections.

In the first place, these likenesses were highly finished. They had what the Yankee calls "the Store Look." The work of Carolus Duran would have appeared somewhat "sketchy" in contrast. That of Bouguereau might in respect to finish have competed with them. Again, they were undoubted likenesses. From the other end of the stable it was easy to distinguish the features, and I have no doubt that relatives might "spot" them at even greater distance, and I could not help thinking how many of the great portraits had failed to satisfy as likenesses. Judging from the number of elderly persons represented it was safe to suppose that these artists were doing a large post-mortem business. Here was really a point of agreement with the modern portrait painter. I suppose there are very few artists to-day who have not yielded to the entreaties of patrons, and based one or more portraits upon photographs. Some are very skilful at it and go to great pains in selecting models who resemble the subject, and carefully paint the draperies and accessories, and, in fact, the entire canvas, from nature, leaving only the features to be amended to agree with the photograph. Where the subject has long been dead, and exact likeness is somewhat forgotten, the work becomes free and enjoyable; but where the artist has to satisfy the distinct recollections of a dozen members of a family, has never seen the deceased, and has but a poor photograph, his task is truly arduous. This practice, be it good or bad, has reacted upon the public so that the impression has become wide-spread that a portrait is produced as well after death as during life; and so, the busy man of affairs, and the much-occupied lady of fashion are apt to consider that they have fulfilled their obligations to posterity when they have given a few sittings to Rockwood or Davis & Sanford.

But the question is: Will the photograph supersede the oil portrait; or does it imperil the work of the artist? We think not. Portraiture might be in danger if likeness were the only result sought, but the artist has

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other and greater aims. If we ask several portrait painters what they are striving most to accomplish we get a different answer from each. One says that his great object is composition. Likeness to him is desirable, but the happy arrangement of masses of light and shade is far more important. He argues that if his canvas is to live at all it will be as a picture long after the likeness is forgotten.

We ask another, and he answers that his portrait is but an excuse for a beautiful scheme of color; his one object is decorative effect. He thinks of the room where his picture is to hang, of the wall which it is to adorn.

The third tells us that in portraiture color and composition should take care of themselves and that with him the great object is to render the character of the subject. The subject must be known and studied from every standpoint and in every light, and while he claims to paint only that which he sees, he first makes sure that he sees that which is most characteristic.

With another, choice of expression becomes the highest aim, and he labors earnestly and lovingly for the faintest line or tone that renders some subtle expression, aiming to portray the sadness or joyfulness or some other state of mind of the subject. And so on through all the list: each has his particular dominating aim, and though all were to paint the same subject each would produce an individual work.

Now here, we think, lies the greatest value of the portrait. We cherish the likeness, but far more we value the stamp of the artist's individuality.

But now let us take away their palettes and give them kodaks, and to what extent can these artists impress their individuality upon the prints which they will turn out? To some extent we admit. The artist who possesses a genius for composition will show his skill even with a kodak. By careful posing, arrangement of draperies, by using screens to cast shadows and mirrors to reflect light, by retouching and vignetting he can produce a well-composed photograph portrait. It, of course, lacks color, for in the present state of photography the colorist can do nothing—the scientist has barely begun. It may have character and expression, but how much of the artist's individuality is apparent in the result? Between the two there will ever exist the widest gap. The process of photography remains mechanical, or, if you will, chemical, and cannot for an instant be compared with the flexible art of painting, in which the pencil alone stands between the conception and the result. On this one ground, the ground of freedom, we believe the portrait will never be driven out by the photograph, and on the same ground, the portrait painted from the photograph can never supersede the portrait from life. As long as there are lovers of art the work of the free artist will be supreme. H. R. B.

GREAT portraiture involves so much more than the seizing of likeness and character merely that it is perhaps worth while to attempt, in a few words, to elucidate the problem of the painted portrait as it has been understood by some of the masters of the past. In any work of great portraiture one finds so many things in addition to likeness respected that it seems but a truism to say that the more effectively character and individuality are secured the more perfect is the canvas as a whole—in other words, the more complete is it as a work of art. And so it happens one cannot recall a truly great portrait that is not a masterpiece of composition as well; for the element of composition exists as much, its demands are as exacting, in the placing of one human being in a certain rectangular area, as in the placing of many in that given space. Perhaps no portrait, however well painted, is really a great work which suggests that the sitter has posed for it; that the posture was taken for the purpose of being painted so. But it is a curious fact that the more superficial, the more obvious the "arrangement," the weaker, the more incompetent is usually the painting itself as a technical performance. It is as if the painter whose technical skill is slight, possesses also a slight mentality. The Dutch and Flemish portraitists, the great ones, bring you face to face with a human being who is eminently in his place — no trifling accessories, no filling up, no appealing to meretricious taste—but frankly the man in his natural environment, in a characteristic and unaffected attitude. I cannot imagine Rembrandt or Frans Hals seeking to place some sitter in a "pose." I can well fancy them conversing with him, showing him about the studio, calling his attention to some interesting art object they prized, studying him in various lights, and finally settling

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on the pose most significant of the individual before them. Velasquez, Rembrandt, Hals could do this—but Vandyke at times is "posey," splendid painter that he was. Not to be "posey" means, if it mean anything, that the painter has conceived some antecedent action in his subject, immediately preceding that which is portrayed. Nature always offers this—but nature may be thwarted and often is, by artificial means. Nothing natural can come of any other method of procedure, however, and the artificial is at once detected by those sensitive to the way nature works. It is in this right feeling that the wholesome, sane, and admirable portrait which Hals painted of his wife, was conceived and carried out. This portrait (see page 289) is one of the treasures of the Metropolitan Museum, New York, 305 of the present catalogue. It is more complete than many of Hals's canvases, though perhaps not so elaborate as some. The head is frankly but suavely painted, while the forms and volume of the accessories are varied with judgment. The good woman is seated on a low-backed chair, over which the right arm is thrown, and the hands then clasped carries the left arm well across the figure. The natural laws of unaffected repose in a stolid personality are observed and respected by the painter in this work as well as other elements which go to make up good portraiture. The embroidery of stomacher and pink of apron, are beautiful color incidents in this satisfying composition, while for a three-quarters length this sitting figure is most admirably "placed." The attitude of this good bourgeoise, we can be sure, is but the sequence of a previous posture some marital talk has induced. No straining after "line"—but "line" is there inevitably. In fact no painter with so true an instinct for tone, so noble a sense of construction and modelling would be likely to err in his rendition of those other qualities which, in a portrait, appeal to the mind, and stamp the canvas as a work of art.

F. F.

"THE power of seizing a speaking resemblance, such as we see in 'Mary Tudor,' has been always accorded to Velasquez. It is a merit which cannot be denied him as it was denied Titian, Rembrandt, Rubens, and other great painters who often executed a fantasia on the *motif* of the person painted. Titian's 'François Premier' is shrewdly doubted on the score of likeness in the present day, and Dutch burghers in the past preferred Van der Helst to Rembrandt. It was in the cause of beauty that these great artists sacrificed the accurate map of the features that pleases family friends and the profusion of hard accessories that ministers to family pride.

"A painter may not with impunity take the free generous style of Titian and Rembrandt and correct it with a dose of the patient accuracy of tamer spirits. Grandeur and carefulness will usually quarrel like a medicine of ill-mixed ingredients in a patient's stomach. Men who have been as conscientiously truthful as Velasquez have painted worse than he has and have not attained the same kind of truth. The intimacy which is so much admired in Velasquez was not arrived at by deliberate eclecticism, but by the inspiration of a genius for seeing things freshly. He learnt to see differently from Antonio Moro, to care for larger truths; and it was this fine imaginative seeing that gave a charm to the world in his eyes and prompted his brush to nobler fashions of expression."—R. A. M. STEVENSON: The Art of Velasquez.

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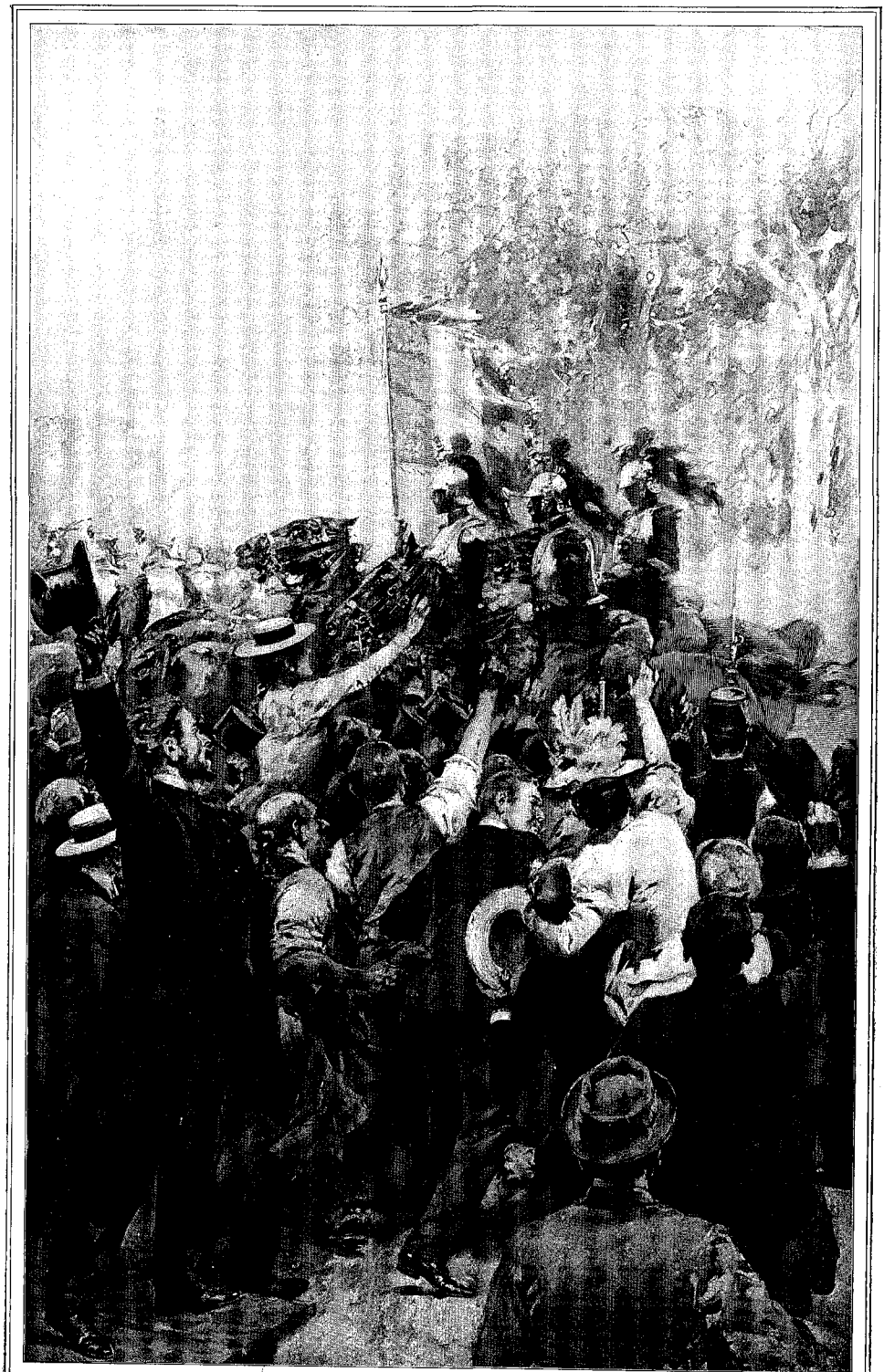

Drawn by L. Marchetti.

THE PASSING OF THE COLORS.

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